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WHAT GOD HATH NOT JOINED

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I

THE problem of divorce, at all times so perplexing, has become acute in recent years. Tendencies too many to discuss have made it so. The mood and temper of the age, its yeasty unrest, its enfeebled spiritual authority, its shifting moral sanctions, its increasing economic pressure, the larger sphere and new demands of woman, the revolt against the standards of the last generation, with much else added, make the question complex and baffling. Even before the Great War the facts were disquieting enough; and since its close, the riot of divorce has become almost an orgy, aggravated, no doubt, by the erotic legacy which the war left us. In England, where the public mind is more exacting, conditions are said to be worse than with us, until many fear that we are infected with the virus which undermined the ancient societies.

None the less, it is very easy to see the problem out of all proportion, and to become unduly alarmed by it. The glass of modern fiction reflects the facts, but in an exaggerated form, by bringing them to a focus and leaving other facts out of the picture. In a recent popular novel, called *Brass*, of five marriages studied, only one is endurable. It recalled a similar but much stronger story

written some years ago, *Double Harness*, by Anthony Hope, to read which tempted one to conclude that marriage is what war is declared to be. The story is told with a brilliantly sinister power and acumen of soul-vivisection, in which worldly wisdom is salted with acrid wit, albeit touched, toward the end, with pity; showing what a ghastly thing marriage may be in the hands of fools and self-lovers, in whom a swinish sensuality is joined with an appalling shallowness of soul. Both books are patches of perdition; but no one in his senses thinks of taking either as a picture of married life. Happily, so far at least, in spite of all the ado made about it, divorce, in proportion to marriage, is the rare exception, which puts the rule of the goodness of marriage to the test, and proves it.

How to conserve both the values of the individual and the hard-won inheritance of the race makes the real problem, of which divorce is only one phase. That is, among right-thinking people it is so. As for the pusillanimous set of moral parasites, who pollute what they touch and pervert what they enjoy, a way can be found to deal with them as they deserve. More deadly by far is the subtle and pervasive cynicism

in regard to marriage in our day. Much of our later fiction deals with it, not only lightly, but flippantly, and at times sordidly, with seldom a gleam of moral insight or spiritual vision, as if marriage had become a bondage from which to secure release.

So, often, it is, because one or both of the parties to it are held in slavery, not by marriage, but by some dark inner bondage of soul. The non-moral society portrayed in *The Glimpses of the Moon*, by Edith Wharton, is typical of wide areas of modern life, including the precious pair of dead-beats whose story it tells; but one touch makes us pause.

'The little girl wound her arms about Susy's neck and leaned against her caressingly.

"Are you going to be, soon, then? I'll promise not to tell if you don't want me to."

"Going to be divorced? Of course not! What in the world made you think so?"

"Because you look so awfully happy," said Clarissa Vanderlyn simply.'

Such precocious cynicism in the nursery fills one with dismay, in that it poisons the springs of life. Nor is it so rare as some imagine, in an age when the hardships of virtue are an argument for lenity to vice, and the difficulty of duty is a reason for shirking it. Living in an air of indulgence, we are soft, flabby, and morally short of wind. If a thing is disagreeable, we do not do it. Homes are wrecked, social life is undermined, and children are sent adrift, because, forsooth, 'I was unhappy'; just as in business life statutes are broken and moral principles disregarded, because 'a man must get ahead.' Trace almost any of our ills to its source, and its roots will be found in our worship of success, our cult of comfort, our quest of a 'good time,' our selfish love of the easy way, which turns out in the end to be a path of flame!

II

No wonder jurists, educators, publicists, and churchmen alike are puzzled, not alone by the spirit and facts of the time, but by a disinclination to face the facts squarely and think the issues through. Even among teachers of the finest moral insight, there is the widest diversity of judgment. At one end is Dr. Felix Adler, who will not allow divorce for any cause whatever, not even for infidelity to the marriage vow; though he will agree to separation, if conditions are intolerable. At the other end is Mr. Louis Post, who holds that anyone who asks for a divorce ought to have it; because such a request shows that real marriage, if it ever existed, is dead and ought to be buried.¹ Between the two extremes, we find a long gamut of opinion, all the way from the sacramentarian to the libertarian, making the solution as much a medley as the problem. Meanwhile, the Church, when it does not actually evade the issue, falls back upon an ancient formula of doubtful exegesis, or else spends its time debating whether the word 'obey' should be retained in the marriage rite!

It is indeed strange. At a time when we hear so much about the Social Gospel, no one seems able or willing to show us how a spiritual religion can cleanse, enlighten, and consecrate the

¹ The reference to Mr. Post, taken out of the context of his wise and well-considered book, *Ethical Principles of Marriage and Divorce*, is hardly just. It implies that he is an extreme individualist, if not a libertarian, which is very far from true. For religious reasons, he himself holds to the beautiful doctrine of 'eternal marriage'; but he discusses the whole question from many angles. Indeed, it is because of his fine spiritual insight that I venture to use him as an example, in preference to Ellen Key, in her *Love and Marriage*, or Bernard Shaw, in the preface to his *Getting Married* — though Shaw has a common sense which usually protects him from his own extravagances.

relations of the sexes, which are the foundations of the social order. There is sore need of clear thinking and plain speaking on a cluster of questions — sex, marriage, birth-control, divorce — which we dare not much longer ignore. My former colleague at the City Temple, in her series of addresses, *Sex and Common Sense*, is almost the only one who has dared to deal with such issues. Miss Royden has spoken as the situation demands, frankly and without fear, reverently and with a wise charity. It is in accord with the fitness of things that the greatest woman preacher of our time should render this service, giving the woman point of view in respect of questions on which women have been too long silent. Every page of her book is aglow with human sympathy and spiritual vision, as she seeks the truth in the light of the facts of life and the mind of Jesus.

For, whatever theology we may hold, not one of us but is ill at ease in his mind if he feels that Jesus is on the other side of any question. Nor is his teaching at all obscure, if we remember that He was a light-bringer and not a mere lawgiver. Those who read his words about divorce as literal law ought, in all honesty, to interpret his other teachings in the same manner; for example, his words about selling all our goods and giving to the poor, and his injunction to nonresistance. It is odd to find men so literal on one point and so liberal on others. The spectacle of cruelty or cowardice masquerading in the guise of orthodox exegesis is familiar enough. Plainly, if we really want to know the meaning of any precept of Jesus, we must read it in the context and atmosphere of his teaching as a whole; in the free, sane, exalted light of his mind. Nay, more; we must be ready for daring adventure if we mean to follow his truth and make trial of his way of life.

As on so many other subjects, Jesus left nothing really new to be said about marriage and divorce, if we keep in mind his revolutionary attitude toward woman. To a captious question from his critics, He made reply, lifting the whole subject out of the mire into a higher air, where marriage is a permanent union, and a lustful look is adultery. Neither ascetic nor eugenicist, free equally from prudishness and laxity, Jesus saw the fact of sex for what it is. With Him, marriage, like the Sabbath Day, is made for man, not man for marriage. Sex is secondary. Woman, in his thought, is not primarily an instrument of sex, nor even a potential mother. She is not first of all a woman, but a human soul of incomputable value and sanctity, to degrade whom is desecration. Therefore, to 'look upon' her merely as an object of desire is a degradation of personality and a treason against God. Thus, in a world of putrid impurity, Jesus set forth his ideal of the new social order that He sought to found, in which all the facts of life are holy, and all its fellowships happy. To such a life his disciples are called, and for the man who lives in his truth and follows in his way there is no problem of divorce at all, since the Spirit of Christ forgives even the ultimate infidelity — as He Himself did in the court of the Temple.

What all this means in marriage is made vivid by a story told me in the North of England, of a man whose wife, soon after her marriage, fell into vicious ways, and went from bad to worse. One evening he came home to find, as he had often found before, that she had gone on a new debauch. He knew only too well in what plight she would return, after two or three days of a nameless life. In an empty and cheerless house he sat down to look the fact in the face, the better to learn what he must do. The worst had happened too

many times to leave him any hope, and he saw what lay before him. The words of the marriage rite, 'for better, for worse,' had now a terrible meaning; but he reaffirmed his vow on his knees. When a friend who knew the facts ventured to commiserate him, he answered, 'Not a word!' His wife did not mend her ways, but died in his house some years later, a poor wreck sunken in shame, with his hands spread over her in pity and prayer! Such is the Christian way of dealing with a tragic marriage; and before we use the words of Jesus as stones to throw at others, it behooves us to look into our own hearts.

Judged by the real spirit and purpose of Jesus, the attitude of the Church today in respect to marriage is untenable. Few of the marriages 'solemnized' in our churches are Christian in any sense, since many of those so married do not even profess Christian faith, much less try to live by it. At best, many are only nominal Christians, and as often as otherwise they have not been instructed as to what Christian marriage means. Yet they receive the blessing of the Church, and, by implication at least, are expected to live by its vows. It is nothing short of absurd. Indeed, it is open to debate whether it is right to impose an ideal, meant to apply only to followers of Christ, as a law upon those who do not take upon themselves the obligations of his faith. In fact, the only honest thing for the Church to do is, either to distinguish between Christian marriage and common marriage, or else to refuse to be a party to any marriage except between those who make avowal of Christian principles; and then to insist that such a union is indissoluble by default of either party. By so doing it will lose in popularity, but it will gain in self-respect; and by being in line with the teaching of Jesus, it may the better hope to do by conversion what it fails

to do by coercion. For coercion it is, whether the ideal of Jesus be written into a law, or enforced by social pressure.

III

Now, consider. In the world as it is, — which Keats called 'a vale of soul-making,' — where the Kingdom of Heaven often seems like a visionary scene suspended in the sky, there are all kinds of folk, of all grades of mind, character, and condition; refined, vulgar, clever, stupid, and neutral. People marry for their own reasons, or for none that anyone can discover; and many of them are not fit for marriage at all, unworthy of its sanctity and incapable of its high demands. Mistakes are inevitable. Hasty, ill-considered, foolish marriages are made every day, foredoomed to failure. All kinds are braided together in marriage — the degenerate, the diseased, the abnormal, the criminal, the roué, those of unbalanced minds and tainted blood — many whose union can mean nothing but tragedy, and whose parenthood is a social disaster. In such a world, as he who has eyes must see, divorce, in one form or another, is a necessity, if not a commandment.

Those whom God has joined together are not lightly to be put asunder; but there are those whom God has not joined together. It needs no insight to see that there are cases where to continue the marriage relation is a deeper affront to morality and public order than any divorce could be. There are conditions of degeneracy, of infidelity, of malicious perversion of all that is holy in the marriage vow, killing not only love but respect, and dissolving any real union by automatic process. There are malignities of disposition, outrages against personality, mordant hostilities, and cruelties of behavior far worse in their erosive and blighting

destructiveness than any brutality of physical violence, or any deflection from the fidelities of wedlock. Such marriages are a lie, and if we really desire truth and purity, some way must be devised to heal these social cankers. One hesitates to describe the attitude of those who seem to prefer regularity to reality, and are willing to tolerate any horror so long as it is hidden under the smooth surface of society.

Nor is divorce by any means an unmixed evil. So far from being an attack on marriage, it is in fact an attempt to protect its sanctity and preserve its permanence. When allowance is made for every kind of abuse, from which nothing human is exempt, if there are moral reasons against divorce, so there are moral reasons in favor of it. This at least is true: the sanctity of marriage lies in a sacred union of hearts, which the Church may bless and the State make legal, but which neither can create or annul. Where love is, there marriage is; where love is not, marriage has ceased to be. For marriage to go on when love is dead puts before us a situation which, if described for what it is, would require the use of words that cut like whips of fire. If a loveless marriage is chaste just because it is legal, then chastity is a thing of rite and rote, an empty form and not a principle of purity at all. No wonder the late Lord Bryce once said that the morality of a country is not to be measured by the number of divorces, but as often as not the other way round. Its condition may be really worse if its people cynically allow their social life to rest upon anything less noble than the bond of moral love, which alone can make it holy and enduring.

Often enough divorce is silly, sad, nauseating, and in other ways afflictive of the community. Often, too, it may be a greater mistake than marriage, and it carries penalties of its own known

only to those who have had to face it. Either way it is a tragedy for the child, who is the most pitiful figure in the plot, whether he is bereft of one parent, or doomed to live in a home where love is only a memory. Instead of being the sybaritic luxury so many people think it is, its victims are in fact sacrifices, more or less involuntary, to the general good. It may have the value of a horrible example, to deter others from rushing into a marriage of fancy, or of worldly station. Its glaring publicity, its hideous revelations — ridiculous when not disgusting — are not things to be invited. At best, divorce is a clinic, a piece of social surgery attempting to salvage the wreck of marriages which are manifestly mistakes, if not tragedies. Anyway it will go on, until we find some better way whereby a marriage may be ended legally, when it has already been ended morally.

IV

To discuss what should be the law of the land in the matter of divorce is beyond my competence. Still, all must agree that in the social control of marriage, as of anything else, law must be an embodiment of the living will of the people, and not merely the stony grip of the dead hand of the past. The South Carolina law, which refuses to allow divorce on any ground, is clearly the expression of a tradition, rather than the voice of to-day; more the sentiment of a proud and conservative past, than a legal aid to the social morality of the present. The ideal of home life in the state is of a high order, but not more so than in other states of the South, where divorce is permitted. Nor does the law seem to apply with equal rigidity to the black folk, among whom marital irregularities are quite common. Even so, it is easily evaded by setting up a legal residence else-

where, before returning to the state to live. For all these reasons, the law is hardly a case in point; but it does serve to show how the developing moral judgment of a community may be thwarted, if not arrested.

For a better example of the workings of a rigid law — albeit not so stern, in that it allows divorce for infidelity — we must go to England, as revealed in the Rutherford case recently decided. The man was a brute from the first and all along, ending his career by a foul murder, for which he escaped execution on plea of insanity, which was no doubt justified. Years passed, and the wife sought divorce on grounds of adultery, — proved at the first trial, but later dismissed, — and her petition was accordingly denied. Had the man not been a lunatic, he would have been executed, and the wife would now be free. Because he is insane, she must remain, in law, his wife — tied to a dead body, with no hope of release. Here is a marriage of no value to society, much less to the parties to it, since no one argues that they should live together, even if it were possible. Why should not the woman have her liberty and the right to remarry if she so desires? If it be true that hard cases make bad law, it is equally true that bad law makes hard cases; and an injustice so atrocious ought to move even a staid people to mitigate the severity of a law which is neither just nor merciful.

About all that we need ask of the law is that it set up a safeguard, as much against a rigid cruelty as against the laxity which makes possible the consecutive polygamy so often flaunted in our faces by moral morons. So much is plain; but beyond that the law cannot go very far. My own feeling is that the less detailed the law is, the wiser it will be, provided we institute special courts for the purpose, in which both men and

women shall sit as judges, where issues as difficult as they are delicate may be dealt with in a manner worthy of their solemnity. Such courts, it need hardly be added, should have the sanctity and privacy of a confessional; and between the application for a divorce and the granting of it, there should be a pause of time for reconsideration, to guard against rashness and action taken in haste. In the most favorable environment, it is never easy for an outsider to pass on the conditions which make a marriage intolerable. Often a mere trifle may be the last straw on a burden of misery or indignity carried for years, making it unbearable. At any rate, as we dare not be satisfied with the present system, if we cannot devise a better plan, we deserve to live under a menace.

A rather wide pastoral experience, on both sides of the sea, has ripened some thoughts into convictions. For one thing, he will look in vain who hopes to find a simple solution of this sadly tangled problem: it does not exist. Each case of unhappy marriage stands by itself, and must be judged by its own facts, which refuse to fit into any glib formula. For that reason, a rigid and detailed law as to the grounds of divorce in all cases, without regard to the human equation in each case, works frightful cruelty and injustice. But much can be done without law. In England, during the last year of the war, and the awful year of moral collapse following it, when men were returning to their homes after years of absence, conditions were appalling. My study at the City Temple was a confessional, in which tales were told that made the heart sick, revealing the weakness of poor human nature, its dark dishonor, its selfish sin. Yet even then, as before and since, often in cases where divorce might have been legally obtained, it was possible, by

tact, by moral suasion, by sheer love of young lives astray, to reawaken love, adjust disputes, and save homes from ruin.

After all, divorce is the dark end of the problem; the real remedy lies in making marriage a nobler and finer thing than it is. The whole conception of the relation of the sexes must be lifted to a higher level, and interpreted by moral intelligence and spiritual vision, in the light of human realities and social values. For the moment, a revolt against the prudishness of a

former time has swept too far toward a frankness that is not modest, and a liberty hard to know from license. None the less, out of the agitation of our time a clearer insight will emerge, and a finer fellowship in marriage; but not without bitter suffering, much of which might be averted in individual cases by very simple arts. For the most part, it is what workmen call 'an inside job'; and until we have learned to live with ourselves and keep the peace, we may not hope to live with another without friction.

THE DIVINENESS OF DISCONTENT

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

WHEN a distinguished Oxford student told Americans, through the distinguished medium of Harvard College, that they 'were speeding with invincible optimism down the road to destruction,' they paid him the formal compliment of listening to, and commenting upon, his words. They did not go so far as to be disturbed by them, because it is the nature of men to remain unmoved by prophecies. Only the Greek chorus — or its leader — paid any heed to Cassandra; and the folly of Edgar Poe in accepting without demur the reiterated statement of his raven is apparent to all readers of a much-read poem. The world has been speeding through the centuries to destruction, and the end is still remote. Nevertheless, as it is assuredly not speeding to perfection, the word that chills our irrational content

may do us some small service. It is never believed, and it is soon forgotten; but for a time it gives us food for thought.

Anyone born as long ago as I was must remember that the virtue most deeply inculcated in our nurseries was content. It had no spiritual basis to lend it dignity and grace; but was of a Victorian smugness, though, indeed, it was not Victorian at all, but an inheritance from those late Georgian days which were the smuggest known to fame. It was a survival from Hannah More and Jane Taylor, ladies dissimilar in most respects, but with an equal gift for restricting the horizon of youth. I don't remember who wrote the popular story of the 'Discontented Cat' that lived in a cottage on bread and milk and mice, and that made itself unhappy because a wealthy cat of its

acquaintance was given buttered crumpets for breakfast; but either Jane Taylor or her sister Ann was responsible for the 'Discontented Pendulum,' which grew tired of ticking in the dark, and, being reminded that it had a window to look through, retorted very sensibly that there was no use having a window, if it could not stop a second to look through it.

The nursery theory of content was built up on the presumption that you were the favored child of fortune, — or of God, — while other, and no less worthy, children were objects of less kindly solicitude. Miss Taylor's 'Little Ann' weeps because she sees richly clad ladies stepping into a coach while she has to walk; whereupon her mother points out to her a sick and ragged beggar child, whose

naked feet bleed on the stones,

and with enviable hardness of heart
bids her take comfort in the sight: —

This poor little beggar is hungry and cold,
No father nor mother has she;
And while you can daily such objects behold,
You ought quite contented to be.

Hannah More amplified this theory of content to fit all classes and circumstances. She really did feel concern for her fellow creatures, for the rural poor, upon whom it was not the custom of Church or State to waste sympathy or help. She refused to believe that British laborers were 'predestined to be ignorant and wicked' — which was to her credit; but she did, apparently, believe that they were predestined to be wretchedly poor, and that they should be content with their poverty. She lived on the fat of the land and left thirty thousand pounds when she died; but she held that bare existence was sufficient for a ploughman. She wrote twenty-four books, which were twenty-four too many; but she told the

ever-admiring Wilberforce that she permitted 'no writing for the poor.' She aspired to guide the policies and the morals of England; but she was perturbed by the thought that underpaid artisans should seek to be 'scholars and philosophers,' though they must have stood in more need of philosophy than she did.

It was Ruskin who jolted his English readers, and some Americans, out of the selfish complacency which is degenerate content. It was he who harshly told England, then so prosperous and powerful, that prosperity and power are not virtues, that they do not indicate the sanction of the Almighty, or warrant their possessors in assuming the moral leadership of the world. It was he who assured the prim girlhood of my day that it was not the petted child of Providence, and that it had no business to be contented because it was better off than girlhood elsewhere. 'Joy in nothing that separates you, as by any strange favor, from your fellow creatures, that exalts you through their degradation, exempts you from their toil, or indulges you in times of their distress.'

This was a new voice falling upon the attentive ears of youth — a fresh challenge to its native and impetuous generosity. Perhaps the beggar's bare feet were not a legitimate incentive to enjoyment of our own neat shoes and stockings. Perhaps it was a sick world we lived in, and the beggar was a symptom of disease. Perhaps, when Emerson (we read Emerson and Carlyle as well as Ruskin) defined discontent as an infirmity of the will, he was thinking of personal and petty discontent, as with one's breakfast or the weather; not with the discontent which we never dared to call divine, but which we dimly perceived to have in it some noble attribute of grace. That the bare existence of a moral law should so exalt

a spirit that neither sin nor sorrow could subdue its gladness was a profundity which the immature mind could not be expected to grasp.

Time and circumstance lent themselves with extraordinary graciousness to Emerson's invincible optimism. It was easier to be a transcendental philosopher, and much easier to cherish a noble and a sweet content, before the laying of the Atlantic cable. Emerson was over sixty when this event took place and, while he lived, the wires were used with commendable economy. The morning newspaper did not bring him a detailed account of the latest Turkish massacre. The morning mail did not bring him photographs of starving Russian children. His temperamental composure met with little to derange it. He abhorred slavery; but until Lincoln forced the issue, he seldom bent his mind to its consideration. He loved 'potential America'; but he had a happy faculty of disregarding public affairs. Passionate partisanship, which is the basis of so much satisfaction and discontent, was alien to his soul. He loved mankind, but not men; and his avoidance of intimacies saved him much wear and tear. Mr. Brownell says that he did not care enough about his friends to discriminate between them, which was the reason he estimated Alcott so highly.

This immense power of withdrawal, this concentration upon the things of the spirit, made possible Emerson's intellectual life. He may have been, as Santayana says, 'impervious to the evidence of evil'; yet there breaks from his heart an occasional sigh over the low ebb of the world's virtue, or an entirely human admission that the hopes of the morning are followed by the ennui of noon. Sustained by the supremacy of the moral law, and by a profound and majestic belief in the invincible justice, the 'loaded dice' of

God, he sums up in careful words his modest faith in man: 'Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities as to individuals, when the truth is seen, and the martyrs are justified.' Perhaps martyrs foresee the dawning of this day or ever they come to die; but to those who stand by and witness their martyrdom, the night seems dark and long.

There is a species of discontent which is more fervently optimistic than all the cheerfulness the world can boast. It is the discontent of the passionate and unpractical reformer, who believes, as Shelley believed, in the perfectibility of the human species, and who thinks, as Shelley thought, that there is a remedy for every disease of civilization. To the poet's dreaming eyes the cure was simple and sure. Destruction implied for him an automatic reconstruction, a miraculous survival and rebirth. Uncrown the king, and some noble prophet or philosopher will guide — not rule — the people. Unfrock the priest, and the erstwhile congregation will perfect itself in the practice of virtue. Take the arms from the soldier and the policeman, the cap and gown from the college president, authority from the judge, and control from the father. The nations will then be peaceful, the mobs orderly, the students studious, the criminals virtuous, the children well-behaved. An indifferent acquaintance with sociology, and a comprehensive ignorance of biology, made possible these pleasing illusions. Nor did it occur to Shelley that many men, his equals in disinterestedness and his superiors in self-restraint, would have found his reconstructed world an eminently undesirable dwelling-place.

Two counsels to content stand bravely out from the mass of contradictory admonitions with which the world's teachers have bewildered us. Saint Paul, writing to the Philippians, says

simply: 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content'; and Marcus Aurelius, contemplating the mighty spectacle of life and death, bids us pass serenely through our little space of time, and end our journey in content. It is the meeting-point of objective and subjective consciousness. The Apostle was having a hard time of it. The things he disciplined himself to accept with content were tangible things, of an admittedly disagreeable character — hunger and thirst, stripes and imprisonment. They were not happening to somebody else; they were happening to him. The Emperor, seeking refuge from action in thought, steeled himself against the nobleness of pity no less than against the weakness of complaint. John Stuart Mill, who did not suffer from enervating softness of heart, pronounced the wholesale killing of Christians in the reign of Marcus Aurelius to be one of the world's great tragedies. It was the outcome, not only of imperial policy, but of sincere conviction. Therefore historians have agreed to pass it lightly by. How can a man do better than follow the dictates of his own conscience, or of his own judgment, or of whatever directs the mighty ones of earth who make laws instead of obeying them? But the immensity of pain, the long-drawn agony involved in this protracted persecution might have disturbed even a Stoic philosopher passing serenely — though not harmlessly — through his little space of time.

II

This brings me to the consideration of one prolific source of discontent, the habit we have acquired — and cannot let go — of distressing ourselves over the daily progress of events. The classic world, 'innocent of any essential defeat,' was a pitiless world, too clear-

eyed for illusions, too intelligent for sedatives. The Greeks built the structure of their lives upon an almost perfect understanding of all that it offered and denied. The Romans, running an empire and ruling a world, had much less time for thinking; yet Horace, observant and acquiescent, undecieved and undisturbed, is the friend of all the ages. It is not from him, or from any classic author, that we learn to talk about the fret and fever of living. He would have held such a phrase to be eminently ill-bred, and unworthy of man's estate.

The Middle Ages, immersed in heaving seas of trouble, and lifted Heavenward by great spiritual emotions, had scant breathing-space for the cultivation of nerves. Men endured life and enjoyed it. Their endurance and their enjoyment were unimpaired by the violence of their fellow men, or by the vision of an angry God. Cruelty, which we cannot bear to read about, and a Hell, which we will not bear to think about, failed signally to curb the zest with which they lived their days. 'How high the tide of human delight rose in the Middle Ages,' says Mr. Chesterton significantly, 'we know only by the colossal walls they built to keep it within bounds.' There is no reason to suppose that Dante, whose fervid faith compassed the redemption of mankind, disliked his dream of Hell, or that it irked him to consign to it so many eminent and agreeable people.

The Renaissance gave itself unreservedly to all the pleasures that could be extracted from the business of living, though there was no lack of troubles to damp its zeal. It is interesting and instructive to read the history of a great Italian lady, typical of her day, Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua. She was learned, adroit, able, estimable, and mistress of herself though duchies fell. She danced se-

renely at the ball given by the French King at Milan, after he had ousted her brother-in-law, the Duke Ludovico, and sent him to die a prisoner at Loches. When Caesar Borgia snatched Urbino, she improved the occasion by promptly begging from him two beautiful statues, which she had always coveted, and which had been the most treasured possessions of Duke Guidobaldo, her relative, and the husband of her dearest friend. A chilly heart had Isabella when others came to grief, but a stout one when disaster faced her way.

If the men and women who lived through those highly colored, harshly governed days had fretted too persistently over the misfortunes of others, or had spent their time questioning the moral intelligibility of life, the Renaissance would have failed of its fruition, and the world would be a less engaging place for us to live in now.

There is a discontent which is profoundly stimulating, and there is a discontent which is more wearisome than complacency. Both spring from a consciousness that the time is out of joint, and both have a modern background of nerves. *The Education of Henry Adams* and the *Diaries* of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt are cases in point. Blunt's quarrel was with his country, his world, his fellow creatures, and his God — a broad field of dissatisfaction, which was yet too narrow to embrace himself.

Nowhere does he give any token of even a moderate self-distrust. Britain is an 'engine of evil,' because his party is out of power. 'Americans' (in 1900) 'are spending fifty millions a year in slaughtering the Filipinos' — a crude estimate of work and cost. 'The Press is the most complete engine ever invented for the concealment of historic truth.' 'Patriotism is the virtue of nations in decay.' 'The whole

white race is reveling openly in violence, as though it had never pretended to be Christian. God's equal curse be on them all.'

'The whole white race,' be it observed. For a time Blunt dreamed fond dreams of yellow and brown and black supremacy. Europe's civilization he esteemed a failure. Christianity had not come up to his expectations. There remained the civilization of the East, and Mohammedanism — an amended Mohammedanism, innocent of sensuality and averse to bloodshed. Filled with this happy hope, the Englishman set off from Cairo to seek religion in the desert.

Siwah gave him a rude reception. Ragged tribes, ardent but unregenerate followers of the Prophet, pulled down his tents, pillaged his luggage, robbed his servants, and knocked him rudely about. Blunt's rage at this treatment was like the rage of *Punch's* vegetarian who is chased by a bull. 'There is no hope to be found in Islam, and I shall go no further,' is his conclusion. 'The less religion in the world, perhaps the better.'

Humanity and its creeds being thus disposed of, there remained only the animals to contemplate with satisfaction. 'Three quarters of man's misery,' says the diary, 'comes from pretending to be what he is not, a separate creation, superior to that of the beasts and birds, when in reality they are wiser than we are, and infinitely happier.'

This is the kind of thing Walt Whitman used now and then to say, though neither he nor Sir Wilfrid knew any more about the happiness of beasts and birds than do the rest of us. But that brave old hopeful, Whitman, would have laughed his loudest over Blunt's final analysis of the situation: 'All the world would be a paradise in twenty years if man could be shut out.'

A paradise already imaged by Lord Holland and the poet Gray:—

Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and littered in St. Paul's.

III

To turn from these pages of pettish and puerile complaint to the deep-seated discontent of Henry Adams is to reënter the world of the intellect. Mark Pattison confessed that he could not take a train without thinking how much better the time-table might have been planned. It was an unhappy twist of mind; but the Rector of Lincoln utilized his obtrusive critical faculties by applying them to his own labors, and scourging himself to greater effort. So did Henry Adams, though even the greater effort left him profoundly dissatisfied. He was unrelaxed by success, and he could not reconcile himself to that degree of failure which is the common portion of mankind. His criticisms are lucid, balanced, enlightening, and occasionally prophetic, as when he comments on the Irishman's political passion for obstructing even himself, and on the perilous race-inertia of Russia. 'Could inertia on such a scale be broken up, or take new scale?' he asks dismayed; and we read the answer to-day. A minority ruling with iron hand; a majority accepting what comes to them, as they accept day and night and the seasons.

If there is not an understatement in the five hundred pages of the *Education*, which thereby loses the power of persuasion, there is everywhere an appeal to man's austere equity and disciplined reason. Adams was not in love with reason. He said that the mind resorted to it for want of training, and he admitted that he had never met a perfectly trained mind. But it was the very essence of reason which made him see that friends were good to him, and

the world not unkind; that the loveliness of the country about Washington gave him pleasure, even when he 'found a personal grief in every tree'; and that a self-respecting man refrains from finding wordy fault with the conditions under which he lives. He did not believe, with Wordsworth, that nature is a holy and beneficent thing, or with Blake, that nature is a wicked and malevolent thing; but he knew better than to put up a quarrel with an invincible antagonist. He erred in supposing that other thoughtful men were as discontented as he was, or that disgust with the methods of Congress corroded their hours of leisure; but he expressed clearly and with moderation his unwillingness to cherish 'complete and archaic deceptions,' or to live in a world of illusions. His summing up is the summing up of another austere and uncompromising thinker, Santayana, when confronted by the same problem: 'A spirit with any honor is not willing to live except in its own way; a spirit with any wisdom is not overeager to live at all.'

As our eagerness and our reluctance are not controlling factors in the situation, it is unwise to stress them too heavily. Yet we must think, at least some of us must; and it is well to think out as clearly as we can, not the relative advantages of content and discontent, — a question which briskly answers itself, — but the relative rightness. Emerson believed in the essential goodness of life, in the admirable law of compensation. Santayana believes that life has evil for its condition, and is for that reason profoundly sad and equivocal. He sees in the sensuous enjoyment of the Greek, the industrial optimism of the American, only a 'thin disguise for despair.' Yet Emerson and Santayana reach the same general conclusion. The first says that hours of sanity and consideration come

to communities as to individuals, 'when the truth is seen and the martyrs are justified'; the second that 'people in all ages sometimes achieve what they have set their hearts on,' and that, if our will and conduct were better disciplined, 'contentment would be more frequent and more massive.'

It is hard to think of this year of grace as a chosen period of sanity and consideration; and the hearts of the Turk and the Muscovite are set on things which do not make for the massive contentment of the world. The orderly processes of civilization have been so wrenched and shattered that readjustment is blocked at some point in every nation, in our own no less than in others. There are those who say that the World War went beyond the bounds of human endurance; and that the peculiar horror engendered by indecent methods of attack — poison-gases, high explosives, and corrosive fluids — has dimmed the faith and broken the spirit of men. But Attila managed to turn a fair proportion of the civilized world into wasteland, with only man-power as a destructive force. Europe to-day is by comparison unscathed, and there are kinsfolk dwelling upon peaceful continents to whom she may legitimately call for aid.

Legitimately, unless our content is like the content extolled by Little Ann's mother; unless our shoes and stockings are indicative of God's meaningless partiality, and unless the contemplation of our neighbor's bleeding feet enhances our pious satisfaction. 'I doubt,' says Mr. Wells sourly, 'if it would make any very serious difference for some time in the ordinary daily life of Kansas City if all Europe were reduced to a desert in the next five years.' Why Kansas City should have been chosen as the symbol of unconcern, I do not know; but space has a deadening

influence on pity as on fear. The farther we travel from the Atlantic coast, the more tepid is the sympathy for injured France. The farther we travel from the Pacific coast, the thinner is the prejudice against Japan.

It may be possible to construct a state in which men will be content with their own lot, if they be reasonable, and with their neighbors' lot, if they be generous. It is manifestly impossible to construct a world on this principle. Therefore there will always be a latent grief in the nobler part of man's soul. Therefore there will always be a content as impious as the discontent from which Pope prayed to be absolved.

The unbroken cheerfulness, no less than the personal neatness, of the British prisoners in the World War astounded the more temperamental Germans. Long, long ago it was said of England: 'Even our condemned persons doe goe cheerfullie to their deaths, for our nature is free, stout, haucie, prodigal of life and blood.' This heroic strain, tempered to an endurance which is free from the waste of emotionalism, produces the outward semblance and the inward self-respect of a content which circumstances render impossible. It keeps the soul of man immune from whatever degradation his body may be suffering. It saves the land that bred him from the stigma of defeat. It is remotely and humanly akin to the tranquillity of the great Apostle in a Roman prison. It is wholly alien to the sin of smugness, which has crept in among the domestic virtues, and rendered them more distasteful than ever to austere thinkers, and to those lonely, generous souls who starve in the midst of plenty.

There is a curious and suggestive paragraph in Mr. Chesterton's volume of loose ends, entitled *What I Saw in America*. It arrests our attention because, for once, the writer seems to be

groping for a thought instead of juggling with one. He recognizes a keen and charming quality in American women, and is disturbed because he also recognizes a recoil from it in his own spirit. This is manifestly perplexing. 'To complain of people for being brave and bright and kind and intelligent may not unreasonably appear unreasonable. And yet there is something in the background that can be expressed only by a symbol; something that is not shallowness, but a neglect of the subconscious, and the vaguer and slower impulses; something that can be missed amid all that laughter and light, under those starry candelabra of the ideals of the happy virtues. Sometimes it came over me in a wordless wave that I should like to see a sulky woman. How she would walk in beauty like the night, and reveal more silent spaces full of older stars! These things cannot be conveyed in their delicate proportion, even in the most large and elusive terms.'

Baudelaire has conveyed them measurably in four words: —

Sois belle! Sois triste!

Yet neither 'sulky' nor '*triste*' is an adjective suggesting with perfect felicity the undercurrent of discontent which lends worth to courage and charm to intelligence. Back of all our lives is the sombre setting of a world ill at ease, and beset by perils. Darkening all our days is the gathering cloud of ill-will, the ugly hatred of man for man, which is the perpetual threat to progress. We Americans may not be so invincibly optimistic as our critics think us, and we may not yet be 'speeding' down the road to destruction, as our critics painfully foretell; but we are part of an endangered civilization, and cannot hold up our end, unsupported

by Europe. An American woman, cautiously investing her money in government bonds, said to her man of business: 'These at least are perfectly secure?' 'I should not say that,' was the guarded reply; 'but they will be the last things to go.'

Two years ago there was a period that saw the workingmen and workingwomen of the United States engaged in three hundred and sixty-five strikes, — one for every day of the year, — and all of them on at once. Something seems lacking in the equity of our industrial life.

The 'Current History' of the New York *Times* is responsible for the statement that eighty-five thousand men and women met their deaths by violence in the United States during the past decade. Something seems lacking in our programme of peace.

Can it be that Mr. Wells is right when he says that the American believes in peace, but feels under no passionate urgency to organize it? Does our notable indifference to the history of the past mean that we are unconcerned about the history of the present? Two things are sure. We cannot be nobly content with our own prosperity, unless its service to the world is made manifest; grace before meat is not enough to bless the food we eat. And we cannot be nobly content with our unbroken strength, with the sublimity of size and numbers, unless there is something correspondingly sublime in our leadership of the wounded nations. Our allies, who saved us and whom we saved, face the immediate menace of poverty and assault. They face it with a slowly gathered courage which we honor to-day, and may be compelled to emulate to-morrow. 'The fact that fear is rational,' says Mr. Brownell, 'is what makes fortitude divine.'

REMINISCENCES OF A MIDDLE-WESTERN SCHOOL

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

DURING some of the most impressionable years of boyhood, I attended a school whose faculty was composed entirely of itinerant professors, some of them the most delightful and instructive men it has ever been my fortune to meet in the teaching profession. It was distinctly a vacation school, holding sessions only during the summer months; but, in spite of this, the small boys who attended there went gladly, without the least urging on the part of their parents; and their only regret was that classes were held in such haphazard fashion. The professors came and went as they pleased, held classes or not as they pleased, or played truant altogether; so that the scholars, who were most regular in their attendance, could never be sure one day whether they would find anyone in the chair the following day, or not. I can't forbear giving some reminiscences of this institution, which has long since disappeared, if only that a few of the 'old boys' who attended it, or others like it, may spend a pleasant half-hour dreaming some of their old dreams.

But I remember that it was not called a school by the boys of Prairie Hills, who alone knew of its existence. They named it 'The Stockyards Hotel,' because the faculty usually ate and slept on the premises, and the campus lay close to the railroad yards, adjoining the pen used as a collecting point for cattle and hogs in transit to Chicago.

The campus was neither beautiful

nor well kept, even during the flourishing days of the institution in the late eighteen-nineties. Although within thirty yards of the main line of railroad, it was hidden from the view of car-window observers by a rank growth of willow bushes and pepperweed. A footpath led through this thicket, to a pile of discarded railway ties, where the earth had been trampled by the feet, and burned by the supper fires of innumerable itinerant professors, to the hardness of a brick floor. Close by, a giant cottonwood tree offered them shade during the long afternoon siestas which they seemed to find so necessary; and at the edge of a luxuriant thicket of burdock and plantain weeds was to be found a pile of their discarded cooking utensils: rusting fruit and vegetable tins, battered kettles and skillets, and pieces of sheet iron. The railway water-tank was conveniently near, and there, during moments of leisure, the professors carved their names, and often the dates of their sojourn at Prairie Hills.

From the first days of early summer the railway yard was the favorite rendezvous of small boys. The fine cinder roadbed made an ideal marble-playing ground, and passing trains gave splendid substance to our dreams of lands beyond the horizon. Our town was on the main line of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific—a road busy with the traffic of the westward-growing nation. Stock trains from the plains,

vehicle and implement trains from the east, transcontinental passenger trains going east and west — with what longing we watched them pass! We envied the passengers, but the train crews far more; and particularly the brakemen of the fast freights, which gathered tremendous speed on the long Middleton grade and went thundering through the town. We gazed in silence at these happiest of wanderers. One would be perched on a brake wheel, swinging his legs; another standing with his hands behind his back, leaning into the wind; another strolling leisurely along over the roofs, from caboose to engine, having a journey within a journey. If one of them nodded or waved his hand as he flashed past, we were astonished and grateful for such condescension.

We knew the names of every important traffic-route in the country; and when some box car, wandering far from its parent line in New England or the legendary South, passed through the town, we could not rest until we had learned the meaning of the initials it bore. Usually it was some professor at the stockyards school who gave us the information. Let all mothers who wish to keep their boys provincially content beware of this true home of romance. Let them prevent their young hero-worshippers from striking up friendships with those veteran travelers and philosophers, 'A No. 1,' 'Frisco Jack,' 'The Brooklyn Kid,' 'Chicago Slim,' who break their journeys at just such small towns, where the law is tolerant and food may be had for the asking.

But I remember that I am speaking of twenty years ago, and the damage is done if damage it was. Those travelers have long since left the road, and the boys of this generation have never known them.

We knew them all by name, through careful study of the water-tank registry; and many a name became a flesh-

and-blood reality as the summer days went by.

'Do I know Frisco Jack? Sure! That's *me*, kid!' Then, to his traveling companion, 'Shorty, w'en was it I said I stopped at this yere God-fersaken little way-station before? Run an' have a look, sonny! See if they ain't a date on the water-tank under w're I carved my name.'

'Eighteen ninety-four!' several of us shout at once. We have all such valuable data at our tongues' ends.

'So it was! So it was! I mind me, I was travelin' west that season.'

I remember, too, our first meeting with 'Three Fingers,' whose name on the water-tank had become blackened with age and smoke. He had made three yearly visits, as more freshly carved dates beneath testified; but none of us had ever seen him.

'I betcha he goes through at night,' Buller Sharpe used to say. 'I betcha he gets off the Midnight Flier when she stops here for orders, an' he probly takes Number Eight out the same night. He would n't stop in this little ole hole mor'n a few hours.'

'No! gee! A' course not! I betcha he'd go right through to Denver if he did n't get tired ridin' the pilot all that way.'

The pilot, or cowcatcher, of the Midnight Flier we reserved for vagrants of the very highest distinction in their profession. Three Fingers was one of these, and we were all of Buller Sharpe's opinion, that he traveled only at night. Otherwise we should have seen him. When, at last, we did, we were a little disappointed, and being jealous for his reputation, decided that the daylight visit was a mere whim, a sudden fancy. We recognized him at once, for thumb and forefinger of his left hand were missing. He was much pleased, and assured us that he was the Three Fingers in question.

'Yes, that's my trade-mark on the water-tank,' he said. 'Well, well! I got fame an' I did n't know it!' Through a sultry July afternoon he sat under the cottonwood tree, telling us stories of his travels. 'I been the length of every trunk line in this country. I've rode 'em forrards an' back. Yessir! I've seen a heap o' this little ole U. S. A.' He smoked his pipe in silence for a few moments. 'But they ain't nothin' to this life, kids. Don't you never take to beatin' yer way around the country. If you do, you won't never amount to a hill o' beans.'

We listened in respectful silence, and he may have thought that his counsel was sinking deep into our hearts. He may have believed that, in warning young lads against the attractions of a wanderer's life, he was for once doing something worth while. At any rate he continued with increasing earnestness, picturing the pleasures of a settled, well-ordered existence, such as our fathers enjoyed.

'Now there's your pappy. Very likely he keeps a store, or mebber he's a doctor or a banker. You got a nice home an' kinfolks an' reg'lar meals. Don't you go an' do nothin' foolish, like I did! I wanted to see the world, an' I ran away from home w'en I wa'n't no bigger'n you boys. *Now* look at me! I'm a hobo, an' I won't never be nothin' *but* a hobo. What's *your* pappy do?' he asked another of his attentive audience.

'He's a minister,' said 'Preacher' Goodwin, a boy of ten years. Three Fingers opened his eyes very wide. He started to speak, thought better of it, then, after a long silence, said:—

'Don't it beat *all* how ministers' sons take to devilment! I know—they ain't no devilment yit, but yer leadin' up to it, my lad, hangin' round the railroad yards. Purty soon you'll be beatin' yer way up to Dess Moines,

and onst you git started—I don't know what ministers is up to, goin' round a-visitin' an' a-fussin' and lettin' their own young-uns run wild.'

This new evidence, slight as it was, of the waywardness of ministers' sons, evidently strengthened an old conviction, for Three Fingers came back to the subject several times.

'You gotta be careful!' he said, pointing his pipestem at little Goodwin. 'You're a preacher's son, an' you ain't got the same chanst other boys has. I don't know why it's so, but it *is* so, as sure as I'm a settin' here.'

He took a shiny, nickel-plated watch from his pocket, thumbed it for a moment, and put it back.

'You going to leave town this afternoon, mister?' one of us asked.

'Oh, I reckon mebber I will, an' I reckon mebber I won't.'

He had no more than said this, when we heard, far to the westward, the sound of a deep-toned whistle.

'An' I reckon mebber I will,' he added, getting up from his seat and knocking the ashes from his pipe.

'That's seventy-two mister!' someone volunteered. 'She's a fast freight, but she nearly always stops here for water. You can catch 'er easy!'

Three Fingers smiled, as he sat down again on the pile of railway sleepers.

'I can catch 'er, can I, sonny? Well, I guess I can, if you say so.'

The long train coasted down the Middleton grade, and came to a halt, with a screaming of brakes and a bumping of cars reverberating far back along the line. The ensuing quiet seemed the more intense by contrast. The engine panted gently while the water-tank was being replenished. Then the fireman threw up the canvas nozzle, letting the water run over his head and shoulders before swinging the spout back to its place. Taking his seat again in the cab-window, he pulled the bellcord. The

engineer, aroused from a deep reverie, sounded two sharp short blasts of the whistle.

'That's the highball, mister! She's pulling right out!'

'You going to ride the bumpers?'

'She's a meat train! You won't find any empties!'

No reply from Three Fingers. The train gathered speed. Car after car, each one closed and sealed, rumbled by, the heavy trucks clicking over the rails in faster and faster time. Still he sat on the railway ties, seemingly indifferent, lost in thought. At last, he rose leisurely, and took a large bite out of a plug of tobacco which he wrapped again in a piece of brown paper.

'Now, you boys mind what I been tellin' you!' he said.

With that, he walked briskly out to the moving train, ran alongside a little way, and swung in on the rods of a refrigerator car. We had a glimpse of him as he adjusted himself more comfortably to his berth. A moment later, the caboose went by, the conductor reading a newspaper by an open window in the cupola.

The train dwindled and vanished around a distant bend. Far away the deep whistle echoed among the wooded hills; the roaring became fainter and fainter, and we were conscious again of the drowsy music of grasshoppers and locusts, and the sound of the puffy exhaust of the engine at the pumping station.

Three Fingers was gone, and that was the last we ever saw of him.

II

Our professors were of all sorts — some talkative, some taciturn, some genially tolerant of our adulation, some morosely intolerant. 'Now you kids hike! You'll be getting us pinched first thing you know!' For the most part

they permitted us to mingle freely with them; and in return for the high privilege, we told them the most likely places to go for 'hand-outs.' What a to-do there would have been, had our parents known who directed the long summer procession of vagrants to their doors! Once my mother said to Goodwin's mother, 'I declare, I've never seen so many tramps as there are this summer! They are eating us out of house and home!' and Mrs. Goodwin said that she had been having a like experience. 'Preacher' and I, who were present, went quietly out, feeling a little guilty.

It is as well that our parents did not know how we were spending those summer afternoons, for they were saved much needless worry. At the stockyards school we learned nothing worse than some picturesque profanity, and lessons in this respect were unconsciously given.

Thinking of the many vagrants we knew in boyhood days, it seems to me that they must have been men simple of soul and clean of mind. Some, like Three Fingers, preached us homely sermons on the snares and delusions of a wanderer's life; but their practice was at such alluring variance to precept, that it would have been a delight to go to school to them forever.

Only once, I believe, was advantage ever taken of our guilelessness, which, in those days, I fear, amounted almost to simplicity. One midsummer morning, Goodwin and I — we were always together — met at the railway yards at four o'clock, for Robinson Brothers' Circus had come to town in the night and we wanted to watch them unload. We paid a visit to the stockyards hotel merely to see if there had been any new arrivals, and found a tall, middle-aged-looking man sitting under the cottonwood tree. He rose the moment he saw us, his face beaming with pleasure.

'Think about angels and they're sure to appear,' he said. 'Boys, I'm in a fix and I want you to help me. You see my clothes? I'm all rags and tags and old paper-bags, and I'll tell you why. I got charge of the lions in this show. I feed 'em and train 'em and all the rest of it.' Then he went on to say that the lions often clawed him, not in anger, but playfully, after the manner of lions. They never injured him, but they ruined his clothing; and what with his never-ending, day-and-night duties, and moving on constantly from one town to another, he had no opportunity to replenish his wardrobe.

'Now, if you boys could help me,' he added, wistfully, 'I'd sure be obliged to you. Maybe your dads have some old shoes, or an old spare suit I could have; something to do me, you understand, until I can go and get fitted out proper. I'd pay you for 'em, of course, and let you into the show to boot.'

Preacher and I were not only willing but eager to help. He agreed to furnish the clothing and I the shoes, and we rushed home at once. My parents were still asleep upstairs. I did n't think it advisable to waken them. They might have raised objections, after the manner of parents, and I knew there could be no possible objection after I had had time to explain. My father could easily buy a new pair of shoes. He had plenty of leisure; but here was a lion-trainer who had scarcely a moment to himself, and it was very important, as he had told us, that he should be decently dressed in time for the morning parade. I went hastily through my father's stock of old shoes, selected the best pair I could find, and ran with them back to the stockyards hotel. Preacher was there before me, with a very decent suit of blue serge, his father's best everyday suit as I afterward learned. The trainer of Robinson Brothers' lions was deeply grateful.

'Boys,' he said, 'you've done me a great favor, and I won't forget it. Now I must hurry along. Lord! There's a heap of work to be done. But you be at the main entrance of the big tent at one-thirty sharp. I'll be there in these clothes, and with the money to pay for them. And I'll have passes for you, and if Mr. Robinson don't give you the best seats in the place for what you've done for me, I'll miss my guess. Now remember! One-thirty sharp! You'll be there?'

'Oh, yes, sir!' we said.

'Right! Now I must go. Lord! there's a heap o' work to be done!'

When we last saw him, he was hurrying away in the direction of the show-grounds.

Twenty years ago this wretched man disappeared; and since that time, every seventeenth of July, — if I happen to think of it, — at 1.30 P.M. sharp, I wish that he may come to no good end.

It is pleasant to turn, in thought, from this ignoble vagrant to a wanderer whose name must still be held in pleasant and grateful remembrance by many 'old boys' of the stockyards school. In so far as we knew, he had visited Prairie Hills but once, and at that time had carved his *nom de voyageur*, 'A No. 1,' on a wooden support at the water-tank. Each letter was cut deeply into the wood, and fashioned with exquisite craftsmanship. The 'A' had then been colored with red paint, and the 'No. 1' with blue. There was no other inscription which could compare with this, and we were sure that no other nomad could compare with him in character and experience of travel. Even the most distinguished professors of the stockyards school spoke of him with respect; and taking advantage no doubt of our willingness to believe, they told marvelous tales of his exploits, and threw over him a glamour which was quite in keeping with our conception of

him. He always traveled alone, they said, and ranged not only the United States, but Canada as far as Quebec, and Mexico, and South America, to 'Bonus Aires.'

One afternoon, when Sharpe, Goodwin, and I assembled at the marble-playing ground near the water-tank, we found a bright-eyed little man sitting on one of the cross-supports, whittling a stick and whistling softly to himself. I remember nothing more of his personal appearance, except that he wore a blue cap, and was dressed in decent clothing; and he had beside him a scuffed and baggy leather satchel. He was a stranger, but evidently no 'hobo,' so we were not interested in him, and proceeded with our game at once.

We had been playing for some time, when he whistled sharply, to attract our attention.

'Here you are!' he said. 'Catch, one of you!'

Goodwin caught it. It was an Indian head, an Indian in full war-paint, carved out of a potato.

'Well, where's your manners?' said the stranger. 'Can't you say thank you?' And without waiting for a reply, 'Fetch me another one of those spuds.'

Several potatoes which had been jostled from some car were lying nearby. We brought him all of them, and he made for Buller Sharpe a head of Abraham Lincoln, which we thought a marvelous likeness. Then, examining the remaining potatoes with the swift appraisal of the artist, 'These won't

do,' he said. 'Too bumpy'; and he threw them away.

I was keenly disappointed and he must have noticed this.

'Wait. Another keepsake for you. Scoot! Go back to your game! I'll tell you when it's finished.'

He turned his back to us and bent over his work, and hours later, it seemed to me, 'All right,' he said. He held out a match-stick, and on it was carved, in blocked letters, 'A No. 1.' — 'Keep that, and be it,' he said. 'Now go home to your suppers, and don't bother me any more.'

There was a hasty bolting of suppers that evening. We were at the water-tank again within half an hour, but A No. 1 had gone. Evidently he had taken the west-bound passenger, on his way to Denver, or, as we thought more likely, San Francisco. He had freshly painted his old inscription and carved beneath it, 7/9/'99.

Last summer I returned to Iowa, and long before the brakeman of the local train came through the car shouting, 'Prairie Hills! Prairie Hills!' I had my window open and was leaning far out, in my eagerness to recognize boyhood haunts.

But I soon regretted my curiosity, my foolish longing to link past with present days. The stockyards school had disappeared, and the wooden water-tank had been replaced by an upright steel pipe, which had nothing to commend it but its utility.

YOUTH

BY AMY S. JENNINGS

Do you hear the hooves of the horses pound
On the wet spring road where youth is riding?
The petals of wild pear cling around
His feet and his stirrups, and, dimly hiding,
Dip in the locks of his flaming hair —
Wind-washed blossom of early pear.
Do you hear the hooves of the horses pound?
Straight limbs pressed to the shining flank,
And the stinging odor, sharp and rank,
Of sweat and the steaming ground?
Swift in the wind, cold in the wind,
Firm is the flesh as the golden bud
Of a beech in spring, and wide behind,
Drenched in the copious glittering rain,
Streams his cloak of the color of blood,
And branches catch at his rein.

The wind is intimate in his ear
With terrible songs of death and laughter;
But the sound of love and the sound of fear
Are dear to him, and he rides the faster.

Riding, riding,

Oh, not yet

Has he need to remember or need to forget.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LABOR LEADER. II

BY JAMES H. MAURER

I

BEFORE I was fifteen, better times began to come back. The hat-factory worked more steadily. I was put at making cardboard hat-boxes, and my wages went up to fifty cents a day. The brother of the superintendent had charge of my box-room, and proved himself one of the best bosses I ever had.

In those days, the relation between employer and worker was different. The owners of industrial establishments, in most cases, worked; and so did their sons. Some of them were managers or office men, others worked at the trade, and nearly all were skilled in their line. They mingled with, and worked among, the men all day long. If an employee wanted to talk with the head of the firm, it was not necessary to gain admittance to an office, or to journey to some big city, because the head either worked with you, or came through the plant on his daily tour of inspection. Every employee knew every member of the firm, and the firm knew every worker.

Our family moved many times, from one house to another, following the curve of income and rents.

Soon after one of our movings, the Y. M. C. A. held temperance revivals in a near-by hall. My step-brother, Frank, and I attended. We decided to sign the pledge for five years.

'But,' protested the revivalist, 'why for five years? Why not for life?'

I explained that in five years we

should be men, and that, as boys, we did not wish to impose our boyish ideas upon ourselves as men. He agreed. Then, asking us to lay one hand on the Bible and raise the other, he began: —

'You swear —'

'Sometimes,' I said.

'No,' he replied; 'I am not asking you to confess. I am asking you to take an oath that you will keep your pledge for five years.'

He then spoke the pledge and ended by urging, 'You do so swear?'

I asked him whether I should now swear. He nodded his head. I rolled out a terrible oath. The evangelist was angry. I told him I was doing just what he told me to do, and Frank backed me up. We finally convinced him that the only swearing we knew about was cussing. Up to this time I had believed that in taking an oath one used a cuss word.

We both swore not to touch, taste, or handle liquors for five years. We both kept our oath.

Then came the strike of the Brotherhood of Railway Enginemen and Firemen. This tied up our Philadelphia and Reading Railroad system. The first act of destructive violence was the burning down of the Lebanon Valley Railroad bridge and the burning of a number of freight cars. Several cars of coal were dumped, and the coal carried away in bags and buckets. Great excitement prevailed in our city. One evening a crowd of curiosity-

seekers was gathered on the main street. Of course, I was in the crowd. I perched near the top of an awning pole at the corner cigar store, and had an elegant view of all that went on below me. It was a good-natured crowd and gave the policemen nothing to do.

Then, with no warning, shooting began. I saw the railroad cut full of soldiers. Something cracked to the left of me: a bullet went through the plate-glass window of the cigar store. The crowd became frantic. The shooting no longer came scattered, but in volleys, at regular intervals. I saw several persons drop.

All this was within a minute or two. I slid down the pole and ran south, toward my home, directly in line with the flying bullets.

I found that every other member of our family had been in the crowd when the shooting began. None was hurt. But other neighborhood families had suffered. Within a radius of two blocks of our house were the homes of six persons who had been shot. The wounded, dying, and dead were carried to their homes on cellar doors, settees, express wagons. The city had no police patrol-wagons or ambulances. The victims were innocent citizens. This massacre had its effect on the strike situation. The misery and death took the heart out of the strikers.

The Easton Grays, of Easton, Pennsylvania, were the military company that did the shooting. If they had ordered the crowd to disperse, within fifteen minutes there would not have been a soul left to shoot at. Instead, the officer and his soldiers — the officer and his assassins — sneaked in through the deep railroad cut, and at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet, without reason, and with no warning, fired volley after volley into a law-abiding, unsuspecting human mass of men, women, and children.

II

On a trip to Philadelphia I saw *Excelsior* at the old Walnut Street Theatre. I decided that show-acting was a desirable life-work. A friend of mine, Lincoln Wise, and I made ourselves into a vaudeville team, known as 'Welsh and Mack.' With Charley Brown and Walter Weber added, we formed a company called 'Tony Weber's New York Variety Combination.' The first act was 'Tony Weber, the Magician.' This consisted of card tricks, worked by invisible threads. The threads ran through eyelets down under the stage, where they all came together, each properly labeled for its particular trick. I engaged a hall in Reamstown, Lancaster County, for our opening performance. I gave the proprietor free passes to our show.

Charley Brown took his place under the stage, ready to pull the strings and make the cards do their stunts. The curtain went up to a crowded house. Just then the proprietor and his whole family arrived on their free passes. They were too late for seats, so they went to the door at the rear of the stage, in order to see the show from behind. Brown was under the stage, leaning against this door as it suddenly opened. Like a drowning person grabbing for straws, Brown, feeling himself falling backwards, grabbed for something with both hands. He connected with the labeled threads that worked the tricks. As he fell backward into the room behind the stage, every card trick began to work at the same moment. Cards jumped out of tumblers, other cards changed their spots, others flew from one picture-frame to another.

Weber stood in the centre of the stage, amazed at seeing all his tricks working in one burst without his command. The audience was pleased, believing this was a spectacular opening

to the act. We dropped the curtain and rearranged the tricks, and the show went on. We cleared twenty dollars. This success led us to tour the district. We put on shows at Sinking Springs, Wormelsdorf, Robesonia, and Wernersville.

We decided to run a circus. We borrowed a tent that measured thirty by fifty feet. Barnum's Circus came just then, with a woman shot out of a cannon. This idea struck home to us. To be sure, we could not shoot a woman out of a cannon, like Barnum. Our tent was not big enough. We could not afford such a large cannon; and we did not have a woman who would be willing. But Weber worked out a plan of catching a cannon ball in his teeth. So we proceeded to have the cannon built. We selected for our opening a town named Leesport. Our advertising bills played up the cannon-ball stunt as the star feature of the show. Our troupe included Weber, Brown, Wise, and myself, of our old combination, and a Mr. Savage, who worked our Punch-and-Judy Show.

By six in the evening everything was ready for the rush. A half-hour later, a good-sized crowd had gathered. Someone discovered there were no seats for the audience. I noticed several piles of railroad ties. I persuaded part of the crowd to carry the ties into the tent for seats. Then I asked these volunteer helpers to step outside, buy tickets, and come in again and take one of the seats they had helped to arrange. I told them I would let them buy tickets first, so they could get front seats. Tipped off how to get front seats, they eagerly bought, and this stampeded the crowd. By seven o'clock the tent was packed.

The stage was erected at one end of the tent, and on one side of the stage was Professor Savage, sitting with his Punch-and-Judy cabinet. The cabinet rested on the ground, and the stage was

elevated about two feet. He sat there quietly inside his cabinet till his turn should come at the end of the show.

The time came for the big act — Professor Weber catching a cannon-ball in his teeth. Charley Brown explained to the audience that Weber had an iron jaw, and could catch cannon-balls between his teeth as easily as an alligator could snap flies. He then asked for a committee of three men to come from the audience to examine the cannon, powder, and balls, to load the cannon, and to fire it. The committee stepped up and examined the cannon, which was a real one all right, made of cast iron, two feet long, and with a three-fourths-inch bore. They pushed in the powder wad, and then marked the bullet for identification. It was a lead bullet of the size of a large grape. They then rolled the bullet into the cannon.

What ought to follow was this: Weber would step on the stage opposite the cannon and hold a plate in front of his face. The committee would touch off the cannon, the plate would break, and between the teeth of Weber would be the cannon-ball. The committee would examine the ball for identification. 'Yes, it's the same ball we marked,' would have to be their answer, because it was the same ball.

The trick lay in the ramrod. The committee was allowed to examine everything except the ramrod, and, of course, no one thought of examining a simple little stick. One end of the ramrod was hollow and, when the ball was dropped into the mouth of the cannon, Brown would push the ball back against the powder wad. The ramrod, being hollow at one end, would catch the ball, and, when the ramrod was withdrawn, the ball would be secretly encased within it. The ramrod was then carelessly tossed on a table, and Wise, tidying up the stage, would carry the table off to Weber behind the scenes. Weber would

extract the ball from the ramrod, put it in his mouth, pick up a broken and pasted-together plate, and step out on the stage. When the cannon roared, Weber would break the cracked plate in his hands, and show the cannon-ball between his teeth.

But what really happened on this night of our try-out was different. The committee loaded the cannon and waited for Weber to appear to be shot at. But Weber behind the scenes had just discovered that the ball was not in the ramrod, and this of course meant that it was in the cannon. Wise and I were with him. But Brown was on the stage, while Savage was sitting in his Punch-and-Judy cabinet, and neither knew anything of our troubles. We heard Brown announce to the audience: 'The Professor will now step forward and catch the ball you saw your committee load in the cannon.'

But the Professor had no idea of stepping forward at that moment. The audience commenced to clap their hands in impatience.

'What will we do?' asked Weber.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to get the ball out of the cannon, and the easiest way to get it out was to shoot it out. So I stepped out on the stage, waved my hands for order, and said:—

'My friends, it is indeed to be regretted that there should be some people here to-night who suspect that something crooked has been pulled over on them. I have just heard someone say that the ball is not in the cannon. And this, remember, after a committee of your own townsmen themselves put the ball in. Therefore, to remove any suspicion that anyone may have that the cannon is not loaded now with the ball, I shall fire off the cannon and prove that it is. After that, we will again load it and then the Professor will catch the ball between his teeth.'

I then placed a small block of wood, about two inches thick and six inches square,—which we used in one of the other tricks,—in front of the mouth of the cannon, believing it would stop the ball. We lighted the fuse and fired the cannon. There was a roar, the block of wood disappeared into splinters, and from Professor Savage's cabinet came a yell. We had forgotten about him. The bullet-hole through his Punch-and-Judy show proved we had nearly got him. Everybody was satisfied it was a real cannon and that it had been loaded with ball.

The committee then loaded it again, and this time the ramrod did its work. Weber received the ball all right, put it in his mouth, picked up the cracked plate and was ready to go ahead with the act. This time Brown asked: 'Is the Professor ready to prove to the world that the jaw of man is quicker and more powerful than a steel rat-trap?'

Weber then stepped forward and said: 'He is.'

The audience cheered. The mouth of the cannon was elevated, and Brown made great business of taking good aim.

'Are you ready?' he finally asked.

Weber answered: 'I am, and goodbye to all if I fail to catch it.'

Then the match was applied as Weber faced the cannon, with the cracked plate covering his face.

The cannon roared. There stood Weber, with the ball stuck between his teeth. The audience was dumbfounded. The committee looked the ball over, and informed the crowd it was the same one they had marked and loaded. Just then, a man rose and said he would like to ask a question.

'What I wish someone would explain,' he said, 'is how that ball got round the plate without breaking it.'

Then we discovered that in the excitement Weber had forgotten to twist the cracked plate into bits and drop it.

There he still stood with the plate in his hands, and, so far as the audience could see, it was a perfectly solid plate. Then a member of the committee wanted something else explained.

'Tell me,' he said, 'where is the other bullet?'

'What other bullet?' I asked.

'I want you to know,' he explained, 'that we put two bullets in the cannon. The Professor caught one, all right, but what became of the other one?'

III

Later, I became a machinist's apprentice. This paid twenty-five cents a day for the first year. Working beside me in the machine-shop was a journeyman by the name of Thomas King, one of the original organizers of the Knights of Labor. He talked to me about Labor's rights and the necessity for the workers to organize. These were subjects about which I knew absolutely nothing, and I did not care to know anything about them. He might just as well have talked to me about the nebular hypothesis. One day he handed me a small pamphlet and said:—

'Read that and tell me what you think of it.'

It was the first time in my life that anyone had ever given me anything to read, with the request that I express an opinion. That night, after supper, I tried to read the pamphlet, but found the task beyond me. I could spell the words, but knew how to pronounce very few of them. For more than an hour I wrestled with the little pamphlet, determined to find out what it had to say; but no use—the little pamphlet on which I had promised to give an opinion, next day, defied me and, reluctantly, I was compelled to acknowledge defeat.

Before me lay a newspaper. I tried to read it, but found it as big a task as

the pamphlet. A book lay on the table. It was mother's prayer-book. I hurriedly opened it and tried to read, but could not. Nearly sixteen years of my life had passed, yet, up to that very hour, I had no idea why people should learn to read. Why spell words, when I could speak them more easily and quickly, and, besides, knew what the words meant. My vocabulary consisted of a few hundred simple words, fully half of which I pronounced improperly, or with a Pennsylvania Dutch accent. In that hour, I had an awakening. I now understood for the first time why children were sent to school. Schools, after all, were not juvenile penal institutions.

I rushed into the front room where mother was, fairly shouting, 'Why can't I read?'

'Why, Jimmie,' she said, 'what are you talking about?'

I then explained my troubles: how I had tried to read and discovered that I could not.

'Well,' she said, 'you see, Jimmie, we were always very poor, and instead of you going to school, you had to go to work; and besides, what little schooling you did get never seemed to do you any good.'

The following morning King asked me if I had read the pamphlet. I frankly admitted that I had not, and explained why.

'A boy your age, and can't read! Why, boy, where have you been all these sixteen years? If you expect to go through life like this, you will find it mighty rough going.'

I made no attempt to explain other than to say, 'I would give a thousand dollars, if I had it, to be able to read.'

For the next ten minutes, neither of us spoke a word. King was evidently doing some serious thinking. Finally, he came over to my machine. Laying his hand on my shoulder, in a sort of

fatherly fashion, he said, 'Jimmie, I have made up my mind to give you a chance, and it won't cost you a thousand dollars, either.'

And Tom King, the Labor leader, opened a school, with me as his only pupil. Our schoolroom, during the day, was the machine-shop. Our desks were machines. Two and three nights a week he labored with me at home, and thus began the task which, in time, started me on a journey which I should have started ten years before. For more than a year, King labored with me. I read everything I could lay my hands on and developed my knowledge of mathematics by measuring up and figuring out the square or cube of most everything in and around the machine-shop. It was the little pamphlet, issued by the Knights of Labor, that switched me off from illiteracy.

In the meantime, King kept talking the labor problems over with me, and finally suggested that I join the Knights of Labor. So, on the 15th of April, 1880, my sixteenth birthday, in company with King, I went to Fisher's Hall, and there, on the top floor, entered what was, in those early days, the secret chamber of the Knights of Labor, Washington Assembly, No. 72. All the members present seemed to be old men. I doubt if there was one among them, besides myself, who was not more than thirty-five years of age. The Master Workman (President) was a Mr. Tyson, a gray-haired old man. Little did I dream, as I sat there that night and listened to speeches and the humdrum of routine business, that this meant for me the beginning of a line of work which I would follow through life. Less than three months after I joined, an election of officers took place and, to my great surprise, I was elected Worthy Foreman (Vice-President).

One day, King saw me reading a trashy novel. He asked me to let him

look the thing over. I handed it to him, and he promptly tore it to pieces. I protested, because the novel did not belong to me. He glared at me as he said, 'Do you think that I have given you a year to have you waste your time on such trash?' Right then and there, there was a show-down between us, and King won out. For at least a year after that, I read what King gave me to read. I read books and pamphlets on the money question, banking, gold standard, double standard, paper money (greenbacks), inflated currency, contracted currency, free coinage, the crime of 1873. Before I was seventeen years of age, I believed that I knew more about the subject of banking and the manipulations of our currency than most Congressmen did; and now, knowing how little the average Congressman does know, I am inclined to believe I was right.

One morning King told me of his experiences of the night before. He had been to Adamstown, trying to convince the employees of a hat factory there, that they should join the Knights of Labor, and vote the 'Greenback' ticket, as well. A few village bullies broke up his meeting and ordered him out of town. Of course, he was angry, and vowed he was going back again as soon as he could find someone to go with him. I volunteered.

'Jimmie,' he said, 'you won't do. I need a few husky fellows who know how to fight, and who are not afraid.'

I then offered to get a gang who knew how, and who were not afraid. For the next few nights, I was busy looking up old friends and ex-enemies. From my large acquaintance, I picked four whom I considered the cream. I explained, in detail, what the trouble was about, and what would be expected of them. The men I picked were Harry Pyle, a one-time enemy, Bully Goodman, Ed Price, and Plugger Roland.

When the eventful night came for my first battle for free speech, King furnished his little army with a transport consisting of a one-horse, covered spring wagon. He rode ahead of his army, in a buggy, and arrived first. On our way to Adamstown, which was a distance of ten miles, we five planned our defense, attack, slaughter, and retreat.

To make sure that King's constitutional rights would not be violated, we took a few good-sized clubs with us, with the understanding that they were to be used only in an emergency. As we were driving into the town, King had begun, as previously arranged, to speak. This gave me an excuse to stop my team on the opposite side of the street and pretend to listen to the speaker, as I sat in the wagon. The audience had every reason to believe that King was alone.

King spoke for about twenty minutes, and our army was getting restless. We feared there would be nothing doing. Finally, I commenced to applaud the speaker, saying, 'That's the stuff. You're right. Go to it, old boy, give it to them.'

I noticed that there were some in the crowd who seemed friendly, because they, too, began to applaud. But through the crowd, from out of the darkness, came a husky fellow, who might have been thirty-five or forty years of age. Walking up to King, he said, 'Shut up, you liar, and get out of this as quick as the devil will let you.'

King answered by giving the signal agreed upon.

'Is there no one here who will protect me in my constitutional rights against this ruffian?'

Pyle had already slipped out of the back of the wagon and, stepping forward, cried out, 'I will.'

The next instant the bully was lying sprawling in the street. It took but a

few seconds for his friends to come to his rescue, and then the real fight started.

Quite a few of the natives fought on our side, and this is what saved us from complete annihilation, and turned victory in our favor.

When the battle was over, and I had time to survey the field of honor, I learned that, while no one was killed, some of us came dangerously close to it. Price and Plugger Roland got away with nothing more serious than blue eyes, bloody noses, and the loss of a few teeth. I suffered from a fractured jaw, a few cuts about the head and face, a broken bone in my right hand, and a blow on the chest. So serious was the blow on my chest, caused by a large stone, that I felt the effects of it, from time to time, for twenty years. Pyle suffered from two broken ribs, a battered-up face, and loss of a tooth. As soon as the victims were dragged off the field of battle, King started to speak again and spoke for ten minutes, just to show that we had won and that constitutional rights were still held sacred in Adamstown.

After we closed the meeting, we decided to celebrate our victory. We entered the hotel barroom, and the six of us lined up in front of the bar and gave three cheers for free speech. I doubt if there was a good fight left in the whole bunch of us combined; yet, propping ourselves against each other, we rubbed in our victory with a vengeance. Later, I learned that the bullies responsible for all the trouble were not natives of Adamstown, but strangers imported there.

When we returned to the wagon to go home, we discovered our clubs. Not one of us had thought of them after we left the wagon and the fracas started. A few hours later we arrived in Reading and separated for our homes, never to get together again.

IV

After serving less than two years at my trade, I believed I could hold my own as a full-fledged mechanic. I went to Pottstown, and became a machinist with Sotter Brothers, boilermakers, at a wage of two dollars for a workday of ten hours. While working in the shop, I was ordered to make a two-inch boiler-tube expander. We were not equipped to make tools of this kind, but I went ahead to make one anyhow. In boring the first hole in the body of the expander, in which the rollers were to work, I got the job clamped crooked, and, of course, the hole got crooked or, perhaps I should say, the hole I drilled was not in line with the body, but slanted. So, in order that the boss would not suspect that I 'bulled' the job, I bored all three holes crooked, or on a slant. After the job was finished, I was anxious to know if an expander like that would work. I discovered that it not only worked, but fed itself besides. To work the other expanders, it was necessary to hit a tapered pin every few revolutions with a mallet, in order to force the rollers out against the tube. The hitting of the pin not only consumed time, but had a tendency to knock off the end cap of the expander. When I discovered my find, I showed it to Mr. Sotter, the head of the firm, who tried it out on at least a dozen tubes before he felt satisfied that we really had a self-feeding tube-expander. Of course, I got credit for the wonderful discovery. If there were any self-feeding expanders on the market before this, no one in Pottstown ever heard of it. Less than a year later, however, there were offered for sale two different kinds of self-feeding expanders, one of them an almost identical imitation of the one I had made.

At this time in my life, seven or eight dollars was my limit for a suit, a

dollar for a hat, at the most a dollar and fifty cents for a pair of shoes, fifty cents for a shirt; and it was paper collars when I wore them, which was seldom. I never wore underwear, winter or summer, nor owned an overcoat until I was nearly twenty-one years of age. I looked upon well-dressed people with suspicion and believed that people who wore underwear were dirty.

Then came a long letter from my old friend, Tom King, expressing the hope I was not neglecting my studies, and saying that he was planning to have me appointed local organizer for the Knights of Labor. In due time, my commission as organizer arrived, and two weeks later Iron Workers Assembly No. 7975, was organized. Within a short time we had a thousand members enrolled, more than we could handle, and we organized another assembly. My promotion was rapid. First, delegate to the District Assembly, then Master Workman of the Iron Workers; and before I was twenty years of age, I was elected District Master Workman.

I read the *Progress and Poverty* of Henry George, and a little later joined the Single-Tax Club. Most of my evenings were now occupied in studying and in attending meetings. And yet, the old life seemed to hold a chattel mortgage on me, because I would try to satisfy my desire for excitement, and think I was having a good time. Gradually I turned my life into labor channels, in the practice of my trade, and also in the job of helping to organize a coherent labor movement.

For forty-two years now I have played my part in the labor movement. I have been doing public speaking ever since I knew much of anything, delivering speeches in every state of the Union. Eighteen years ago I counted up that I had then made a thousand speeches. Probably it is over two thou-

sand now. My life has been lived in Reading, and it was Reading that, in 1910, elected me to the General Assembly of the State Legislature — the first and only Socialist that ever represented the city. In 1914 and in 1916 I was reelected. In 1911 I introduced bills in the Legislature on Mothers' Pensions, Child Labor, Workers' Compensation, Semimonthly Payment, and twenty-five other labor measures. These bills were considered a joke by many assemblymen. A prominent State Senator said to me: 'Do you expect to live long enough to see any of them become law?' Four years later, most of them were on the statute-books.

In 1917, I introduced an Old-Age Pension Bill. It is not yet law, but the state created a commission to investigate the subject and gave me the chairmanship. I hope to see Old-Age Pensions become law at the coming session.

In 1912 I was elected President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, and have been reelected ever since. The State Federation of Labor had 267 affiliations ten years ago. To-day it has 1300 affiliations, and numbers 400,000 members. It is the greatest factor for good in the state. It is feared by the party machine, and was influential in bringing about the nomination of Gifford Pinchot.

During the war, an effort was made to repeal the labor laws and standards, under the pretense of winning the war. We opposed surrendering one inch of what organized labor had secured. We were branded as Pro-Germans for our activities against the mutilation of the labor charter. We succeeded in keeping every law on the statute-books. None was repealed, or even suspended. And the war was won, anyhow.

While the spirit of intolerance and

reaction was at its height, an attempt was made to saddle a vicious sedition law on the state. Our Federation opposed it by bringing five hundred men and women to the State Capitol, and for six hours we told the Joint Committee of the Legislature of labor's opposition. The bill was passed to save the governor's face and reputation; but the Federation of Labor compelled the administration to strike out three dangerous paragraphs and nine dangerous words, thus making the bill a harmless document. One word was still left in ('tends') that might have made trouble. And by our persistency we removed that word, two years later.

The trades-union movement in the past has had to fight blindly, sometimes winning, sometimes losing. Battering its way along, it has now better wages, shorter hours, the protection of organization. Its longer aspirations are still unrealized. It needs the wisdom that will prevent it from going up blind alleys. It needs a technique. The Socialist movement talked for a generation of public ownership and control of industry. And yet there was not administrative ability enough in many places to run even a local.

So the need of labor is workers' education. It is here I am putting the strength of my remaining days as chairman of the Workers' Education Bureau of America. In Pennsylvania we have workers' classes in a number of industrial centres. We teach history, literature, economics. Step by step with workers' education go a labor press and labor research. Knowledge is what is needed, not violence. Labor of the future will be broad, based on trades-unionism, coöperation, and solidarity at the ballot-box. The instruments of its increasing power will be a labor press, labor research, workers' education.

COPPER—A STUDY IN INGOTS AND MEN

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

SOMETIMES I walked past the refinery door, after dark, and if the night was warm found it open. Furnaces despite their heat and drudgery fascinate, and I would gaze through the refinery door in odd half-hours whenever I could snatch them.

It was hard to see much: the furnaces were squatty, and dark, about twenty-five feet wide, with a bulky, winding pipe or stack that carried away smoke from the top. Coal heated them, and behind—you could see through the dirty windows of the mill—a fireman or two, beneath the level of the floor, heaved coal or cleared away ashes.

At night the furnace outlines were printed upon the dark by the flame of the copper showing through crannies. Especially round the doors, on the side of the furnace, where the scrap metal was fed into her for melting, there were sharp lines of light, making you guess at interior fires. Now and then a big door on the front of the furnace gaped, and I was reminded of open-hearth days. The load was an inch or two below the lip of the door, and seemed to threaten it continually with overflow. Streams of bright metal light lit a broad segment of the floor, and I saw objects clearly for a second. A free space in front of the furnace; then scores of moulds for copper ingots bunched close; two hand-trucks, a ladle half in the dark, barrels in rows, an auto-truck. When the door shut, the objects went back again into shadows, doubtful or unguessed.

One day, a transfer finished its

course through official channels, and came into my hands, with orders to begin work next morning in the refinery. I had asked for a transfer to a job at labor, some status where I could learn the making of metal with the work of my two hands. But I had n't anticipated refining. A 'job on the rolls' was my ambition—that seemed the key process in all these mills. But since I was sent to the refinery, I would take what the metal gods gave. Besides, a few curiosities would get satisfied, I meditated—fed up, perhaps. I had some technical curiosities, for example, about the machinery of refining, the chemistry of it, its contrasts with furnace-work in steel, and more. Into the midst of this thinking came current 'dope' on the refinery: 'Hell of a hole, I hear,—the worst place in the mill.'

I reported to the foreman at 6.48 the next morning and was turned over at once to a clerk who found his way past many barrels of copper scale, to a row of lockers. He assigned me an end one and left. A few feet from my side was the 'cupola furnace,' used for remelting slag, and twenty or thirty feet to the rear lay the boiler-room of the mill. But whatever heat assaulted me was welcome; it was November and the outdoor air very bitter indeed. I put a board on the floor to stand on and got into my blast-furnace clothes, which I had brought with me wrapped in newspaper. There was the kersey cap, khaki shirt, and tough cloth pants—no overalls—army field-shoes. With

the active bend and swing of furnace work, I knew overalls were not the fashion.

Seven o'clock — I could tell by the rumbling of rolls and the boom of the engine in the other part of the mill. I stepped across the refinery floor. The most intense activity absorbed every corner of it; appearing to a new man, standing on its edge, as huge violence and mess. Everything was done by hand and in haste. There seemed to be no cranes, no engines, no assisting machinery. More like a queer sort of battle, I thought, than a process of manufacture.

The foreman had said I would work on the 'floor gang' which I tried to pick out of the battle. I guessed at the ten or fifteen Hunkies with hand-trucks who moved empty moulds close to the furnace, and then by a lot of admirable dodging bore full ones away. The pouring of the metal caught my eye. I noticed a ladle with a scoop, say a foot and a half through, and a handle twenty feet long, suspended in the centre by a chain. A husky chap on the handle guided it into the furnace door, scooped up gingerly molten copper — a ladleful — and started to swing it toward an empty mould. But I had no further view of him; the foreman saw me and motioned toward a tall Irishman, who was, I gathered, the labor boss. He transferred to my hands a truck which he had been pushing, and pointed toward empty moulds. My career on the furnace began.

We were a kind of endless chain of labor for the moving of moulds within range of the ladle-pourer, and the moving of moulds away when a two hundred pound ingot of copper had been poured inside. Certain Hunky workmen stood at either end of the chain, to load your truck with an empty mould, or to reload it with a full one. The molten copper in the ladle demanded

quick pouring before it cooled, and the chain must move fast enough to keep the space by the furnace filled with empties, and cleared of full moulds. For the gang it was a kind of race.

Two or three hundred pounds on a hand-truck has a will of its own. It is obstinate about starting, very, and much more so about stopping. When you navigate one across a refinery floor, you have reckonings to make on four or five points. There is the floor itself which has ridges and holes to avoid; two or three trucks press you from behind, and as many before. You have fear of an ingot assaulting your back if you don't step lively, and of depositing your own on the heels of the man in front if you do. There are the refiners and the furnace gang proper who consider that they have free passage before any mere truckers of moulds; and there is the ladle itself with its load of hot metal which has its right of way without anybody's question.

Some of the 'empties' were found twenty feet from the furnace; others we trucked from a remote corner sixty feet off. It was a circuitous route, with many broken plates, and floor ridges, known only to old mariners, so that a spill happened to someone every few minutes. I had, by the grace of God, so far kept my moulds on an even keel. But here there were six iron plates gone from the floor, letting you down on rough dirt for a whole inch — which is a mountain to copper-laden trucks. I took all the run I could, but had to swerve right for a Wop with an empty. My wheels stopped at the mountain, and the mould with ingot inside tumbled into the highway. Three trucks stopped behind me. I tried jarring the mould out of the runaway by bunting against it with my truck. That was n't the way. The faces of the three truckers blackened; I felt as if I had stalled a

Ford in the thick of Broadway — till the labor boss advanced with tongs, remounted the mould on my truck very easily, and motioned me off like a cop. Clearly it was a recognized form of misfortune. By drawing back for a rush start I mounted the ridge.

A rest-spell turned up a little later. In approaching the hot region I found that the endless chain had gained a little on the ladle-pouring, and there were empties enough. I leaned on my truck, and watched the fluid copper drip into moulds. These were placed in rough half-circle before the furnace, while the ladle made a slow swing around to fill them. The chain, being attached near the centre of the handle, almost balanced a full ladle and went aloft to a small wheel which followed a circular track above the moulds. When ladleman had coaxed his swinging vessel of metal into position over a mould, he dripped the first splatterings with utmost care. Here were six hundred pounds of curdling copper hung on a chain, and a mere twitch of a wrong muscle would turn it out upon the floor, or on to men's feet.

There were two kinds of moulds, long and rectangular, and short and round. The latter were the lightest, and it was easy to see that the truckers competed for them. But they had their disadvantages. If you went over a hunk of slag or an uneven floor-plate on your way to the furnace, your little mould slipped between the rungs of your truck to the floor. If you returned with a hot ingot inside your round mould, your disaster was more extended. Both mould and ingot slipped through the rungs, when the road was rough, and sought opposite directions. You left your truck, and searched for tongs, with the halted traffic watching you blackly.

The labor boss helped me with one sprawling ingot, and afterward added a few genial words of comfort and sym-

pathy: 'Goddam truck's no good, slip right through, wa'n't meant for them moulds.' And on another occasion: 'Truck you've got's no good. One or two good ones. Get here early and get one.'

When every mould had been poured and trucked away, I looked at my watch, wondering if it were near noon. It was 8.30. Scattered over the wide area of the refinery were moulds pointing in every direction, filled with ingots still hot. Three of the gang had taken tongs and were pulling them out. They lay on the iron floor like red logs, square and round, and gave you slaps of fierce heat as you walked among them. What now? The crew of trucks began to move toward the men with tongs; they took on a bar or two each — feather light without the mould.

'One pile here,' said the labor boss. We collected the bars and piled them for an hour. Was the refining of copper performed solely with a truck? Calculations were going on in my head of the quantity of cheap manpower applied in this mill to the lifting, moving, piling, pushing of copper — raw transfer of mass weight which men for a generation or so had constructed machines to perform. Two hands lifted a bar on my truck. I pushed it forty-five feet to another point on the refinery floor. Two more hands lifted it from my truck to a rising tower of copper, built like a wood pile. Ten other men like myself moved bars to other piles in other places. Memories came of winding gangs of Negroes I had seen in foreign ports, carrying bags of coal to pour into the hold of a ship.

With some eagerness I wondered as I trucked the last bar, whether the jobs of the rest of the day would be of the same genre, and cheat the engineer and inventor of his due. One overhead crane! It would almost make the floor gang obsolete.

The job we turned to was cleaning moulds. 'Get a stick with a brush on the end, you'll find one by the slag house. Set the mould on end with the stick; brush off that white dust you see inside; knock it down, set it up t'other end; brush that.'

Then trucking reappears for a vast stretch. Moulds have to be reassembled in neat rows before the furnace. I resolved that in future, at this phase, I would withdraw from the competition for trucks, and appoint myself one of the two who loaded, but did not truck. Loading, it seemed to me held a touch of distinction. There were only two of you; you stood quietly in one place, loading at your own time the trucks of half your comrades; teetering the moulds into a secure position on the truck's heel, by a skillful movement of your stick.

I began to notice Brennan about this time. Reaching for a scrap box on a pile he straightened himself for an instant, and I had a glimpse of his true proportions. He was six feet three, or so. Then he lifted a scale barrel out of the way of a truck, and demonstrated the strength of his height. But I watched him for other things, and especially, his consummate disdain. His movements eloquently cried: 'Why, in heaven's name do I bother with these things?' He was seventy-odd years old, and claimed a service record with the company of fifty years. Most of the things we did for him we did wrong, and he poured upon us the experience and the scorn of his fifty years of dexterity.

A scramble of round ingots, weighing only eighty-four each and easy to handle, lay near the scales. We rolled them on with tongs and our feet. The scales were similar to the type you drive a load of hay on, and the platform, when we had covered it with short round copper ingots, looked like

a strip of red corduroy road with copper logs.

Mosher, the refinery clerk, was visible through the windows of the little office marking up the poundage on his book. After weighing, we made the ingots into two pyramids beside the scales by slow piling with tongs. Brennan appeared to watch and grunt. When we had finished, I noticed that the control-ropes of the little hand-crane had been assumed by one of the gang. A vacant-faced laborer slipped the chains under the edges of one pyramid, and shouted guttural Spanish to the man at the ropes. Slowly, and rather unsteadily, the copper logs rose — 6000 pounds of them — and swayed doubtfully toward a motor truck. Two of us pushed them gently truckward, and breathlessly watched one of the chains creep near the centre of the load. Brennan was saying, 'Oop, oop,' very sharply, when the chain slipped another quarter inch, and the 6000-pound mass flew into bars and hit with a rumble the iron floor of the refinery, scattering toward everyone's feet.

Brennan's emotions were too much for him. He had no words into which to pour them; he gave us his back.

Later I had a glimpse of 'charging the furnace.' Ten men were at it, — four with forks, and shovels, two with rods, the rest with their hands. The door of the furnace was open and the furnace fires a few feet from our faces. The small scrap, the shavings of copper, the 'ends' and small shapes, they shoveled in like coal. I had a vivid remembering of furnace-shoveling in Pennsylvania. As for the matted bales and tangles of wire, and tied-up bunches of strips, they threw these on rods resting on the open doorsill, which two men held. Several with long poles pushed the strips into the swimming hearth of the furnace. I watched their haste, and recognized the familiar

movements of men who work in heat. They were more exposed to the open flame, I figured, than any of us had been in steel. Inside you could see the wire coils blaze and fall away like twigs in a fire of brush.

The five-minute whistle blew. I washed up — with hot water and a new can of Skat, changed my coat, only, and punched the clock.

It was a fifteen minutes' walk to Mrs. Ketcham's boarding-house, and seemed very long indeed.

At one o'clock, we went out at once into a scrap-filled yard, under a new boss. It seems that all day, from the time the hearth is emptied of molten copper in the morning, it is necessary to heap up a new mass of wire, chips, scale, scrap — for the next day's charging. So we worked at that. A little hill grew beside each furnace. The refinery yard was irregular with a small machine shop on one frontage, the side and end of a stone house and shearing-room for copper sheets on another, the backs of some of Main Street's wooden houses on the end. We worked at that end upon a hill of mixed scrap.

A big flat-truck was used, which we hauled across the yard — the floor 'jitney' was sick for the day. To begin with, the Spaniard with a bump on the back of his head, and I, assaulted the hill with hooks. We pulled down coils and masses of discolored copper wire. Some bunches were small and a single workman could throw them on the truck; others were heavy and required four men. It took us a half-hour to load.

'That'll do,' said the boss in an Irish voice, and put his hand on the load. 'Let's go!'

Three of us took the truck handle, and strained ahead; the rest threw their weight against the load, at half a dozen places.

'Now,' said the boss.

We drove forward after a great effort, and almost dropped the top of the load. The thing stopped, and we swayed and lurched till it creaked forward. I felt like a horse; was conscious of anger somehow, like a wave of heat. After swaying over the dirt part of the yard, the load went easy. We reached pavement and a little incline, so that the truck slid into the door of the refinery like a freight on a grade. Then a sharp turn to the right inside the door, and past the back of an annealing furnace, with the handle of the truck whipping a little, as the wheels went over a sunken floor-plate.

'Scales,' said the boss.

Another turn to the right, grunts and noises modified by the breathing effort of push — necks, arms, the thews of legs in it. She mounts a little incline and makes the scale platform.

Mosher comes out of the room, looking like a sheet of white paper, and says, 'Five thousand,' to the boss. We start for the furnaces. The truck takes its own direction as we turn past the fixed moulds in front of the furnace. The end of a mould catches a wheel. A three-hundred-pound coil dribbles off the top; the rest is steadied; we disentangle and get off again. There is manœuvring in the area by the furnace doors near the scrap pile. The space is hardly twice the truck's length. I figure our journey from yard to furnace ten minutes; scrap poundage, 5000; power, nine Spaniards, and one American; morale forty per cent.

Then the dumping. Twenty hands pushing against the wire coils, till she tips past dead centre, then a yell and quick retreat. The truck usually capsize as the metal goes, and sprawls back toward us.

Nobody hurries, but someone in the end rights the truck, and starts back in low for another load. On this one, I did my piling with a thick-set, good-

looking Spaniard who knew no American. We worked steadily and together as the scrawny, unknown chap hooked the coils down. Here, I said to myself, is pure labor, unalloyed with any skill, any horizon, or mental flicker. It has n't the strain or the heat of the open-hearth steel furnace I once worked on, but it's nearer drudgery.

There are ten pairs of 'hands' on this job to one supervising brain. I looked over at the supervising brain. The boss rested a sharp chin easily upon a bony hand; he waited peaceably till we had finished the load.

'We are poor crane service,' I thought, reverting to an old idea.

There was time that afternoon to learn further and to get some practice with the topography of the floor. In the yard, close to the door of the refinery were barrels of 'scale,' an off-scouring of the pickle tubs, very wet, greenish, and the heaviest hand-truck load we were called upon to wrestle. I trucked three barrels of it, and I remember the course we all followed. There was an incline at the door that needed a rush start, twenty feet further, chunks of slag on the floor, then sunken plates near the scales, and, turning into Number 1, a series of plates gone, several feet of dirt-running, and an inch edge to surmount in getting on plates again. After those three barrels, I thought I was rid of the job when Mosher suddenly appeared from the office with a piece of paper and immense seriousness of purpose.

'One more over there,' he said, and after a pause, with a gray smile, 'Well, how do you like the job?' He had noticed that I was an American. 'Work on the floor awhile,' he continued, 'and some day, you'll get a crack at the furnace.'

'The job's all right,' I returned, 'I can't hand the floor much, though.'

'No, it's a bad floor,' he agreed.

'Now a few years ago we had a new floor put in, then it was easy to push a truck, easier for everybody. I've been here twenty odd years.'

'A long time,' I answered, partly as admiration.

'It is a long time,' the clerk went on. 'Do you know what that stuff is you're putting into the furnace?'

'No,' said I.

'It's scale, and it gets on the bars you know, when they're heated in the annealing furnace.'

'I see,' said I, pushing my truck under the new barrel, while he lifted an edge.

'I'll see you again,' he concluded. 'I'll tell you little things, when I can.'

I pushed the barrel toward the furnace, Mosher helping me to get under way. I felt friendly, but at the same instant immensely superior in my furnace-labor job to his clerkship. I returned to the Spaniards.

They were dropping out of the undifferentiated gang mass, and falling into individual shapes for me. A handsome chap, a little shorter than I, wearing the high waisted velvet pants of the newly arrived Spaniard, gave me a smile of very white teeth, whenever he passed with his truck. In the afternoon at the scrap piling, I learned that his name was Carlos Rio. Then the man with the quarter-inch growth of beard — he proved a meddlesome worker — and the tall lummoX with the vacant face — I was beginning to observe his occult capacity for gravitating toward the easier job, loading not trucking, pushing not pulling. The man with a bump on the back of his head was a hard worker.

At 4.10, I noticed the regular furnace gang washing their hands and putting on coats.

'Furnace gang go home?' I asked Carlos.

'Get all through, go home, three

o'clock, mebbe — five o'clock, mebbe — mebbe six o'clock,' he said in exposition.

'We work till six o'clock,' he commented grinning.

We spent the next hour and a half shoveling sand in barrels, trucking empties to the yard, putting long wedge-bars on the scales and off. At 5.30, it looked as if we had cleared up all the rough labor there was in sight. One of the night shift had arrived, a middle-aged, puffy-faced man with a pipe and a black coat. He went up and opened the furnace door. I looked in with some curiosity.

All the sticks and shapes and coils had melted into a thick bubbling red brew that surged to the very brim. When he had closed the door, I noticed how shadowy the refinery was, as dark as it had been at seven, when I got into my blast-furnace clothes and took a truck. We unloaded another auto, and put the scrap beside Number 1. Five minutes of six blew and, finding it very dark near my locker, I went into the slag house and brushed my hair by the light of a dull gas jet burning there.

At nine o'clock, I fell back in bed. 'The job has a little of the excitement of my old job in a steel mill,' I thought; 'the red bars rolling about your feet make it uncomfortable, and at the same time bearable. The anxious intensity of pouring-time gives it flavor. These things will fade, though; I know that. What will stand out and blacken days to come will be the tugging at scrap, the loadings and unloadings, the pushing of scrap — ten men pushing five thousand pounds on a flat truck — to dump and back again, piling up a new load: wire, shapes, and scale: keeping that pile high at the furnace door.'

I set my alarm a little earlier — 6 A.M. It was a longer walk to the refinery and I wanted to be on time to

get a good truck, and not the one with the loose wheel.

As work days went by, I grew into the gang. They were almost as new at the job as I. And some even newer. As we learned the simple motions of the work, it was easier to signal or coöperate, and hence easier to advance in understanding. The way to talk opened up and men took a whack at it with two words of American or even with Spanish, greatly assisted by head and hands. I knew no Spanish, but the fellow with the bump on the back of his head and one other had a sprinkle of French which opened a partial channel for talk.

Carlos was the most ambitious of all to learn, and I early made a trade with him to teach me his language in return for mine — a trade I had made once before with a young Croatian in an open-hearth pit. We had our language battles in the lunch hour, sitting on a truck near the hot rolling-mill.

I had liked the looks of Carlos from the first. He was short and close-knit, but not heavy — a somewhat boyish build, black hair, an arresting profile with distinguished brow and nose. He stood about — when he could — in a Spanish slouch that was altogether graceful.

After three or four noons together he had told me the story of his life in thirty-four day English. His father, he said, had a little farm in Spain, with fruit trees — apple, orange, peach. He raised wheat 'li'l bit.' He said he had 'plenty eat' but no money for clothes, boots, or anything else. He therefore resolved to 'come America.' (This was certainly orthodox immigrant psychology.) Wages, he said, were 90 cents a day in Spain and likely to become 25 or 20. Three months before he came over, he had married — at 22, I think. He anxiously awaited the first letter

from his young wife. Again, plans for the future were orthodox. He intended to make 'big money' and at forty-five or fifty go back to Spain.

'But children — they go school America — become American.'

Here was considerable foresight for a husband of twenty-two.

I found the English language was infectious. The rest of the gang observed Carlos and me, who were teaching each other our respective tongues, and began to ask the English names for parts of the mill and parts of the body. They made ever-increasing efforts to talk to me with their hands, making use of Carlos for interpreter. A strong, well-built chap in a black shirt, who did all parts of the job easily, showed great friendliness but was utterly tongue-tied. He responded with great hilarity to my few words of Spanish, and having his locker next mine, I tried them out on him twice daily. Of course a complication was this: there are four dialects — so Carlos says — in Spain, besides Spanish, the literary language. Carlos knew Spanish and a couple of the dialects. Some of the others knew the dialects only. Still we managed.

The man we all hated was 'Crazy-Man.' It may be a fact that he *was* a little jangled in his brain; surely there was a vacancy in his eye that made ugly rapport with a mouth that was angry, sullen, and weak all in one. Crazy-Man was tall with shed-the-rain shoulders, and ape arms. He combined versatility with a profound lack of manual dexterity. He sought out invariably what might be called the more distinguished angles of our job. He loved pulling the ropes that controlled the electric crane; he would mount bars on another man's truck. He enjoyed arranging chains or bars, or ropes on the scrap box. But the misfortune was that he was supremely maladroit in all these things. I remember when he

pushed in angrily to take the ropes from another man's hands and fix them himself over a scrap box. The crane lifted and they pulled off. A triumphant jeer swept the observant gang. He very literally frothed at the mouth.

He was very apt to lift a coil or a bar hastily and get his fingers jammed. Or ostentatiously to grab the handle of the big truck and then run it aground on a bar or a barrel. He would get desperately angered with himself at that, while the gang grew delirious with appreciation. They would yell 'Crazy-Man' at him and much more in Spanish. And they'd make the well-known circular motions beside the head with one hand, which is universal language among all Hunkies for 'You're a nut.'

I did several jobs with a chap I wondered about, a man with markedly Spanish features, who still wore his high-waisted foreign pants. His back was permanently bowed; his face livid, with a beaten look in it, as though you could kick him, and he would growl but had long ago made up his mind to attempt nothing more, under the circumstances. He did his work more slowly than the others, but with great method. He'd breathe hard at times, as when I worked with him moving slag cakes and he mounted them on my truck.

One day I was asking Carlos the ages of members of the gang. I pointed at bent-back; called him an old man.

'Young man,' Carlos said, 'thirty-five; he work too much, in Spain — that's all.'

Sometimes I felt that every day was like the last; sometimes I saw their differences. A meagre variety occurred through the slight changes in the amount of work that fell to us, and somewhat in its distribution over the ten hours. Certain chunks of labor we had always. There was invariably pouring in the morning; but, as work grew slack, only one furnace kept on,

and pouring-time was shorter though not cut in half. We always trucked up empty moulds at seven in the morning, and trucked back full ones, pulled bars from moulds, trucked and piled bars, brushed out moulds, assembled them, loaded trucks with copper bars, and spent the afternoon, keeping the scrap pile high beside the furnace doors. I began to look forward to variety in the everlasting scrap we hauled. There were always 'scalpings,' wire, strips, ends, and a number of copper shapes. There was 'scale' and 'tin scrap' — copper coated with tin — of which the furnace was allowed only a moderate admixture. And then I remember the day we trucked automobile gaskets. It was more fun unloading gaskets than plain bundles of rectangular strips.

I had seen 'cabbages' of brass made in the brass rolling-mill. A shapeless mass of scrap goes into the cabbager and comes out pressed slabs about the size of paving stones. It is easier to handle. When I think of cabbages, I think of David the Pole. He joined the gang a week or so later than I, and was the huskiest man among us. He weighed about two hundred and was n't fleshy. With a heavy load on the flat truck, the handle whips a man back and forth on the rough spots. One afternoon we kept at cabbages for several hours and the loads ran heavy. Finally we piled cabbages on the truck till we could hardly reach the load.

David took the handle. The truck made the incline well enough near the door, but when the wheels struck bits of slag near the cupola, it whipped about like a tiller in a storm. I watched David. With all his two hundred pounds of Polish muscle, he fought a great fight for equilibrium from the door to the scales. The trucks are about like the four-wheeled ones used for trunks on a railway platform. The

scales helped to explain. The load weighed seven thousand pounds.

Sometimes in the noon hour after I had eaten my meat sandwiches, and drunk the pint of milk bought from the tiny grocery by the gate, I would sit the hour out and think about the gang. Or in a lull of hauling in the afternoon, when the necessity for alertness or strength was taken away, I had thoughts about characteristics of the gang and the nature of gangship.

There is, I meditated, infinitely more variety in the gang-worker's job than in the machine operator's; he lives, besides, a more sociable life. I felt a sense of warm security in the confidence and friendliness of that mixed gang, that I had lacked on other jobs in the brass mill. There was uncertainty, of course, and a great ignorance of the trend of battle, but with it a sense of common gang-destiny. If there was doubt about the length of the job, at least there would be some flavor of adventure in breaking into the next.

But other thoughts pushed themselves into my mind, in these brief lulls of physical exertion. A common-labor floor gang is the lowest rung in the ladder, I suppose. Its security is at a minimum, and it will feel the unemployment hatchet first. (Five of us were dropped last pay-day.) And the job itself is crude and unalloyed labor. It is not true to say that no apprenticeship is needed. There is a knack in handling sledge, chain, shovel, bar, that is not learned in one shift. But of craftsmanship, of real skill, there is a hint and no more. The 'dirty work' of society falls to the labor gang. They are at the frontier — which machinery and intelligence has n't reached: the inheritors of the work of the pyramid builders and of the men who lifted up the stones for the Chinese wall.

THE WONDERFUL TUNE

BY HENRY B. BESTON

I

ONCE upon a time, a young minstrel wandered over hill, over dale through the world, earning his bread as he strayed by piping on a penny-pipe to all who cared for a tune. Young was he and little of stature, his eyes and his hair were brown, and in bright blue was he clad.

Now it came to pass that, as he wandered through the world, the little minstrel said to himself one morn, 'If some tunes make people merry, and others make them sad, whilst still others make them dance, why should there not be a tune so wondrously pleasant and gay that all who chance to hear it must remain joyous of heart, and can never be sad or bad or unhappy again? Down the roads of the world I shall seek the wonderful tune.'

And with this new thought in his mind, the little minstrel continued on his way through the world, bidding good-morrow to all, questioning all. And some there were who thought him mad and were scarcely civil; others pushed him aside as a jesting vagabond; and there were even those who would have cast him into prison as a disturber of the public mind and a wandering rogue. But there were others, too, and these were the brave and the merciful and the kind and the merry, who speeded him on his way and wished him luck in his quest.

The summer ripened and came to an end; the cracked leaves tumbled and fled before a howling wind; snow cov-

ered the lonely fields; and still the little minstrel roamed the world, seeking the wonderful tune.

Now it fortuneed that, as the little minstrel turned his steps to the west, he arrived in the city of a king whose court musician was said to know all the tunes in the world. Travel-worn, brown of face, and humbly clad as he was, the youth made his way through the palace and, cap in hand, knocked gently at the great musician's door.

From behind the little green door, long runs and wiggles and cascades of tinkling notes came dancing out into the quiet of the deserted marble corridor. The youth knocked yet again. Presently the notes ceased, and, opening the door with a stately bow, the court musician invited the young wanderer within.

And now the youth found himself in a pleasant room, painted a fair apple-green and set about with panels edged with gold; the furniture, too, was painted green and gold, and there were flowered curtains, a dozing cat, and a china bowl. As for the court musician, he was clad in a superb costume of the most fashionable lavender brocade.

'Honored Master,' said the little minstrel respectfully, 'I am roaming the world for a tune so pleasant and merry that, once men have heard it, they can never be sad or bad or unhappy again. Pray do you know this wonderful tune?'

'Yes, indeed, I know many a wonder-

ful tune,' replied the court musician. 'Listen, now, was it this?' And seating himself at a gay green-and-gold harpsichord, the court musician played a merry song full of the most elegant tinkles and trills.

'No, I am sure that is not the wonderful tune,' said the little minstrel, looking through an open window at tiny clouds sailing the sunny sky of a mild midwinter day.

'Then surely this is it,' said the court musician, playing a second merry tune.

But the little minstrel shook his head once more.

'Dear me, dear me! Not the wonderful tune?' exclaimed the court musician, wrinkling his brow and pursing his lips. 'Ah! Wait! I think I have it!' And this time he lifted the cover of the green-and-gold harpsichord so that the minstrel could see the little picture of frolicking shepherds painted upon it, and played a long, harmonious, and majestic strain.

But the little minstrel only shook his head again.

'My young friend,' said the court musician, with something of a fatherly air, closing the harpsichord as he spoke, 'I have played for you the only three tunes I know which might be the wonderful tune. Are you quite sure you are not wasting your life upon this quest? Perhaps such a tune as you tell of was once known in the world, and is only hidden away; yet again, perhaps it is all only a dream. You should go to the Kingdom of Music, and inquire.'

'The Kingdom of Music,' cried the youth. 'I've never heard of such a realm. Pray, sir, by what road does one go?'

'Come!' said the court musician, taking the youth by the arm, and leading him to the open window. 'See you that land of blue, cloud-capped hills at the world's edge, and the broad and winding river which disappears among

them? You have but to follow that stream. Farewell, young friend, and may you find the wonderful tune!'

League after league, and day after day, the little minstrel followed the winding river, till spring stood upon the hills. And now, with the first sight of the new leaves, the little minstrel arrived in the land of melody. It was a goodly land, this Kingdom of Music — a rolling land of great fields, sweeping cloud-shadows, and ancient oaken groves; a land of pleasant murmurs and sweet sounds. Only birds with pretty songs dwelt in the Kingdom of Music, and they sang more sweetly there than in any other kingdom of the world; the very crickets had a more tuneful chirp, the river a more various music, and even the winds blew merry tunes as they whistled through the trees.

Rejoicing in the kingdom and its sounds, the little minstrel was strolling along, half in a dream, when of a sudden sky and land were filled with a strange, huge earth-shaking sound, a sound of the scraping of thousands of fiddles; of the blowing of thousands of horns, flutes, trumpets, trombones, and clarinets; of the clashing and clanging and thumping and bethumping of thousands of bass-drums, kettle-drums, and cymbals; indeed, in all his wanderings the little minstrel had never heard such a din. The King of the Kingdom of Music was rehearsing his orchestra.

Every single person in the kingdom, whether man, woman, or child, was a member of this orchestra. Babies alone were excepted, though on one occasion the King had made use of a gifted child with a musical howl!

Now, when the rehearsal had come to an end, and quiet had returned to the land, the little minstrel made his way to the royal city, obtained an audience with the King, and asked for news of the wonderful tune.

'The wonderful tune,' said the King from his throne, nodding gravely. 'Yes, once there was even such a wonderful tune! In those days peace and plenty reigned in the world, and everyone was happy at his task beneath the sun. One luckless eve, alas! the tune in some manner happened to get broken up into notes; and before anyone could help it, these notes were scattered and lost through all the kingdoms of the world. Young man, I fear your search is in vain; never more shall the sons and daughters of men hear the wonderful tune.'

'But perhaps some one might gather the notes together again,' said the little minstrel, eagerly.

'Many have tried to do so,' replied the King. 'Of those who fared away, some returned weary in the days of their youth, others crept back in old age, and others yet were lost forever more. And never a one returned with a single note of the wonderful tune.'

'Then is the time come for a new search,' cried out the little minstrel, bravely. 'Farewell, O King of the Kingdom of Music, for I must be off gathering the notes in the highways of the world.'

'Farewell, good youth,' answered the King. 'Return to us when your quest is ended; and may you come piping the wonderful tune.'

And now the little minstrel found himself on the roads of the world again, strolling from the first chill gold-and-gray of laggard dawns to the twilight world of meadows in the gathering dark, and village bells sounding faintly afar.

Seven long years rolled over the world; the little minstrel searched diligently and far and wide, yet never a trace could he find of a single note of the wonderful tune. His blue coat, which had been so gay, was now sadly tattered and torn; even his penny-pipe

had a dent in it, and his shoes, alas! were scarce worth the putting-on in the morn.

II

Now it came to pass, on a day in the early winter, that the little minstrel arrived in a northern land, and followed a woodland road through the silence and the cold. The sky was overcast with a wide tent of dull, gray cloud, through which a sun swam, cold as a moon; and the whole world was very still — so still indeed that the only sound the little minstrel could hear was the scattering of the leaves beneath his feet. Twilight came, and found the little minstrel far from a house or village; a cold wind arose, and presently a thick snow began to fall.

And now the night and the snow closed in upon the wanderer. Huddled in his ragged cloak, the little minstrel trudged bravely on into the whirling storm; but little by little the cold crept into his body and bones, a weariness and a hunger for sleep overcame him, and suddenly he sank unknowing in the brambles by the road.

When he opened his eyes again a great open fire was burning before him on a huge hearth; a blue mug of steaming milk lay waiting at one side; and over him there bent anxiously two kindly young folk — a sturdy country lad in a green smock, and a pretty lass in a dress of homespun brown. These twain were a young husband and wife who lived in a little house in the wood, loving each other dearly, working contentedly at their daily tasks, and dealing hospitably and generously with all. Returning through the storm from a distant sheepfold, the young countryman had found the little minstrel lying in the snow, and had carried him on his shoulders to the shelter of his home.

After a few days had passed, and the little minstrel felt quite himself again,

he told his generous friends of his search for the notes of the wonderful tune. It was at night that he told of his quest; the supper had been cleared away, the house was still, and the little minstrel and his hosts were gathered by the fire.

'A note of the wonderful tune — bless me, but I think we have one in this house!' exclaimed the young wife. And she went to the mantel and fished about in an ancient brown bowl standing in the gloom. 'Yes, here it is, sure enough — a note of the wonderful tune!'

And thus did it come to pass that the little minstrel obtained the first note of the wonderful tune; for the young husband and wife were quick to make a gift of it to their guest.

But now you must hear how he found all the notes save the last.

The second note the little minstrel discovered on a glorious midsummer day. It had lain in an old bird's nest in the heart of a great tree, and a chance breeze tumbled nest and note together at the minstrel's feet.

The third note had been hidden away amid the books of a famous scholar who lived all alone in an ancient tower, gathering the wisdom of the world.

The fourth note was given the minstrel by a little child whose toy it was.

The fifth note was turned up out of the earth, on a spring morning, by a whistling ploughman who saw the minstrel passing by, and called to him to come and see the strange thing he had found.

The sixth note the minstrel obtained of a weaver, who labored in his own house at his own loom, and upon it wove fair and beautiful things.

The seventh note a great nobleman possessed; he dwelt in his castle free of little fears and mean rivalries; and truth and courage and honor were his squires.

The eighth note the minstrel had of a young sailor, who chanced to discover it in an old ship that sailed the seas.

Of the ninth and last note, however, there was still no sign; so the little minstrel put the eight others into his one pocket that had no hole in it, and turned again to his quest. And presently he walked over a hill into the Kingdom of the Blue Lakes, where reigned the Lady Amoret.

Now the Kingdom of the Blue Lakes was quite the fairest of all the kingdoms of the world, and Amoret the fairest queen. Her palace stood on an open hill by her kingdom's eastern bound; of golden-white marble was it made, and from its terrace one looked westward to distant mountains over a woodland islanded with lakes. All day long there a gay court of lords and ladies in silks and fine array held festival; the music of lutes and violins was ever to be heard, and scarce an hour there was but had its pleasure, and scarce a pleasure but had its hour.

Clad in a queen's robe of scarlet and cloth of gold, and seated in a jeweled throne raised upon the terrace, the Lady Amoret received the ragged pilgrim of the tune.

'The last note of the wonderful tune?' said the Lady Amoret. 'Seek no more; it is here. Beyond the palace domain, by a lake in the depths of the wildwood, my court fool has built for himself a bower, and upon its wall hangs the last note of the wonderful tune. Tarry with us a while, and you shall have it. I promise you.'

'May I not go this very instant and find it, Your Majesty?' asked the little minstrel anxiously. 'Long have I roamed the world searching for it, and I need it so for the tune!'

'Nay, tarry a while,' answered the Queen, unyielding; 'for even were I to bid you go, you would never find the bower, so cunningly is it hidden in the

wood. You have wandered long and afar, good friend; tarry now a while from your quest. My kingdom is the fairest in the world, and you shall have all you desire.'

And Amoret gave a command that new apparel of the fairest blue cloth be prepared for the little minstrel and that a place be set for him at the royal board.

Now it came to pass that, as the Lady Amoret and her court beheld how brave a youth the little minstrel appeared in his new apparel, and hearkened to the thousand wonderful tales he had to tell of his quest, they found him the best company in the world, and determined to hold him in the realm. To this end, therefore, they strove to drown the memory of his quest in a tide of gayest merriments; but, in spite of feasts and festivals, the little minstrel never once forgot the last note of the wonderful tune.

Try as he might, the little minstrel could never find the note. Again and again he had tried to make his way to the fool's bower, only to lose himself in the tangled paths of the wildwood; again and again he had questioned the court fool, only to be met with a mocking courtesy, a finger to the lips, and a jesting wink of the eye. One day he even ventured to remind the Lady Amoret of her promise; but she only laughed at him for his impatience, and swept him off in her golden boat to a pageant on the lakes.

Now it happened on the following morning that the Lady Amoret, taking counsel with her court, determined to destroy the note, lest the minstrel should discover it, and go. Summoning the captain of the palace guard before her, she said to him:

'Go to-night to the bower of the court fool; take the last note of the wonderful tune, and fling it into the depths of the lake.'

And now it was night, and the lords and ladies of the court, strolling forth from dinner, walked through the palace to the terrace of the west. A storm was gathering afar, an approaching thunder growled, and lightning, flashing in the sky, was mirrored in the waters of the lakes. Presently there came wind and a patter of rain, and soldiers of the palace guard entered to close the windows and the doors.

The little minstrel stood apart by a great window, gazing forth into the darkness and the storm. His fine new clothes weighed like lead upon his shoulders; his jeweled neckcloth scarce left him free to breathe; and with all his heart he longed for his rags, his liberty, and the wild rain on his eyes.

But the last note — he could not leave that behind. Suddenly he heard one soldier say to another, —

'Our companions will be caught in the storm; they have ridden forth with the captain to the fool's bower, to destroy the last note of the wonderful tune.'

'Oh, the note, the note, *my* note! Oh, what shall I do?' cried the minstrel, his heart sinking into depths of despair. 'Even now it may be lost to the world — this time forever! I must find the court fool; he shall tell me where the bower lies!' And he looked about in the splendid throng for the fantastic motley of the fool; but he saw only many in rich garments, and the gleam of jewels reflecting many lights.

Suddenly he chanced to recall that the court fool dwelt in the garret of the palace; so up great and little stairs he fled, to the fool's chamber in the eaves. The rain was now falling in torrents on the roof close overhead, and all at once a terrible peal of thunder shook the palace to its depths. Never pausing to knock, the little minstrel burst in at the door.

Candles were burning within the

humble chamber, lightning flared at an oval window, and the court fool stood in the centre of the floor, still in his motley clad.

'My friend,' said the court fool, with a low bow and a mocking smile, 'allow me to present you with the last note of the wonderful tune.' And with those words he handed the note to the very much astonished youth.

'I feared lest mishap destroy it,' continued the court fool, 'so yester eve I took it from my bower. You see, I believe in the wonderful tune, and without my note, this last note, your tune would scarce be worth the playing. And now, your hand, little minstrel, for you must hurry away at once through the wind and rain.'

So the minstrel pressed the hand of the court fool, and hastening down a tiny corner staircase, went forth into the storm. And as he fled, he cried aloud to the thunder and the rain and the wild wind:

'The wonderful tune, the wonderful tune! I have it, I have it — the wonderful tune!'

And now the storm wore itself away, the summer stars shone forth in the clearest of blue skies, and the only sound to be heard was the rain dripping from the trees. Drenched to the skin, but with a fire of joy in his heart the minstrel hurried through the night toward the Kingdom of Music far away.

When he arrived there, on a summer's morning, he found the people of the palace assembled in the hall of state, and the King upon his throne.

'I have it, Your Majesty!' cried out the little minstrel, breathlessly; 'I have it every note; here is the wonderful tune!'

'What! The wonderful tune?' cried

the King, leaping to his feet. 'Quick, somebody, ring all the bells, send trumpeters through the streets, assemble the orchestra, and call hither the Violinist-in-Chief, the Lord Organist, and the Grand Harper; I will play it over with them at once!'

'H-m,' said the Violinist-in-Chief, after he had put on his huge spectacles and studied the wonderful tune, 'Don't you feel that those last bars ought to be played very fast, like this: tum-diddy-tum — tum-diddy-tum — tum-diddy-tum — diddy-dum-dum-dum?'

'No, I do *not* agree with you,' replied the Lord Organist, a huge personage with a majestic air and a bad temper. 'Those bars should be played slowly (here he waved a large, solemn finger), like this: tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum!'

'You are both entirely wrong,' interrupted the Grand Harper, a short, contradictory fellow with long arms and long fingers. 'To my way of thinking the entire tune should be played throughout in the same time, in this fashion; listen to my tapping now: da-da — dee-dee — da-da — dee-dee — da-da — dee-do-dum.'

'Impossible! Absurd! No, never!' cried the Lord Organist and the Violinist-in-Chief in one long indignant breath. 'We appeal to the King!'

But the King had ideas of his own on the matter.

And thus it was that they took to quarreling as to how the tune should be played and are quarreling still. But some day they will make up their minds as to how it should go, the little minstrel will leave the Kingdom of Music and come through the world piping the tune; and then, oh, then, what times there will be!

A BRASS-BOUND HOLIDAY

BY LAURA A. HIBBARD

I

THE charm of brasses, so far as I can discover, has not been said or sung in America. Bowls and candlesticks and brazen odds and ends we have; but with us 'no witness lives in brass,' and no poet would be likely to sing in Shakespearean wise of 'brass eternal,' unless he were moved by wistful impecuniosity. We have none of those Monumental Brasses which, to the mind of the devotee, are the only real brasses at all. They are known, of course, to scholars errant, and an occasional tourist abroad gets a glimpse of them; but here, for the most part, a brass suggests some small, mildly decorative product of Arts and Crafts work, and a brass-rubber, a person with a polishing cloth.

All this is of more importance than at first appears. Brass-rubbing is one of the most delightful adventures in the world. Not only is it a craft that quickens the eye and enthralls the hand, but it has a power of magic that works amazing transformations. It must be pursued in England, where the real brasses in largest number are to be found; but since a goodly part of America, from June to September, embarks nowadays for England, that is no obstacle. What matters is, that for those who go, if they have willing spirits, the lost romance of travel, despite the clouds of tourist dust, can be restored, and even England can seem again an unfamiliar, almost an untrod-den, land.

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An English brass-rubber would not, in all probability, acknowledge such romantic possibilities in his craft. That would be partly because he *is* English, but also because he has been long enough a type to surprise neither himself nor his neighbors. It took a fairly long time to make him one; for brasses were laid down in England in the thirteenth century, and they were not really observed until the nineteenth. Then the English antiquary began to move cautiously among them; but it was long years before that elderly person, with his penchant for writing about his choicest finds in the obscurest little local papers, quickened anything like an awareness of brasses among even his academic or ecclesiastical countrymen. When young university men began to share his interest, they hunted brasses as he did, chiefly as a mine of historical information about costume, armor, heraldry, and a good many other things. Not even William Morris, who went a-brassing so eagerly in his youth, ever set forth, in print at least, the full measure of their possibilities.

But it is time, at last, to insist that, in the quest for brasses, any happy vagrant can find more romance than history. They will lead him almost invariably to the loveliest of lovely places; they will reward his inexpert hand with the creation of lovely things; and they will give him such glimpses of bygone personality, such whimsical

contacts, not to say conflicts, with living 'Characters,' as will be to him forever memorable.

For all this it needs no learning, no grave preparation. The more unexpectedly the vagrant becomes a lover of brasses, the better. Let him read as I did, in a dull guide-book, that 'the finest brass in England' is but a few miles away, and let him feel no more inkling of his fate than the uneasy promptings of a tourist conscience, and the desire, perhaps, to escape from a noisy crowded town to the possible quiet of a village. Let him fare forth then, and so find the way 'to a good adventure.' It was in such fashion that I set out to find my first brass, and the reward still seems beyond all deserving.

Spring was in the air, and 'the bursting boughs of May' overhung the green hedgerows of Shropshire. Beyond the towering shadows of some great cedars of Lebanon lay the little churchyard of Acton Burnell, where hosts of golden daffodils were breaking in sunlit waves against the low green mounds. By a stile stood an Ancient, who murmured the thought of one's heart: 'A sweet place, a pretty place to lie.' Within the gray walls of the little church — walls that went back to Saxon times — was a cool and holy quiet.

The old man led the way to a stone-canopied tomb set at one side of the altar. On its flat top lay the effigy in brass of Sir Nicholas Burnell, warrior and gentleman, of the fourteenth century. The Ancient beheld him lovingly, but there was a plaintive note in his voice as he ran his finger over the clear, deeply incised lines: 'Ees a good 'un to do, ee is. Rubbers used to come frequent. They be forgetting ee now.'

In an instant like that, desire is born, and eager curiosity. Who would not want to know about the rubbers, and how they rub? Who would not seek to find another place as enchanting,

and another knight of such brazen charm? Who would not hunt shy antiquaries, or those books in which they tell where the best brasses can be found? Thus inspired, the merest novice learns to make for himself a new kind of map, a map of the principal brass counties — Kent, Surrey, Essex, Norfolk; but rarely does he put down on it a name of which any tourist has ever heard. It becomes a map of little towns and noble parish churches, of places often within an hour's ride from London, but too small, sometimes, for even a railway station. Only the ubiquitous motor-road, or pleasant footpaths, winding through azure 'sheets of hyacinths' or pale banks of primroses, lead to such destinations. They belong to that ancient rural England of which the poets make us dream, but of which no 'Cook's man' ever speaks.

The brass-books tell nothing, of course, of environment: that is altogether a matter of adventuring chance. But when it happens repeatedly that the brasses are found in places to make one henceforth 'babble o' green fields,' one comes to look for such exterior beauty as an expected thing. Within the churches, too, are treasures without number — old glass, old carvings, old saints and devils fading amiably away together on ancient walls; but they are not, as they often are in the cathedrals, too numerous, too notable, too crowded about for comfort. And of all such things, best to the rubber, as he walks delicately before the altar, are the brasses which lie before it in dim, gold-colored splendor.

II

It is time, perhaps, to expound the rubber's craft. At best, it is not long to learn, though it is always sufficiently arduous. In really serious efforts it calls for the muscular activity of a char-

woman, combined with the delicacy of touch that a well-trained student of Braille is supposed to acquire. But even the worst of amateurs can learn, after he has acquired the magic heel-ball or cobbler's wax, and long rolls of paper, to use them with effect. Like the child making the perennial discovery that pictures come through when paper is laid over a patterned surface and rubbed with crayon, he spreads out his white yards and begins, timidly at first, but with growing boldness, to rub at the brass beneath. He must not rub too hard, or he will tear the paper; he must not rub too lightly, or his impression will be vague and weak. He must not move the paper until the rubbing is completed; and since he must work in churches, he must remember the hours of church services, for he is *persona non grata* once they begin. Indeed, it is no wonder that ecclesiastical authority does not bend too favorable an eye on the enthusiast who must at need curl up on an altar tomb, or recline full-length on a church floor, his sheets of paper about him, and his hands, and in all likelihood his face, assuming the hue of the black heel-ball with which he works. But of the rubber and the church, more anon.

The difficulties of the gentle craft are, obviously, of minor sort, and are more than offset by the fact that it needs no long apprenticeship. When anyone has found his brass, all he has to do is to rub. No matter how untrained is his hand, he will find that it will make him possessed of these noble shapes and patterns of antiquity.

The older the brasses, the nobler they are, and the easier to do. They lack the frills and furbelows, the futile attempts at shading, of a later time. They are often heroic in size, and they have a kind of heroic simplicity about them, like figures in ancient epic poetry. Great lords and ladies, prelates and

civilians, they lie in characteristic costume and state, august and venerable. Sometimes the brass-maker has placed their figures, as mediæval sculptors placed their saints, in what seems a niche, with shafts at the side and a canopy above. In such case, as the rubber sees its perfect geometric curves growing on his paper, he may look up at the traceried window above his own head, or his inward architectural eye may recall another elsewhere, which might well have served for model. At any rate, he murmurs 'Early Decorated' to himself, in a glow of happy recognition.

The figures themselves, wholly apart from all antiquarian considerations, are even more satisfying. They come slowly into view — the features stern or lovely or humorously quaint, the headgear of armor or veils, the costume rich in broideries of clear and beautiful design. However conventionalized the faces, they yet convey some real sense of personality. The warriors, with eyes as fierce as their tight-shut lips, bear the look of an age of Blood and Iron. Yet among them can be found a Sir Robert de Setvans (Chart-ham, Kent), gloriously young and debonair, his head unhelmeted, and his hair as curly as if, like that of Chaucer's Squire, it had been 'leyd in presse.' The women's faces have a rather too consistent piety; but in their long slim figures, in their slender clasped hands, there is grace incarnate. One must, however, keep to the ladies antedating 1500, for stoutness seems to have been one of the admired minor gifts of the Early Renaissance.

At the foot of each figure there is usually a kind of tail-piece. The lords and ladies rest their quiet feet against some faithful dog or lion. The rubber learns to take a lively interest in these friendly beasts and their individual characteristics: in the genial waggish-

ness of the Cambridge dog of Sir Roger de Trumpington, or in the zeal with which at Stoke d'Abernon (Surrey), the lion of Sir John d'Abernon seizes in his teeth his master's lance. If the brass is large, the rubber may, indeed, be weary when he comes to these last bits; but in them, even more than in the stately figures above, he is likely to find that blessed touch of Nature which links some clever old craftsman to any beholder of his work. The old graver was not always in romantic or courtly mood: he could, at will, be literal and realistic to a degree. To folk in trade, he gave the signs of that trade. Rich wool merchants, to whose trade with Flanders the introduction of Flemish brasses into fourteenth-century England was due, have their feet disposed on woolsacks, or, less comfortably, on a woolpack and on a sheep. A wealthy tailor has beneath him his faithful shears, and a notary his bottle of ink. With true Gothic liveliness little scenes are introduced — fights of wodehouses (savage men) with monsters, scenes at the windmill, and other bits of rural life. On a famous brass at King's Lynn, a Peacock Feast bears witness to the sumptuous luxury of the great days when an Edward Rex came to Norfolk.

III

The 'dear delights' of brass-rubbing, I hope, grow apparent. But lest anyone think they are chiefly of an æsthetic nature, let me hasten on to their dramatic possibilities. These arise from the fact that though brasses in general rest in the august keeping of the Church of England, brasses in particular are in the care of vicars of small country parishes. True, there are some brasses in the great cathedrals; but in such places comparatively few have escaped intact from the religious fanatic, the commercial looter, the dev-

astating restorer; and it is, therefore, chiefly with the country vicar, whose parish church has suffered less from such vandalism, that the rubber has to deal.

Unless an American is familiar with a certain type of English novel, the country vicar is apt to seem a strange and sometimes a difficult species. In his own setting, remote, secure, the vicar is not quite like anything else in this hustling world. It is he from whom permission to rub the brasses must be secured; it is his wholly unpredictable disposition on which the fate of the whole expedition depends. He may be avaricious for his church and exact a pious but extortionate tax; he may be as gentle as a dove and brood tenderly, not to say chattily, over one's labors; he may be as odd a mixture of diverse things as he whom I encountered on a last, most memorable quest.

I found myself in a village too small to have more than one short street. A nobly built church towered high above tiny cottages, and over the long low almshouses that had once been part of a monastery. With difficulty, in a town so unused to strangers, I found the promise of 'bed and breakfast.' But the promise was fulfilled in excellence, and it was with happy spirit that I sought the Vicar. His house lay at the end of the street; his gates were forbidding, and his bell had a sepulchral sound. A deaf and ancient maiden gave way to a Mrs. Vicar, whose function was clearly Cerberean. She made it plain that her reverend husband was not to be disturbed thus early in the morning.

Chagrined, but not disheartened, I returned to the village and besought the caretaker of the church to open its heavily barred portals. She was as gentle as she was old, and the great key trembled in her frail hands. She was one for whom the little ritual of her

office would never be outworn. The thin faint trickle of her talk flowed on over a lesson well learned, and freer than most from fallacy.

My eyes feasted, meanwhile, on the treasures of the church, and most of all on the wonderful brasses lying just as they had been placed some six centuries before. Each one was known to the old woman, and was the object of her humble veneration. She had a special feeling, I remember, for one noble lady whose husband's brass had been removed in the sixteenth century.

'She's been looking at the vacant place ever since,' said the old voice sympathetically.

When I began to question of herself, she answered with timid pride.

'Yes, forty-two year I've been here, come next Michaelmas. Vicar's been here forty-two.'

'That is a long time,' I said, 'for people to have one vicar. They must all be very fond of him now?'

'Well, no,' came the quiet answer, 'hardly I'd say fond. We all knows each other, but there's few understands Vicar. I manage because he and me has been here so long; but Vicar's not an easy man. He's old, Vicar is, and he's notions, lots of notions.'

She told me of his anxious care of the church, and of how it had come to pass that it had to be kept closed save for the Sunday services.

'There's lots of folk to bother Vicar,' she said. 'There's the bad boys, and there's the trippers that mess up the churchyard, and there's the brass-rubbers too. They're real naughty sometimes, the rubbers are.'

With a certain embarrassment, I asked what they did.

'Well, some's good, of course, but some's bad. Vicar don't like them noways. They'll come, and one will go secret-like, not telling of the others, and he'll get permission from Vicar.

Then, when I let him into the church, unless I take my key away, he'll let in the others. They'll all rub and track around careless-like, and won't take no pains about their boots nor their heel-balls nor anything. And they're not polite sometimes. One man he opened the Good Book and laughed; and I had to get real angry to make him behave.'

The picture of this small wren of a woman opposed to the rude practitioner of the gentle craft was singularly touching. I tried to lead her to happier reminiscences, until it was time to make a second call on the Vicar.

This time it was he himself who opened the door. He looked tremendously old, but far from feeble. His Adam's apple rose and fell far above an ill-fitting collar, and in his watery blue eye was the gleam of battle. Without a word of wasted greeting he led me within and thrust into my hands a typewritten card. It took the form of a solemn covenant: 'I, So and so, do promise: (1) to take off my boots; (2) to pay five shillings; (3) to use paper forty-five inches wide.'

Consternation overwhelmed me. In all the summer's experience as a brass-rubber never had I seen or heard of paper that size. For a moment, temptation was acute to evade the preposterous requirements. Rolls of paper turned sidewise might be held to be of any width, but the memory of other faithless rubbers prevented even that pretense. I confessed my lack, and an inexorable finger pointed to the door.

Again I walked down the village street. Disappointment grew more vexed and more obstinate. Though I knew how hopeless it would be to find any kind of brass-rubbing paper in so small a place, I hastened into the one general shop the village boasted. Its owner was one-eyed, but that one gleamed with sudden frenzy as I made my request.

'Vicar won't let ye rub the brasses,' he fairly shouted. 'He's a pup, Vicar is. Thinks he owns the whole church; thinks the brasses is his; thinks the whole place is his —'

His wife rushed round the counter to calm her irate spouse. But his loud tones had already attracted others, and in a thrice a little crowd had grown around me. Not often does one get so swiftly to the heart of a community; not often does the phlegmatic English villager so rouse himself to the expression of his woes. Vicar scared the children; he scolded the grown folk, and irked them by an ever-growing number of small restrictions.

'He's too old, is Vicar,' said one stout woman; 'he's all wore out come every Sunday. He means well, but he's hard. And there's never getting anything out of him, especially on a Monday. I could have telled ye that.'

As the talk went on, — and there was an hour or so of it, — the pathos of this little rural drama grew more plain. Its centre was a shepherd grown too old and bitter and wise for his flock, a keeper of treasures who had somehow lost the best. But suddenly the voices stopped. Without, in the village street, the Vicar himself, pedaling an ancient tricycle with slow carefulness, was just coming to a stop. The village folk shrank back in somewhat shamefaced confusion. The stout woman pushed me to the door, whispering loudly, 'Vicar's after ye, I bet.'

The Vicar met me with dignity, though there was the trace of a faint

flush on his withered cheek. He intimated that, if he could see my paper, he might be able to allow me to do a detail at least from the brasses. With his own key he unlocked the doors of the church, and in a short time we were conversing with perfect amity on the subject dear to our hearts. In this guise, wrought by I know not what genial magic of afternoon, the Vicar was revealed as a charming old scholar and gentleman, willing to let me do whatsoever I would. From one pocket he drew his own little manuscript volume of notes on the brasses; in a dusty corner, he found the necessary weights for my paper; from a hidden recess he brought forth a great roll. The paper was more than forty-five inches wide; it was mounted on linen; and on it was a superb rubbing of one of the most famous of the brasses. Together we unrolled its great length; humbly I marveled at it; together we rolled it up. Into the Vicar's eyes came the ghost of a twinkle.

'I keep it,' he remarked confidentially, 'to scare brass-rubbers with. They are apt to go off quickly when I show them that, or ask for paper of that size.'

I, who had lingered so wrathfully, made bold to ask why he wished to scare them. Among those who cared enough to come, surely there would be few who would ever do harm.

The thin lips of the man of God clicked together.

'Everyone does harm,' he said, as he turned and stalked out among the silent villagers.

THE MORALE OF THE SCHOOL

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

EACH morning, through the newspapers, unrest cries out to us from some new quarter. We are neither surprised nor dismayed. Having sustained the morale of the nation against its enemies abroad, we are confronted, as we expected to be, with the more difficult problem of defending the morale of the nation against its enemies at home — against organized opponents of law and order, foes of individual liberty, promoters of industrial unrest, economic illiterates among employers and the employed, immigrants and others who are ignorant of our history and our national aspirations. Our task is to bring to bear in time of peace the lessons of our struggle to maintain morale in time of war.

Wart capable of war — its tug and trials? Be
capable of peace; its trials;
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at
last in peace — not war.

'Morale will win the war.' Throughout the struggle, we came back again and again to that central idea. Armies, ships, food, ammunition, aircraft — we knew that all these were indispensable; but early in the war we saw that victory would come in the end to the side which longer maintained the morale of its armies in the field and of its people at home. To strengthen morale was the supreme object of the most extensive, varied, and costly propaganda ever used. And on both sides the burden of the song was always the same — the glorification of war aims! For a clear and persistent con-

ception of a great common purpose is the backbone of morale.

Exactly what is morale? Professor Hocking says it is good condition of the inner man. After some time spent with the armies in France, he defined morale as 'the state of will in which you can get most from the machinery, deliver blows with the greatest effect, take blows with the least depression, and hold out for the longest time. It is both fighting-power and staying-power, and strength to resist the mental infections which fear, discouragement, and fatigue bring with them. And it is the perpetual ability to come back.'

Until the war was won, the army of the United States in France had morale. From every camp, officers and doughboys sent home the same message: 'Tell the folks we are glad to be here. Nothing on earth can pry us loose until the war is won.' But after the signing of the Armistice, their morale was badly shaken. 'The job is done,' they cried. 'Get us out of here; the quicker the better.' Virtually nothing had changed except the purpose; but with that everything had changed. The backbone of morale was broken.

Our own War Department early saw the importance of making each soldier feel that the war was *his* war. Indeed, the only course required of all students in the Students' Army Training Corps was a course in the Issues of the War. Whatever else the recruit might not know, the Government insisted that he should know what he was fighting for.

The policy was sound. The definite understanding on the part of every member of a group of the greatness of a common purpose is the staying-power of morale, whether that group be a nation, or a labor-union, or a sales-force, or a fraternal order, or an army, or a school. Without that factor in morale, all other factors sooner or later become meaningless.

I

And so, in war or in peace, the chief defense against the foes of morale is education. And as there is only one agency of education that can be made to reach effectively all the future citizens of the state, the morale of a nation is largely in the keeping of its public schools. It is commonplace to say that the nation will be no better than its public schools, and the schools no better than the teachers; but it is not commonplace to grasp the idea that the teachers will be no better than their dominant purpose. Since the right conception of that purpose is the backbone of school morale, the chief means of strengthening the teaching profession is a training of prospective teachers and a continued training of teachers in service which ensures a broad and compelling view of the function of the school. To open up such a vision, training must proceed beyond the uninspiring details of classroom method and the dull facts of the too remote history of education. Otherwise, teachers are like soldiers who memorize many facts concerning past wars, and then go to the front in a new war, with little idea what it is all about.

A full understanding of the mission of the public school in defending the morale of the nation against its enemies cannot come without a knowledge of economic and political institutions. In these fields, virtually all the enemies of

morale dig their trenches. Yet the traditional high-school and normal-school training, neglecting these fields, leaves the teacher a prey to hordes of vagrant, half-clad theories. It is the result of a happy accident, not of a professional requirement, if he knows the meaning of Bolshevism, for example, or sabotage, or the effect of recent legislation on the distribution of wealth; or if he understands the function of capital, the constitutional guaranties of liberty, or the relation of the unstable dollar to the cost of living; or if he has read the history of Socialism, or of conscription, or of freedom of speech.

Instead of learning such essentials as these in the training of citizens, prospective teachers spend many years in trying to memorize the chaotic spelling of the big dictionary in which are petrified the worshiped accidents of time; in preparing to teach mathematical processes which a majority of their pupils will never use; and often in studying foreign languages which they themselves could not use even if, by chance, they should need them in later years. No doubt there is value in all these studies. No doubt some time must be spent in acquiring that which is not education at all, but merely the tools of education. But the total effect of such studies is not liberalizing or inspiring; and teachers' training courses are weakest in the one field that could make the vocation most fraught with meaning. No teacher can to-day gain a vision of the wider reaches of his work without an economic and political outlook.

Only a compelling purpose can enable men to face together, in good spirit, the otherwise dreary details of daily routine. Digging ditches, counting tin cans, cleaning mules, recording endless figures—all this is hard to recognize at the front as the glorious

defense of humanity which thrilled the new recruit who saw the 'movies' at home. Yet all these tasks have to be recognized as just that — essential parts of a vast, unified effort to achieve a great end. If war-bread, faulty shoes, vermin-infested bunks, bruised muscles, and frozen fingers meant merely so much pain and discomfort, no army could maintain its morale for a month. But such daily sufferings, when recognized as the concrete details that make up heroism, are more to be desired than all the comforts of home.

The daily life of the soldier is nothing but a sacrifice for an ideal in the midst of sordid material facts — mud and mules — which tend toward disillusion. The teacher, as frequently as the soldier, needs to burnish his ideals. He must begin his career with a wide horizon. He must know exactly what he is about when he sacrifices personal comfort and the prospect of material rewards for the hope of inspiring a new generation with a passion for service, freedom, justice, righteousness.

Adapting a verse from Kipling, someone has said, —

If teaching were what teaching seems,
And not the teaching of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, and paint,
How quick we'd drop her — but she ain't.

Reports, records, schedules, examinations, filing systems, test tubes, themes — all the putty, brass, and paint of the teacher's job — soon become insufferable to one who has never had a vision. He finds every detail belittling, for to him it is nothing but a detail. A mule is a mule; a tin can is a tin can. 'Blessed is the man who has found his work' — if along with it he has found a clue to its larger meaning. 'To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor' — but only if one has the means of knowing where he is traveling, and why. There

is not much blessedness in mere work; the beasts of the field have plenty of that. It is precisely this capacity for illuminating to-day's lowly labor with high and remote purposes that makes us men and not beasts.

II

Without that quickening touch, no one can be a great teacher, or long remain a good teacher; and so the conscientious teacher is always in danger of being too faithful to the daily routine. 'The main fault of half the good teachers in the elementary schools today,' says Dr. Frank McMurray, 'is the overconsciousness about little things. As a result, they become habitually tired, unsympathetic, and narrow, and therefore schoolish.' That the word 'schoolish' has such a sorry connotation is a call for the teacher to go out to play. Teachers do not stop playing because they grow old; they grow old because they stop playing. Dr. G. Stanley Hall said something to this effect; and all his psychological research has yielded nothing of more value to teachers. We all know the teacher who 'has no time for play'; who is dedicating himself to his work with such sacrificial earnestness that he himself is becoming emaciated. His class-work is like a clearance sale, followed by no replenishing of stock. The day soon comes when he goes to the cupboard and the cupboard is bare. At such times, his most urgent duty may be to leave the never-finished tasks of the schoolroom and swing into the open, where the flight of the red-wing is flashed in the sky-scattering river. On a winter evening, he may best serve his profession by throwing the latest set of spelling papers into the open fire, and dwelling a while with a mighty mind of the past, till he feels 'like some watcher of the skies when a new planet

swims into his ken.' Then let him greet the next day with a cheer, as, with a gladder face and a gladder voice and a gladder conscience, he dedicates the ashes of yesterday's spelling papers to the new inspiration that is his.

'What you all doin' there, Sambo, strummin' at the banjo an' singin' away all by yerself?' cried a passer-by. 'I'se just serenadin' ma own soul,' the negro replied. So should every teacher take time to serenade his own soul. An unhappy person is not fit for daily contact with children. A certain little girl of the discriminating age of seven divides all the ministers she hears into two classes: those with glad voices and those with sad voices. Perhaps we should classify all teachers in this way and require the sad-voiced group to understand their work, in order to reap the just compensation of joy in their labor.

Scorn is often expressed for the teacher who regards his part of the world's work as more important than any other part, and his subject as the one indispensable part of a liberal education; but if kindling vitality in others is becoming to the profession, we need whole faculties of such teachers. The staid dispenser of information, with well-groomed emotions, whose attitude and tone of voice seem to say, 'Possibly, it will do you no harm to learn a little about this subject if you have nothing better to do,' is not to be trusted with a vital message to youth. It will appear a lifeless thing — not poetry, but words; not music, but notes. Men have often observed that the crowning purpose of a teacher of adolescent boys and girls is to help them to discover commanding careers which shall mean to them what teaching means to him. But, first, his own career must command him. It will not command him until he understands it.

At best, the teacher, no less than the soldier, soon finds the vision of his great

achievement clouded by the irritating dust of dreary duty. He needs more than the philosophy of 'smile' to keep the foreground of his own life from becoming cluttered up with the sordid and commonplace — the unreasonable parent, the jealous colleague, the unsympathetic principal, the hard-fisted citizen, the contemptible gossip, the false witness. He must fight with the beasts of Ephesus in the valley of the commonplace, and at the same time keep his eye on serene mountain-tops. He must have for a background a little Switzerland of his own, the abode of his highest aspirations, his holiest of holies, 'where battle-scarred thoughts may be nursed back into life' — and he must forever guard it against surprise attacks.

A teacher on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, as she shut the door upon each day's routine, stood before the little schoolhouse and lifted her eyes to the hills. Then she swung into the saddle and cantered, through bracing air, over ten miles of silent, sweet-scented prairie, to her cabin home. There, one day at sunset, aglow with physical vigor and with the thrill of life in the open, she unsaddled her horse, spoke a few secrets in his ear, and ran singing to her supper. It was her last song in the mountains. At the cabin door, she found a message from New York City, and to the city she went, to give comfort to her mother.

Before long she was taking the subway, morning and night, and teaching in a city school. On a subway train, a Western friend found her with a shopping list in her hand — 'braid, yarn, cocoa, harness-polish.' 'Harness-polish,' cried her friend; 'what can you do with that in this place?'

'Come with me to my mountain cabin in Harlem,' she answered, 'and you shall see.'

There, hanging in a corner of the

little box of a 113th Street apartment, shining under many polishings, though long unused, was the saddle of her Montana days. It had helped her to keep alive a little Switzerland of her own; and so, through all the noisy, dirty, cramped city days, she had burnished this symbol of her ideals.

III

Yet visions need not blind a man to material facts. Indeed, the material fact of an empty stomach may blind him to a vision. All the armies in Europe understood the function of hunger in destroying morale. The most effective weapon for restoring order in Russia was food: a carload of Carnation condensed milk was worth more than a carload of Winchester rifles. The morale of the teaching staff to-day is in need of food. Not that a majority of teachers are starving, but all teachers are hungering for what is to them the bread of life: the means of professional growth, books, lectures, magazines, social intercourse, university summer schools, occasional travel to conventions and to centres of the best in music, art, drama, and religion. They need just such perspective as this, so that the academic molehill of routine tasks will not obscure their view of the mountain heights of ultimate achievement. And they hunger for time — time for recreation; time they must now spend, to eke out a living, at odd jobs, which deaden rather than enliven their enthusiasm for their main work. Hunger for the things of the spirit is as demoralizing to the morale of a teaching staff as hunger for food is to the morale of an army corps.

Nevertheless, in view of the paramount need of morale, and the impossibility of buying it with money alone, teachers are in danger of paying for increased salaries more than they

are worth. In some cities, teachers have already paid too high a price. For, even if a teacher could get as much pay after six years of professional training as after a six weeks' course in an automobile school, still the money would not be his chief compensation. Every teacher with the professional spirit desires, above all, unrestricted opportunities to serve; an open road ahead; freedom to give all that he has, at all times and in all ways suited to his own genius; independence in living up to his own code of ethics. He is loath to surrender all this to a labor-union. He knows that medicine would become a sorry trade if every physician, in the midst of an epidemic, had to ask a walking delegate how many children he could care for, at what hours, and for what pay; which physicians he would be permitted to consult, and what instruments to use. The teacher knows that any hour in the life of one of his boys may be as serious a crisis spiritually as influenza may be physically. And the teacher wants, in that hour, the utmost freedom of opportunity to save the boy.

To be subject to orders to strike would be as dangerous for the teacher as for the soldier on the eve of battle. To the teacher, arbitrary limitation of production is unthinkable. His products are for humanity; excess production of his commodities could not possibly confer special benefits on any one class. Humanity is his employer; humanity holds all the stock. His services now follow the ideal law of distribution — to every man according to his capacity to enjoy. If all commodities were so distributed, and no production artificially limited, our chief economic ills would be cured.

Teachers should deal directly with those to whom they are responsible — all the people. Judges, members of Congress, and policemen would make

the same mistake in affiliating with any minority organization. Among servants of all the people, divided allegiance cannot be tolerated. Some advocates of a union of teachers with outside federations of workers contend that none of these evils are contemplated for the public schools. Such a union, nevertheless, does tend toward these evils. Teachers should have a national organization worthy of their cause; but they should have one which safeguards rather than endangers the morale of their profession.

But devotion alone does not distinguish a calling from a trade. The law, medicine, and the ministry gained little until they added to their stores of highly specialized knowledge a firm insistence upon professional preparation. Teaching in some places is not far above medicine in the days when any person with a bottle of pills might style himself a doctor. The quack appears in every profession. Sadly enough, the efforts to advance teaching through insistence on professional preparation receive some opposition within the ranks of teachers. Just as it was the thirty-one Boston schoolmasters who opposed Horace Mann in founding the first normal schools, so it is some of our own university and college faculties who are antagonistic to-day to the professional training of college-bred teachers. 'They need no training,' said a professor at Yale. 'Let them learn to teach by observing the mistakes of their teachers.' Just as a man should learn to operate an automobile, we might add, by watching another man run it into a lamp-post. So long as professional training is regarded as unnecessary for teaching, we shall continue to read correspondence-school advertisements that herald among their phenomenal achievements the lifting of one pupil from brakeman to railroad president, and another from teacher to

stenographer. But more and more effective is becoming the demand for professionally trained teachers, as more and more clearly we perceive that nowhere, from kindergarten to university, does teaching come to its own until the craftsman is prepared and inspired to develop for himself some of the materials, and methods, and larger reaches of his work. Fortunately, as schools are becoming more flexible and less institutionalized, adaptable to independent variation, freer from the domination of opinions and politics, and illuminated with scientific and socialized points of view, more and more are the ranks being recruited from experts — men and women with professional outlook.

IV

Among the qualities essential to morale, we must include ability to subordinate personal interests; or, at least, the ability to see them in their enduring relations to larger interests, which, in the long run, amounts to the same thing. Yet morale does not cost the exorbitant price of individuality; Germany paid that price, but did not achieve lasting morale. No one need sacrifice individuality through loyalty to his firm or school or country. The individual does not become strong as the group becomes weak; it is in the midst of powerful associates that the individual thrives. And so the teacher who loses his life finds life, and finds it more abundantly. Through the school he achieves a kind of immortality — not the immortality of the soul, but that which seemed to the greatest of all teachers a higher end, the immortality of his work.

Readiness to wait, the negative element in morale, is as important for the soldier as readiness to act. 'Patience,' says Professor Hocking, 'especially under conditions of ignorance of what

may be brewing, is a torment for active and critical minds. . . . Yet impetuosity, exceeding of orders, unwillingness to retreat when the general situation demands it, are signs, not of good morale, but the reverse.'

In this description of the soldier, many a teacher recognizes himself. How eager he is to go further than his superior officers will permit! How clearly he sees an alluring objective beyond the day's orders! He knows it is attainable, is perfectly willing to sacrifice himself in the effort; yet, if the teacher is a good soldier, he does not risk sacrificing the whole company; he stays cheerfully in old trenches longer than he personally thinks necessary; he marks time when his every muscle is ready for double-quick advance; he does team-work, just as a good football player follows the signals, waits for his interference, and does not insist on playing the game all by himself.

For the teacher thus to do his daily part in sustaining the morale of his group, he must have that attribute which is most constantly needed and yet by far the most difficult to attain. Dr. Charles W. Eliot says that when, at the age of thirty-five, he was elected President of Harvard University, one of the wise old men of Cambridge said to him: 'What quality do you think you will need most in your new position?' Dr. Eliot made several suggestions. 'No, you are wrong,' said his counselor; 'your greatest need will be patience.' And Dr. Eliot is not the only college president, or the only teacher, who has found this drudge of a virtue the only one that could carry him across the plateaus of despond.

When the morale of a school is thoroughly sound, its teachers and students are patient; hope long deferred does not overwhelm them; they are not afraid to acknowledge mistakes, do not seek to conceal their limitations,

do not fear to acknowledge points of superiority in other institutions, do not minimize the difficulties that confront them, do not try to protect anybody through enforced silence, and do not need football rallies, or other organized attempts to create 'school spirit.'

Which one of us, then, does most to fortify the morale of the school and strengthen it against its enemies? He who, first of all, protects his ideals. He who keeps to the fore the positive, not the negative, aspects of our common life; the things we have rather than those we lack; the work we can do rather than that we cannot do; the successes of our common efforts rather than our failures; the achievements of many law-abiding generations, as well as the grievances that invite further progress.

He does most for morale who is alert to discover and commend the good work of his colleagues; who shows pride in the achievements of other departments than his own; who starves his personal prejudices, plays the game, refuses to take offense; hangs up the receiver when the talk is mean; harbors no grudges, asks nothing for himself that he does not ask for all his co-workers; and who complains, if at all, directly to the responsible person.

In the school corps, he is the good soldier, the staunch defender of morale, who carries no concealed weapons of malicious gossip and enemy propaganda; who refuses to listen to disloyal talk; who sees afar off the enemy in ambush — the sneaking politician. He is the good soldier who packs up his troubles in his *own* kit-bag; who whistles most cheerily when the battle goes wrong; who meets reverses with redoubled determination; whose spirit triumphs over ingratitude and stupidity and slander, as if they were no more than the necessary chill and mud and vermin of trench warfare.

A METEORIC CAREER

A TRUE STORY

BY HORACE V. WINCHELL

SOME of my friends have intimated in print that, for one who is not a lawyer, I am too much involved in lawsuits. I am apparently suspected of having a litigious disposition and of indulging in court-room contests as eagerly as the Roman gladiators entered the arena. Indeed, so far am I from receiving credit for a naturally peaceful nature, that I am sometimes depicted as roaming around the country in search of combats, and forcing battle upon unoffending and unsuspecting victims. For this reason, and because I have sometimes told the story to those who seemed to find it interesting, I am writing out the events which led up to my first lawsuit. It has recently been referred to in the metropolitan newspapers and occupies a place in the legal lore of our country.¹ Indeed it resulted in the establishment of a precedent in an unexplored field of jurisprudence.

I

On the second of May, 1890, fine weather prevailed throughout northern Iowa and southern Minnesota. Snow had disappeared, and, except in low and wet places, the frost was out of the ground. The grass was not yet green; no leaves had freshened winter's dull garb; but farmers were ploughing, the horned lark was nesting, and the air

was soft with the allurements of spring.

Just after sunset, and about the time of the evening meal, the residents of that rather sparsely settled region became increasingly conscious of peculiar atmospheric disturbances. One farmer told me that, while he was eating supper, he had heard a series of crackling sounds, which grew rapidly louder until he was convinced that his house was afire and the woodwork all ablaze. Rushing to investigate, he saw overhead a moving cloud of smoke extending rapidly eastward, and his nostrils were assailed by choking 'sulphur fumes.' Another declared that the noises were like pistol-shots, which grew rapidly louder and increased in volume until he thought that a runaway team dragging a farm wagon was crossing the bridge over the ravine near his house. He, too, with all his family, rushed out and discovered the same smoke and the same odor.

At another farmhouse the sound was like sudden thunder out of a clear sky; and almost immediately there was hail on the roof, which ceased as suddenly as it came, while the noise died rapidly away in an easterly direction. Here the Scandinavian boys ran out and picked up the black hailstones which were rolling down from the roof; and one about as large as a cake of washing soap was seized as it rolled to the bottom of a straw stack on which it had fallen. The boy who picked it up said

¹ 86 Iowa, 71; 52 N. W. 1124; 17 L. R. A. 788; 41 Am. State Reps. 481.

that he dropped it instantly, because it was so cold that it burned his hand.

In Minneapolis, more than one hundred miles away, several of us were on the lawn. My brother, who happened to be looking southward, uttered an exclamation and pointed, saying that he had seen a luminous body pass rapidly across the sky near the horizon, and disappear. We heard no noise, and it is doubtful if we could have heard any.

On the following day, the newspapers contained telegraphic accounts from various points over a wide stretch of country of the passage of a meteor; and singularly enough each observer was under the impression that the stone had fallen quite near his region, although some of the places were more than one hundred miles apart. The meteor was variously described, and fantastic views as to its nature and origin were put forth; but no one claimed to have found it, although searching parties had set out, and many individuals were positive they could go directly to it.

Inspired by these enlivening data, I resolved, perhaps too hastily, to capture that visitor from outer space; and after spending part of the next day at newspaper offices, I took a night train for one of the places which had sent in the most circumstantial statements. For two days and nights, without success, I visited village after village in southern Minnesota. Then I received a telegram advising me to go to Forest City, Iowa, where fragments of a meteorite might be found in a certain hardware store. Taking a night freight, I arrived in Forest City very early in the morning; and as soon as the store was open, I found there one or two broken stony meteorites, which had been brought to town by a Norwegian farmer named Hans Matterson, living some eighteen or twenty miles northwest of Forest City.

At the livery stable I was told that I could have a team after lunch. No other team could be found, so, stipulating for a driver familiar with the roads, I restrained my impatience until nearly noon. When the team arrived, the driver, who was a lame boy, assured me that he could go directly to Matterson's.

Our progress was good for some miles; but mudholes were numerous, and my boy would persist in driving through them, under the delusion that there was still frost in the bottom. We came to one, however, where there was no bottom. My crippled driver was useless, and it was my task to walk a quarter of a mile several times, to a fence, pull up the posts, and carry them back to the discouraged team. At last, I got the horses out, pried up the buggy, carried the driver to solid land, half-carried and half-pulled the buggy to the horses, hooked the horses in again, and we drove on. The time lost here and at Forest City earlier in the day was the cause of many troubles.

At last I reached the lonely farmhouse of Hans Matterson. There I found a few meteorites, none of them weighing more than a pound, and all of them broken. The thrifty Norwegian said he had pounded them open with an axe in search of silver. This was not so strange, for the stones contained fine specks and filaments of bright nickel-iron much like silver in appearance; and of course, like all prospectors, he expected the veins to widen in depth. Matterson attached no value to his specimens, and was easily persuaded to part with them. He told me, however, that a neighbor, one Peter Hugelen, a Swede, had found a stone 'as large as a water-bucket,' and I started, posthaste, to interview Peter.

It was prairie country; there were few fences and not many settlers. The road followed section lines for the most

part. Here and there a clump of trees marked the position of a house on a 'tree-claim'; and the course of small streams in little valleys was indicated by sinuous bands of leafless bushes and trees.

There was no fence around Peter's place, and I drove up to the house. Seeing nobody in front, I went around to the rear, and there, resting on the ground by the back door, was the object of my quest.

It was sub-rounded in shape, covered with a black crust with the characteristic 'thumb marks,' and almost perfect. I lifted it and estimated its weight at sixty-five pounds. I was struck at once by the fact that the dead prairie grass of the preceding year, upon which it had fallen and which had been matted against it and crushed into its depressions when it drove its way into the earth, was perfectly natural and unscorched. This seemed remarkable, in view of the fact that the instant before its impact with the earth the stone's superficies had been heated to the point of fusion, and even of volatilization, by the intense friction with the atmosphere. That it had been broken several times in the air before its fall was shown by the fact that different portions of its surface possessed crusts of different generations and widely varying thicknesses, on some of which the molten black rock had flowed in waves and little streams. Through the crust could be seen tiny pin-points of the metals characteristic of meteorites, which it contained in small quantity. Inside, the rock was gray and fine-grained.

Mrs. Hugelen came to the door, and I broached the question of sale. She appeared acquiescent, and explained that she and her husband had been embarrassed by their inability to contribute to the cost of building a new church in the county. They were now satisfied that the Lord had provided

this unexpected gift as a direct contribution from heaven, to enable them to gratify their charitable inclinations and to hold up their end in the community. Indeed, the gift had been laid almost at her feet. On the evening of May 2, she and her niece were driving in the cattle, when a cloud, making loud noises, passed over, and out of it fell this stone, which obligingly threw up a little mound of prairie sod to attract her attention. She at once called Peter to see it; and the next day he dug it out of its bed and brought it home. To settle the price, she referred me to Peter, who was in the field ploughing.

To Peter I went at once. He was a slow-witted, cautious individual, with a single-track mind. Just now he was ploughing. After my salutation and first question, he ploughed the furrow out and back before making any reply; and the same behavior characterized him during our entire intercourse. Back and forth through the field I followed him. Our negotiations were lengthy, but may be briefly summarized. Peter corroborated his wife. He was willing to sell, and for the reason stated. He wanted three hundred dollars for the stone, not because he had any idea of its value, but because he wanted to give that amount to the church. After much talk and many inquiries as to the estimated cost of the church, the contributions of his various neighbors, the purchase price of other meteorites, especially that which had fallen at Estherville some years before and which was larger than Peter's, we agreed on one dollar per pound. But Peter thought his stone weighed 75 pounds, while I estimated it at 65. To settle the question, Peter said he would plough one more furrow and then go to a neighbor and borrow some scales. I returned to my buggy and started across the freshly ploughed field toward the house.

On topping the rise, I was much surprised to see another vehicle, much like mine, coming over the field in my direction. Not desiring competition, I at once turned and drove back to Peter. I told him that I was in some haste, and that I would take the stone at his estimate and pay him seventy-five dollars for it.

Peter, who was now unhooking his horses, took his usual several minutes to consider that proposition, and all the time I could see the other team coming nearer. Finally Peter said, 'Vell, Ay tank ve may as vell veigh 'im.' And the other team drove up. Peter did not appear to notice it until one of the two men in the carriage accosted him with, 'Hello! That is quite a stone you have up there. Do you want to sell it?' (Long pause.) 'Yas, Ay tank so.' 'What do you want for it?' (Long pause) 'Vell, dis har feller offer may seventy-five dollar.'

(Prompt exclamation) 'Hell!'

And they started off, much to my relief.

Let me explain that I wanted that stone for the museum of the University of Minnesota, and that I had been wiring to University men and others in that region, asking them to try to secure it. Moreover, the newspapers of Minneapolis and St. Paul had a wide circulation throughout this territory, and had reported my departure in search of meteorites. It was possible that the strangers were allies instead of enemies.

They went but a short distance, talking earnestly to each other, and then turned and came back. The taller of the two, a pale, solemn-looking chap, addressed me, saying, 'Are you from Minneapolis?'

I admitted that I was and thus revealed my identity. But when I asked him where he came from, and mentioned two or three of the towns to

which I had telegraphed, he gave me no satisfaction. After a little more discussion with his companion and a sharp look at me, he alighted from his carriage and joined the cortège now moving toward Peter's house. In the middle marched Peter, driving his horses; on his right was I, and on his left the tall Unknown. Our teams followed along behind.

After a little desultory conversation, I heard the tall Unknown, *sotto voce*, offer Peter \$80. I promptly raised it to \$85. Some distance farther, I heard a bid of \$90. I countered with \$95. By this time we had arrived in the presence of the exotic prize. We made some further examination of the stone, and discussed the circumstances of its fall and discovery, with Peter as uncommunicative as ever. Finally the Unknown stooped down and, lifting up the meteorite, said, 'It is n't worth it, but I'll give you \$100.'

Whereupon Peter remarked drily, 'Ay tank Ay get may tree hundert dollar.' And I encouraged his hope by bidding \$105. Again the Unknown mentioned a place hotter than the habitat of meteorites, dropped the stone, stalked to his buggy, climbed in, and drove away. Whereupon I picked up the stone, placed it on a board in the back of my buggy, paid Peter \$105, took a receipt, and departed.

II

I was now headed for the farm where the hail fell upon the roof, with the other carriage keeping about a half-mile ahead. Evidently it too was in pursuit of the hailstones. The farm which we were now approaching was fenced, and as our competitors had not turned to go in to the farmhouse, which stood in a grove of trees near the southern side of the 160-acre tract, I concluded that the entrance was on the

far side. A hedge running from the north boundary fence to the house gave me an idea, and I told my driver to go on around the farm while I slipped out and took the shorter route.

When I reached the house and rapped, the door was opened by a Scandinavian woman who could not understand what I wanted. She called two more to the door, and they all stood around in wonderment while I talked and gesticulated and tried to make a moving-picture of stones falling from the sky. Suddenly one of them exclaimed, 'Ah, *maytiöre stine, maytiöre stine*, ya, ya.'

'Yes,' I said, 'meteor stein'; and they all ran back into the house. But a few moments brought them out again, shaking their heads. 'The boys' had hidden the stones and were now out in the field at work.

I started through the trees to the field; but when I came clear, I saw two teams tied to the fence, and in the field a group of men and boys engaged in animated conversation, so I concluded that my best chance was with the women, and returned to the house.

I had no sooner stepped on the piazza than the door opened and the women came out with their aprons full of little black meteorites, and without more ado I pulled out some silver and soon had the stones stowed away in the pockets of my overcoat. Hardly was this transaction concluded, when I heard horses' hoofs and, looking up the road, beheld the two carriages swaying from side to side at a gallop. My buggy was in the lead, with one boy seated by my driver; in the pursuing rig were two men and two boys. Into the gate they swung and up to the house. The boys jumped out, followed by the tall Unknown, and they all entered the house, while I climbed into my carriage, and hearkened to the tale of my driver, who had indulged in a little competitive

bidding on my behalf, and had finally bargained with one boy for his collection for something like \$1.25, twenty-five cents more than the other men offered.

And now pandemonium broke loose. All the boys and women came rushing out of the house at me, screaming as they came. The tall Unknown, white with rage and sputtering oaths, ordered me to hand over some of those meteorites. I laughed and told him that I had bought them and for some had paid twice. He then threatened me with bodily injury and came still closer.

'What is this?' said I; 'a hold-up in broad daylight?' And slipping out of my heavily loaded overcoat, I jumped from the carriage and started in his direction.

At that he retreated, swearing still and promising me trouble. But as he was willing to confine himself to threats, I had no more time to waste, and I started for town. Looking back occasionally, I could still see the top buggy by the house.

It was long after supper-time when we arrived; but I did not eat until I had hunted up a strong box, made a list of my treasures, taken the box in a wheelbarrow half a mile to the station, routed out the express agent, and shipped the box with its contents to Minneapolis. With the receipt in my pocket, I felt easy, and sat down to a belated meal at peace with the world.

But my peace was of short duration, for almost immediately the hotel proprietor announced that I had been honored by a call from Banker Plummer. On my inquiring as to the reason for the call and the personality of the caller, I learned that everybody knew Banker Plummer, and he had not disclosed the purpose of his visit.

The banker was a large oily person, with massy gold watch chain and Masonic emblems. He introduced him-

self as a collector of art and of interesting natural objects. He had, of course, heard of the meteorite shower, and had seen the ones brought to town by Hans Matterson. He had also heard that I had driven out and secured a large one, and he wanted to see it and to know all about it. I thought that my driver had been talking, and I told the banker that I had no meteorite. He expressed surprise and incredulity, and I admitted that I had purchased one large one and some small ones, but said that they had already been shipped to Minneapolis. He was so obviously interested, that I described the stone's weight and appearance, and gave him a little lecture on the different kinds of meteorites, their composition, appearance, and other items of interest. To all of this he listened intently, and then departed, after inviting me to his home to inspect his cabinet—an invitation which I declined.

I rose before daylight the next morning, in order to catch a northbound freight train for other meteoric neighborhoods. It was frosty, and the going was slippery, especially as the boardwalk led down quite a declivity to the station. About half-way down, I saw approaching me several men. One, very large and powerful, was carrying something on his shoulder; another, smaller, bore a lantern. The walk was narrow and I had stepped aside to let them pass, when suddenly I recognized the express agent, and the next instant saw my box perched in the air on the large man's shoulder.

'That is my box,' said I. 'What are you doing with it?'

The big man put the box down and replied, 'If that's your box, you're just the fellow I want to see. I have seized this box on a writ of replevin.'

Right there my legal education began. My puzzled inquiry he met with, 'Hold that lantern here, Bill.' And to

me he said, 'I'll blank soon show you.'

Just then my train whistled, while the sheriff, for it was none other, proceeded to read from a lengthy legal document somewhat as follows:—

'JOHN GODDARD *versus* JOHN DOE:—

'Whereas: Upon the property of John Goddard of Greensburg, Indiana, on the second day of May, 1890, there fell out of the sky a certain stone of meteoric origin weighing about sixty-five pounds, and more particularly described as follows [here came, in almost my own language, the description which I had given to Banker Plummer]; and whereas such meteorite became embedded in the soil and attached to and a part of the said real estate, the property of said Goddard; and whereas said meteorite, of the value of one hundred dollars, was wrongfully, feloniously, and through trespass upon said Goddard's land, severed and removed from its proper place in the ground by one Peter Hugelen and by him sold to said John Doe; and whereas the said John Doe is about to remove the said meteoric stone from the jurisdiction of this court, to the great and irreparable loss and injury of the said plaintiff Goddard; now therefore, in consideration of the foregoing and of the filing of a good and sufficient bond in the amount of two hundred dollars by said Goddard, for the ample protection of said John Doe, the Sheriff of this county is hereby authorized and instructed to seize the said meteorite wherever within the limits of this county it may be found, and to turn it over immediately to the possession of the plaintiff, his agents or representatives.

'Signed: John Goddard, by Peters and Fisher, Agents, and William Bradford, Attorney, Britt, Iowa.'

My train might start at any moment, and the station was some distance away. I was in the enemy's country, without funds, friends, or attorneys. It was necessary to go to Minnesota to find them. So I said to the Sheriff: 'That writ speaks of only one stone; you have taken a box containing many. I shall bring suit against you if any are missing on my return.'

I also reminded the express agent that I held the company's receipt for the box and its contents.

He replied that he knew it, and that that was the reason why he was accompanying the Sheriff, to see what was done with it.

Then I ran for my train. In a few hours I reached Albert Lea, Minnesota. When I returned to Forest City with an attorney and a surveyor, we found that the stone had indeed fallen just a short distance inside of land owned by Goddard, across a road which was the only indication of a boundary. It also appeared that Hugelen had a 'grass lease' of the land. The poor Swede was compelled to surrender the \$105, which was deposited in a bank in Forest City (not Plummer's), to await the determination of the title to the erratic visitor from outer space.

Some months later, the case was heard in the local court. There was a large audience present, and I had my first experience on the witness stand. The atmosphere was tense. The tall Unknown became so excited that he fainted, and caused a sudden recess in the court proceedings. The court held that, although there was no precedent, yet there was little doubt as to the legal principles involved. The stone had no owner prior to its fall; but since it actually entered the soil and became part thereof, it belonged to Goddard. We filed an appeal. The Sheriff returned to me most of my small stones.

Time passed and the case had been presented on briefs to the Iowa Supreme Court, which had not yet rendered its decision. In thinking the matter over I had been impressed with the cleverness and utility of replevins. I therefore suggested to our attorney, that we replevin the meteorite back again. He thought that I was joking, and when I persisted, laughed at my ignorance, and explained why it could

not be done. It was all a question of title, which would be determined in the suit already instituted.

I then asked him what the remedy would be and what the proper procedure, if neither Goddard nor Doe owned the meteorite, but some third claimant, not a party to the suit, wished to assert his rights. This set him to thinking, and he said he would look it up if I would suggest the third party. So I explained that while I had bought the stone, and the suit was against me, nevertheless the University of Minnesota was the real owner and ought to have a right to replevin the stone. This soon brought us down to the last chapter.

It was announced in the papers and on posters that the famous meteorite was to be exhibited at the Forest City Corn Festival. Judge Elliot would not permit me to accompany him, as I was too well known in that vicinity. He provided a bond of four hundred dollars, twice the value of the Goddard bond; he induced the clerk to make out the papers; he wrote out a receipt for the stone, to be handed to the Sheriff after it had been turned over to the agent of the new plaintiff; he called upon Peters and Fisher, who were engaged at that moment in some probate or justice court hearing, and made demand for the stone, which they naturally treated as a joke. Then, accompanied by the Sheriff, he went to the Fair grounds and — the stone was not there.

He hastened back to the clerk and persuaded him to change the papers, proceeded to the bank, and found the stone in an old gunny sack on the floor of the bank vault.

We now approach the climax of this story. The Sheriff took possession of the stone and handed it over to Elliot, who in turn gave the Sheriff his receipt for it, and in the language of

prestidigitation, told him to put it in his pocket.

Just then Peters and Fisher both rushed in — Fisher, large and slow; Peters, small, red-headed, and agile. Together they attacked Elliot in the bank with such impetuosity that he hastily returned the stone to the Sheriff and called upon him for protection. Then Peters and Fisher tried to intimidate the Sheriff, and nearly succeeded; but Elliot reminded him that the stone had already been surrendered to the plaintiff's attorney, as directed in the writ, and that he held the plaintiff's receipt for it. Whereupon, in the midst of rapid-fire dialogue, the bulky object changed hands for the third time in five minutes and the Sheriff again delivered it to Elliot.

Holding it in his arms, Elliot now created an excellent imitation of a football scrimmage by catapulting against Fisher and jamming him into the bank counter — a knock-out blow. He then turned and ran for the open door; but just as he reached it Peters tackled him and sent him headlong down the steps, while the stone went rolling across the sidewalk into the street. But Elliot, who had provided for all contingencies, had a team with a driver standing there. Plunging for his goal, he caught up the sack with its precious burden, threw it into the carriage, and told the driver to make tracks for Minnesota.

Fearful of being intercepted by other writs and legal processes, they avoided the main roads; and when the first team was exhausted, Elliot procured another from a farmer, and eventually arrived without interference at a small

station in Minnesota. When the first train came along, it proved to be a freight, which started up again before Elliot could reach the caboose. But his momentum had not abated; he threw his suit-case and overcoat, and after them the stone, on top of an empty flat car and rode in triumph and a shower of cinders to Albert Lea.

Early the next morning, I was roused by persistent knocking at the door, and rose to admit Elliot, who presented me with the sack, and said he never wished to see it or its contents again. I lost no time in burying it once more in the ground, in a vacant shed on an empty lot near the University campus, where it remained for fully a year. For the next several days we heard that there were strange men around the museum, apparently searching for something.

We now had two suits going on over the same stone, but by stipulation the second suit was continued until the Supreme Court decided the first one. The decision, when it came, affirmed the lower court. Then we went once more to Forest City, where the University was sued on its bond. The jury fixed the value of the stone at \$480. When that was paid, the meteorite finally made its appearance in the museum of the University, where I suppose it is to-day. Small stones belonging to the same fall are to be found in museums all over the world. I have seen them in Budapest, Moscow, and London.

There are several possible morals to my story, but the most obvious is: among your instruments be sure to keep a replevin in good working order.

THE CRABBING OF YOUTH BY AGE

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

I

THE young of the human species, in their helplessness, are subjected to three major external influences — parents, education, and environment. To the adult mind the three appear so intertwined and related that they can hardly be disentangled and their different contributions evaluated. To the rising generation, however, they represent three distinct entities, each of which must be individually dealt with and combated, if existence is to remain enduring. There are no methods too fantastic to be employed. The harried young try active and passive resistance; they evade, they ignore, they capitulate; but they always and everywhere act upon the assumption that the adult world is an enemy attempting to run them down, as a hound his quarry.

We parents, on the other hand, see ourselves as their salvation, the only certain safeguard against the temptations of their turbulent natures. To be sure, we do think there are just criticisms to be lodged against their environment and the influences exerted by educational institutions; but, so far as our functions as parents are concerned, we do not admit that any exception can be taken to the working of a relation so obviously essential and preordained.

Yet where can you find a teacher, a juvenile-court judge, a moralist, a preacher, who does not find the parents guilty of every delinquency in the lay

or legal calendar? Why are we, so zealous, so devoted, held up to obloquy for the way in which we discharge our biological obligation? Is there a reason?

Parentage is an old institution, but the individual parents come fresh to the task. They take up their responsibilities, oblivious of the fact that, from the incidence of the process of reproduction, they were destined to repeat the blunders of their protoplasmic ancestors. They are unmindful of the infant mortality among the paramacia, the offspring-devouring habits of some of the reptiles, the selfish greed of the cock, the cuckoo's shunting of its maternal duties upon the shoulders of some narrowly domestic member of the bird species. These things are easily forgotten in the exuberant conviction that they are attacking age-old problems in entirely new ways. Unless they could forget the trite 'There is nothing new under the sun,' life for fathers and mothers would lose much of its piquancy.

We welcome these children who come to us, and cherish in our secret hearts the certainty that we are going to demonstrate to the world how admirably the next generation may be prepared to carry on our civilization. We necessarily break with the members of the older generation in the process, for they have a penchant for having their ideas, which are obviously old-fashioned, carried out instead. We disagree as to infant feeding, outdoor

clothing, rocking-habits, tonics, bedtime, and pacifiers. We are inclined to think it sufficiently incriminating to an idea to prove that it was held by our parents. We urge grandmother to take up committee work, and leave us free to read the very latest books on the influence of table-talk on the young, the danger of the suppressed complex, and new ways of learning without studying. Our consciences are very much alive. We take courses on child-psychology; we scan eagerly the woman's and the children's pages of the papers and magazines; we discuss our grave problems in our mothers' clubs. We are determined that these marvelous new children shall be related to their world in an entirely new way. But the laborious years bring their disillusionment.

Our first fallacy is a belief in the supremacy of our influence. Since we are the only avenue through which those particular children could gain entrance into life, why is it not inevitable that we should determine their reactions to life? We are convinced that these little creatures are given to us to mould as we will. We are occasionally beset by a flashing suspicion that they may have been completed at birth, and that all we can add is a few finishing touches. Then we read a book on the spiritual effect of rhythmic dancing, or the transforming influence of project-work in the kindergarten, and brush the horrid fear aside.

The biology of the situation is somewhat disconcerting. Parenthood seems so anomalous a function, so difficult of definition or demarcation. The fish completes her maternal duties when she lays the fertilized eggs. She may then wander off, care-free, to devote herself to the development of her own personality. She has no further relation to her offspring except

through a possible casual devouring of some of them in the minnow stage. The more elaborate care given by the bird or the mammal to its young is not so much evidence of the emergence of parental enthusiasm on the part of the adult as of the survival value of that care as an accompaniment of a helpless and prolonged infancy. The young of such species must be fed and sheltered and protected until they are able to care for themselves.

What happens when we come to man? Among primitive savages the child, whose labor is forfeit to his parents, is cared for until the age of puberty, when the boy, recognized as a man, must shift for himself, and the girl is disposed of by marriage.

With the development of civilization, the concept of the relation of parent to child takes on new elaborations. The idea of a duty owed by the parent to the child appears. The state takes cognizance of this concept by imposing legal penalties upon the parent for the non-fulfillment of his duty to the child.

The parent of conscience recognizes not only the responsibility prescribed by the law, but a more complete responsibility to be terminated only by death itself. The law recognizes explicitly such primary needs as food, clothing, and shelter, and by implication and judicial decisions the more subtle wants of a child in our modern complex society. The law lags behind, to be sure, but serves as an indicator of the moral attitudes of our civilization.

The legal minimum we do not find it hard to accede to. A natural impulse inspires us to care for the grosser needs of our children; and if our enthusiasm should chance to flag, there is the pressure of the societies for the protection of children to keep us up to the mark.

But a situation inevitably arises from which those exemplary organizations are unable to protect either the children or us.

The instant we accept the responsibility, and begin to perform our natural and socially recognized duty, a period of adult domination and juvenile subordination inevitably follows. We give and they perforce accept, whether it be oatmeal for breakfast, rubbers in wet weather, or academic education for the motor-minded. We become firm or helpless or tyrannical, according to our natures. The children react as positively with rebellion or acquiescence or self-assertion — all alike defense reactions to our hortatory stimuli.

An impartial observer, from some sphere where the race is perpetuated without the intermediation of parents, might have predicted it. The adult is naturally conservative, pessimistic, slow to experiment. He has learned the finiteness of human capacity; he knows through bitter experience the things that cannot be accomplished. The dignity and nobility of adult life lie in its uncomplaining acceptance of inevitable limitations. The quiet saints among the elders of our race are those who make a virtue of necessity and pluck victory from ostensible defeat. Serenity, poise, a mellow philosophy are the earmarks of a beautiful maturity.

These attitudes are antipathetical to every characteristic reaction of youth. They are calculated to raise nothing less than a flame of opposition from the young. The adolescent is rash, optimistic, venturesome. He is sure on all subjects within his ken, and perfectly willing to experiment on any subject without his ken. He neither can, nor desires to, profit by the experience of others. He wants to discover for himself whether the 'paint' sign on life is genuine. He wants to

taste the soap, and is willing to run the chance of being very sick afterward. He will not take the word of another for any of the intoxicating possibilities the world holds out before him.

These natural incompatibilities are forced into juxtaposition with the recognized authority of the parent on the one hand and the enforced submission of the child on the other. The marvel is that we adjust ourselves to the situation so amicably, and that our interactions are so fundamentally blameless.

Of course, we are immensely helped by the fact that we love each other. Mutual affection must have been originally devised to meet just such emergencies. In times of domestic stress it stands us in good stead.

But, in spite of loving each other, those contradictions persist to afflict our common lives. On the whole, we are probably more difficult to bear with than our children; for, while their vocabulary resounds with 'I want,' ours is rigid with 'Don't.' We are the great inhibitors of the race, the un-resting enemies of initiative. My young daughter had the good fortune to spend a summer at an art school, away from the family. She entered a new world, the world of the free play of mind on mind. With the other art students, she discussed immortality, the place of woman in modern civilization, the relation between liberty and license. Had she ventured, in the safe shelter of home, to embark on the arguments for a life beyond the grave, some conscientious adult would have interrupted with promptings as to a superfluity of food in the mouth, or with reminders of the excellent hearing of everyone in the room.

The old ideal, that children should stay at home until they go out to establish homes of their own, is still

dominant in agrarian civilizations, where neither the factory greed for workers nor the movement for the emancipation of woman has made inroads on the patriarchal organization of society; but the revolt against this ideal, so dear to the parental heart, is in keeping with the whole trend of thought in the western world. Contradictory as it may seem, with the development of communistic and socialistic currents of thought has come an intensified cult of individualism.

These fluctuations of social theory are undoubtedly, all alike, responses to pressures; the capitalistic or monarchical on the one hand and the personal or familial on the other. Even far-away China is feeling the repercussions of this fresh assertion of the right of the individual to his life, and, here and there, brides are being taken into separate homes, instead of into the ancestral dovecot presided over by the grandmother.

Does it indicate merely a swing of the pendulum, or is it significant of an emerging need in our civilization?

The Russian peasant is tied to his commune, his mir, his noisome hut. He lives and thinks as his forefathers did before him. But he is defenseless against change. He perishes in the presence of innovation. Protoplasm, so capable of adjustment to new demands put upon it, has become, in his case, so insensitive as to lose its primary rapidity of response. He dies by the million, when a quick adjustment to the needs of a new world might have saved him.

Modern civilization insists above all things upon capacity for change. Only so can those who live by mutation be saved from mutation.

The revolt of our children against home-rule appears thus as part of a larger movement, of a race insurance against the menace of civilization.

We would guard their every step. They reach out instead for the stimulus of competition with their peers; they feel the urge to try themselves out in strange environments; they yearn to taste the full flavor of their own personalities. The protections we throw about them may be necessary; but not until that overlordship ceases, do their natures have their flowering.

When we see the predetermined capacities, reactions, preferences they show at this time; when we feel the dynamic quality of the whole cycle of their responses; when we realize the unhesitating nature of their decisions, we begin to have a fellow feeling for the parent fish. We suspect that our parenthood is about on a par with that of our piscatorial sisters. They accepted the finality of the egg-laying. We have encouraged ourselves to believe that the major part of our work consists of moulding and influencing our offspring after they have hatched. It may be that all we can hope to do, more than our fellow fish, is to refrain from devouring our young.

There are a few humble activities we can allow ourselves. The realm of habit is our chief domain, and many of the fiercest domestic battles are fought out on its debatable grounds. We struggle to inculcate courtesy, cleanliness, self-control, inoffensive table-manners, the graces of social life. Our success is seldom noticeable in our own homes; but delightful reports come to us from other homes, where the virtues, shunned under the parental roof, are practised as if second nature to the performer. But why should we expect to reap what we sow?

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

We must train ourselves to find our main satisfaction in having launched

these sturdy barks on the ocean of conduct.

Beside a sporadic success in teaching the amenities of social intercourse, we can sometimes inculcate a respect for the dominant racial ideals. Honesty and truthfulness are not necessarily innate moral convictions, implanted in the germ-plasm, for to some races they are anathema. Instead, they are race habits which can be taught as are the A B C's. We are responsible for handing on to the next generation these habits, with other social attitudes of primary importance to the functioning of a gregarious species in a modern world; and we can measure our success as social agents by the degree of absorption we can demonstrate. For their abilities our children are beholden to the thousands of ancestors we have in common with them. But their moral attitudes we shall have to answer for in person at the Day of Judgment. However black the scroll, we shall have to say, 'I did it.'

But it is not alone in the establishment of habits that we play a part; we are apparently the deciding factor in determining our children's sense of values. We do not teach directly our conception of what is of greatest worth in life. There is no subject less susceptible to such treatment. Exhortation falls upon deaf ears. Admonition carries no conviction. But somewhere and somehow, through a shared life, they absorb our deepest faiths. Out of all the tumult, the conflict, the friction, the discipline of family life, the children take the best we have to give for the upbuilding of their own lives.

It is upon us the strain is greatest; for though they are unconscious of receiving, we are conscious of giving. We have not the relief that came to the principal of the boarding-school who said that if she had to be an example

for nine months of the twelve, she would be a warning for the other three. We are compelled to practise all the virtues we can muster the year around.

Our generation early recognized the extension of the home into the community, and followed the lead that insight gave us quite simply, unconscious of the momentous effects, upon our lives and those of our children, of so changed an attitude. The consequences of this new orientation have affected our children's relation to the world in unexpected ways. Their look is no more inward than ours. Their contacts are ours in miniature. The old personal isolation is hardly possible to-day, even to the most selfish individual of the older generation, and not possible at all to the members of the younger generation. Our children foresee the new emergencies as the wild creature feels the threat of the coming storm in the pressure of the hurrying wind, and as instinctively they prepare their defenses.

One more thing we parents can be held accountable for — the social attitudes of the youth of this country. If our spirit is undemocratic, if we cherish the illusion that we are the chosen people, the secret is not hidden from our children. If there develops in this country an inflexible class-grouping; if class-jealousies and antagonisms become intensified, we shall have the parents to thank for it. Social attitudes are so elusive, so beyond the scope of definition, that they can be absorbed only through human contacts. The persistence of the democratic spirit, of belief in the worth of the individual irrespective of his antecedents, his financial status, or his social affiliations, lies in the hands of the parents of to-day, as it lay in the hands of the parents of yesterday. As we fathers and mothers judge the rich and the poor, the brilliant and the dull,

the black and the white, the native and the foreign-born, so will the next generation judge.

II

What part does education, as obtained from our educational institutions, play in the development of our children?

Criticism of our schools is so popular that the stigma of inferiority seems to rest upon the entire system. Some of the censure is undoubtedly an expression of the high ideals the critics hold for education in a democracy; but a good deal of it is simply a manifestation of our national habit of abusing our public institutions. As a matter of fact, where there is any kind of serious educational effort in this country, the children of the next generation are receiving a superior education. It is not so good as that we hope our grandchildren will receive, but it is much better than that which was meted out to us. Indeed, it is in most cases so much better than we citizens, in our indifference, deserve, that we can only congratulate ourselves upon the unceasing labors and high standards of the pedagogic profession, of which we are the caviling beneficiaries.

The outstanding characteristic of the new education is its emphasis upon training for self-expression. It is an education of release. We are apt to be impressed by its unpleasant manifestations, which stand out prominently, and distract our attention from the much more striking gains in power and effectiveness. We can so easily see the whole method as devised to exaggerate a natural self-assertion, when in reality it is a potent agent for the reduction of the fears and phobias which have tortured mankind, and a strong stimulus to the development of a new self-reliance and a richer personal consciousness.

The word 'release' is to many minds the signal for the attack to begin. Suppressions, subordination, are the watch-words of such critics of human nature. But, unless we woefully misread humanity, the impulses that guide our conduct are reasonably decent. Taking us as a whole, we are right-minded, fairly unselfish, and properly tolerant of each other. Otherwise we should not waste effort embodying moral standards in the form of law, nor attempt the enforcement of our statutes.

Our fundamental need, in order to develop a full and rich civilization, is the free play of those energies of men which constitute the raw material of which any civilization is made. These energies are the powers our educators are striving to release. The liberation of a force which is to function does not mean that the lid is off. Every expression implies a repression somewhere else. One muscle can be effective only if another opposing muscle gives way. Similarly, in the activity of any aspect of personality, controls and inhibitions of other aspects are inevitable.

But the emphasis of this new education, which is predicated upon a faith in human nature, is not that self-control is unimportant, but that self-expression is essential. Which categories of conduct shall be subject to self-control, and which to self-repression, is decided by the ethical ideals of the nation; but the need of our democracy to-day is for fewer repressed critics and for more potential contributors.

The educator's methods are various. He strives, through a varied curriculum, to reach children of diverse interests and capacities, and to make their abilities available by appropriate training and discipline. The old idea of education, as some task the child must perform for the edification of the

teacher, is as extinct as the dodo. Instead, the child's effort is for the benefit of the other children in the room, or for some other class in the school, or just for the pure joy of acquisition and expression. The emphasis is less on the personal possession of wisdom and more on the social responsibility for the good gift of education.

Some of the schools for the Negro in the south have achieved a remarkable socializing of the recognized purposes of education. The students are taught to regard their educational opportunity, not as given to them in reward for general personal excellence, but as a trust placed in their hands, to be used in the service of the less fortunate of their race. Such an interpretation lays a special compulsion upon the educated, not to possess, but to share.

Our generation was born in an era of intellectual interrogation. We were not only encouraged to think, but allowed to question the sources of our convictions. Our chief attack was upon the bases of religious dogma. This caused consternation in sectarian circles, but, in a land of religious heterogeneity, did not disconcert the country as a whole.

Our children have profited by the lifted ban, of which we were the original beneficiaries, to carry the attitude of skepticism further, and hold in question the economic and social principles on which our present society is based. It has shocked us very much. We had thought those beliefs outside the realm of controversy; but these audacious young things do not fear to question anything. They are cynical about the divine sanction of capitalism; they flaunt and defy the conventions; they will recognize none of our old shibboleths.

But is it intelligent for us to bemoan the tendencies of the time? Should we not rather rejoice and be thankful

that they are not as we were? How otherwise can they better the tasks we have been attempting? Their fresh reaction to age-old problems is the best hope of to-day. The absurdities and exaggerations are but surface rufflings. Beneath, the main current is running swift and strong.

What if they do question the capitalistic organization of society? If it has not enough validity to hold their adherence, it must go. The failures of the system are possibly as monumental as its successes. If youth has a vision of some other form of society that promises better, it behooves us to deal gently with him, and let him have his chance to try out new combinations of the old elements in the hope of a happier world.

What if they denounce the institution of marriage? Surely we hold no brief for that institution if a better can be substituted. Marriage is a human device to make the perpetuation of the species work, so far as possible, to the best for all concerned. But the most ardent enthusiast cannot claim that the method is without defect, or has been an unqualified success. All that can be said for it is that it has worked better than anything that has as yet been tried. If these confident young people feel that they have an improvement to offer, we must withhold judgment until we see the outcome. We may marvel that they have sufficient conviction to sail the uncharted seas where so many have suffered shipwreck before them, but we must let them embark upon the great adventure with our deep-felt advice as their heaviest ballast.

The truth is, the young generation is not satisfied that 'whatever is, is right.' Were we, in our day? Should we wish them to be? We are troubled because we do not want them to throw the baby out with the bath-water, but

we can put a good deal of trust in their intelligence, and their sense of relative values, which we have no reason to assume are any less keen than were ours. To us the years have brought the 'philosophic mind.' To them the years have given the driving force of zest and optimism. Their restlessness and dissatisfaction, their criticism of us and our ways, their impatience of things as they are, typify the generous impulses of the young evangelist, who does indeed sometimes ruthlessly trample upon the sensibilities of those he is sent out to save.

III

But the young people of to-day are reacting very differently from the way we reacted in our youth. How can it be? We have produced the environment in which they are growing up; we are guiding the destinies of to-day. How can we explain their taking attitudes so contrary to our expectation, and showing such antagonism to the world as we have arranged it for them? The truth of the matter is that, though we have helped to make the world as it is, it is a new world to them and to us alike, and a very different world from that of our own youth.

The alterations in the physical environment alone are nothing short of revolutionary. Our generation went buggy-riding, which was a mild and harmless sport. If the horse ran away, or refused to advance, we were not far from home and could walk back. There were no particularly interesting places for us to go to within the modest radius possible to us, so we took a swing round by the poor-farm, or a comfortable jog through the city park. Our children have their own automobiles or borrow their fathers'. If the gasoline gives out, or the commutator ceases to function, they are seventy miles from home with,

possibly, a dubious road-house as their only refuge.

If a young man wished to take us to the theatre, he came to the house a week before, to see if we could go with him. He sat down with the family to talk it over. If he was not able to come in person, he wrote a note, which was duly submitted to the family's consideration before it was answered. A week's warning seemed none too long to assure the excellence of the seats, and to add the joy of anticipation to the happy event. We usually went without chaperons, but the whole plan was arranged in advance, and every safeguard of deliberation thrown round the great occasion.

To-day, in preparation for going to a 'show,' our young people are called up on the telephone ten minutes before the time of starting. An instant reply is necessary, and mother may be some distance from the telephone, so that the decision must be made without her. A chaperon can seldom be procured so speedily, the automobile holds only two comfortably anyway, so the course seems predetermined.

The situation is not different in kind but in degree. Every activity is accelerated; resolve outstrips the wind. New conventions will have to be established; new shibboleths, devised to meet the new emergencies, must receive social sanction. Doubtless, when they are generally accepted, this meteoric old world will have run into new complications, and the work will have to be done over again for our grandchildren.

One element persists, a consciousness in each generation that there are standards of some kind, dedication to which remains the test of moral worth. A pretty little flapper admitted that the girls in her college smoked. 'But,' she said, triumphantly, 'practically not a single girl inhales.' The whole issue is

there in a nutshell. Our generation would have gone to the stake rather than have danced cheek to cheek, or cut off our skirts at the knee. This generation would suffer any contumely rather than permit themselves to breathe in tobacco fumes emanating from their own cigarettes.

When we were young, the world was a small, manageable place. It was composed of the United States, with a few unimportant outlying areas. Europe we knew about in some detail; Asia and Africa dimly; South America and Australia were practically nonexistent; and, so far as we could judge, the Philippines were evolved out of the void by the Spanish-American War. How is it to-day?

A childhood that denied itself bread and sugar to save the Belgians, that adopted French brothers and sisters, that saved its pennies for the sufferers in the Near East, that bought canned milk for Russian babies, will develop an adult life conscious of world-responsibilities.

Roosevelt said, not so many years ago, that he was always astonished, in traveling round the United States, to find how few Americans thought nationally. And he added that he could count on the fingers of one hand the citizens of our country whom he had come in contact with, who thought internationally.

That certainly could not be said to-day. Numerous as may be the politicians who are still thinking in the old terms and taking the parochial view of every question, the terrific tearing-up of old landmarks has enlarged the vision of most of us and opened our eyes to whole new worlds of thought and experience. The starting of an American journal, wholly concerned with foreign affairs, shows how far we have traveled since the shot was fired at Serajevo.

In pruning off the old conventions, our children are discarding the time-consuming products of a simpler society. They are recognizing the seriousness of their problem. It is like the athlete who strips off his cumbrous clothing before engaging in his supreme effort. Since there is but one life to each of us, many old interests, perhaps ideals, will have to go, to make way for the new. The restlessness and uncertainty, the drifting and defiance, of the young people are part of the process of finding themselves, individually and collectively. We cannot be much help to them, for we are as bewildered as they. We assert our old prerogative of domineering, but feebly, and without conviction.

When we contrast an old, self-contained country community of the early days of the Republic with a modern community, we marvel that human nature has been able to make the rapid adjustments. A New Hampshire centenarian, who deplores the conduct of his grandchildren, looks back wistfully to his youth in the little village: the quiet round of duties and pleasures; the long days behind the plough or with the hoe; the evening chores in the dimly lighted barn; the kerosene lamp on the kitchen table; the fragrance of the beans as the pot was drawn from the oven; the church sociable; the monthly service by the itinerant preacher; the barn-raising bee; the long night for sleep. He recalls one of the great excitements of his life, when, on a trip to Boston, he saw his first Irishman. He cannot reconcile himself to the fact that his grandchildren are sated with such excitements and seek sharper stimuli. He cannot realize that they are living in a world disrupted by new forces in dynamic eruption. He is not conscious, as they are, of industrial injustice, of class-antagonisms, of racial hatreds freshly inflamed, of a new

emergence of religious bigotries. He would muster the platitudes of an earlier civilization to separate right from wrong; but his grandchildren have only intellectual uncertainty with which to counter the forces of destruction.

How can we expect coherence in the minds and conduct of our children? The marvel is that they are as steady as they are. They dream of bringing order out of the chaos; they carry on; they resist our pessimism, and feel that if we will but give them a free hand all will be well.

We can only be grateful to youth for its resilience, and bear with its less lovely characteristics.

One certainty we can hold in our secret hearts. However our children may disdain the fruits of experience that we offer to their service, life will beat them into shape, as it did us. They will be no more able than were we to escape the elementary realities of human existence. There are the same old biological bases for their lives that there were for ours. Their affectional needs will not differ either in kind or degree from ours. Love and grief, success and tragic disappointment will teach them as they have taught us. Economic pressures will steady them as they have every generation since Adam. No theory of the state, no

juggling with the organization of society, no reinterpretation of economic law, can avail them to escape the need that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Life is a long warfare between the wits of man and the partially controllable but permanently unalterable forces of nature. Each conquest in the subjugation of nature makes new demands upon man, that he turn his victory to the service of society, and not allow it to work destruction to humanity.

Our young people have a great and exacting task before them. Are we helping them as we should, with sympathy and an effort to understand? Are we sufficiently protecting them from the blight of our misgivings and letting the freshness of their young optimism blow through the dark corridors of our adult life?

Above all are we thankful enough to them for the blessing of their strength and courage at our side?

Hold, ye faint-hearted! Ye are not alone!
 Into your worn-out ranks of weary men
 Come mighty reinforcements, even now!
 Look where the dawn is kindling in the east,
 Brave with the glory of the better day, —
 A countless host, an endless host, all fresh,
 With unstained banners and unsullied shields,
 With shining swords that point to victory,
 And great young hearts that know not how to
 fear, —
 The Children come to save the weary world!

A LOST WORLD

BY H. PHELPS PUTNAM

I

To make us mindful boys, the college chime
Rang all the while — it was the college will;
It sang the silver measurement of time,
And our young curses rang more silver still.

Then say that we were bells cast into flesh,
And every wind that rustled in our blood
Stirred in our skulls clear poignant chimes and fresh,
And poured them out a brilliant dreamful flood.

But now this wisdom sits upon our lips,
And smart reserve has caked us up with mould;
The wind dies down to little breezy quips,
And not a hand can ring us, soft or bold.

Or if chance wakes our resonance again,
We clang the dull and sodden speech of men.

II

What is this liberty of which they speak?
They do not know: but we, the triflers, knew,
And while that dream of slaves grew old and weak,
We drank of liberty the noble brew.

They talked of truth; strange men played with the word,
And rained illusions on our innocence,
And each one than the other more absurd.
They did their best in kindly impotence —

A LOST WORLD

The president, and deans, and all their crew;
And some were bold, some wistful, and some mean,
But none could touch the quick, because we knew
That candid rowdy truth which we had seen.

We sought not liberty, nor cared for truth —
And so they came to us once, in our youth.

III

It was an earthly place, but strangely made
Because it slept unruffled by the cold
Immutable ironic serenade,
The legal song of time, and food, and gold.

It lay beneath our common sky and yet
It was another world, a place called Yale,
A fancy land, wherein there daily met
Old pungent human dust and youth, the frail.

We lived there once, and then across our days
Strode death, a masquerader capped and gowned,
And we, the boys whom nothing could amaze,
Stepped downward into life and so were drowned.

Quite gone — and there is only left behind
A dream of misty elms to plague the mind.

THE ARROW-MAKER

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

CAPTAIN COOK, being an observer and explorer rather than a mere trader, appeals especially to 'the more philosophical reader, who loves to see human nature in new situations.'

There was never a newer situation in the history of human nature than when the inhabitants of this continent, still living in the Stone Age, suddenly discovered that there was such a substance as iron in the world. To the mind of an Indian, there could be nothing approaching it in importance except his first learning that there was such an animal as the horse. When we consider that, till well along in the last century, the Indians of the upper Missouri got their horses by stealing them from the tribes farther south, who stole them from the Comanches, who, in turn, stole them from the Mexicans, we gain some idea of the ability of the Indian to cover the length and breadth of this continent by way of theft or barter. The Indian never raised horses, and seldom bought them: his method was to steal them. But he would trade anything he had for a piece of iron.

Thus iron, and the news of iron, spread as if it also had wings. Nothing ever advertised itself better, or showed such ability to run on ahead. Indians who had never seen a white man had learned about it; and a specimen here and there had created a demand for more. It took no traveling man to go forth and introduce iron to the Stone Age.

Wisconsin, being on the trade-route between the Lakes and the Mississippi, and therefore the outlet for all the goods that found their way west, was a live place so far as the trader and *voyageur* were concerned, as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century. When the first missionaries came here, in 1669, they found traders in nearly every Indian village. The representatives of business were ahead of the representatives of God. The trader had begun to look the country over as early as 1639; and he had business well in hand before Marquette and Joliet came along, with Indian guides, to explore the Mississippi. The man of learning came along still later, of course — a tardy scholar.

But iron was not wholly dependent upon the fur-trader, to bring it on its way. The Indians, to some extent, were traders themselves. A whole tribe would sometimes go forth to make advantageous bargains with a tribe that was farther from the source of supply. Then too, the red man was a great news-bearer, carrying all his history, the terms of his treaties, and the latest doings of the wilderness, in his head. With these traits of his character in mind, let us take a look at the far Pacific coast, at a time when no white man had as yet crossed the continent, and see how the fame of iron is coming along.

In 1776, Captain Cook came eastward round the Cape of Good Hope,

and struck diagonally across the Pacific, in hope of finding a northwest passage. This was the voyage on which he discovered the Sandwich Islands; and while he did not find a northwest passage, he did gain some further knowledge of the western shore of that continent which Drake had discovered, and which was vaguely known as New Albion.

Threading his way among the South Sea Islands and finally up the American coast, he makes many stops along the way. At each stop we see canoes putting forth to meet him, and his ship swarming with strange peoples who have but one demand to make upon him: they want iron. His voyage from first to last is punctuated with this thought of iron. The call for it comes to him from island after island, and seems to be following in his wake; and when he reaches the coast of North America, the demand is heard again. To the reader with an ear for history, it becomes the dominant note of his narrative, recurring always and deepening in meaning. It is the voice of the Stone Age calling out for this new substance.

At a little island north of the Society group, a mere garden spot in the ocean, he makes this note: —

In the course of my several voyages I never met with the natives of any place so much astonished as these people were upon entering a ship. Their eyes were continually flying from object to object, the wildness of their looks fully expressing their entire ignorance about everything they saw, and strikingly marking to us that, till now, they had never been visited by Europeans, nor been acquainted with any of our commodities except iron, which, however, it was plain they had heard of, or had known it in some small quantity, brought to them at some distant period. They seemed only to understand that it was a substance much better adapted to the purpose of cutting, or of boring holes, than anything their own

country produced. They asked for it by the name of *hamaite*, probably referring to some instrument, in the making of which iron could be usefully employed. For the same reason they frequently called iron by the name of *toe*, which, in their language, signifies a hatchet, or rather a kind of adze. When we showed them some beads they asked first what they were, and then, whether they should eat them. But on their being told that they were to be hung in their ears, they returned them as useless. They were equally indifferent as to a looking-glass which was offered them, and returned it for the same reason; but sufficiently expressed their desire for *hamaite* and *toe*, which they wished might be very large.

As on his second voyage, he did much traffic in nails; and at one place he says, 'Several small pigs were purchased for a six-penny nail; so that we again found ourselves in a land of plenty.'

At an island where the language of Tahiti was spoken the natives passed up some mackerel to them by means of a rope. 'This was repeated, and some small nails, or bits of iron, which they valued more than any other article, were given them.' And at another: —

As soon as we landed, a trade was set on foot for hogs and potatoes, which the people gave us in exchange for nails and pieces of iron formed something like chisels. We met with no obstruction in watering; on the contrary, the natives assisted our men in rolling the casks to and from the pool; and readily performed whatever we required.

Of this 'newly discovered archipelago' of the South Seas, there were five islands which he visited. Speaking of them generally, he says: —

The only iron tools, or rather bits of iron, seen amongst them, and which they had before our arrival, were a piece of iron hoop, about two inches long, fitted into a wooden handle, and another edge-tool, which our people guessed to be made of the point of a broadsword. How they came by them I cannot account for.

Having come among the Indians of the continent, which he first touched at a point in northern California, he coasted along Canada and the shores of Alaska. Here the demand for iron became more definite and insistent. Of the Indians along the Canadian coast he writes: —

Though our visitors behaved very peaceably, and could not be suspected of any hostile intention, we could not prevail upon any of them to come on board. They showed great readiness, however, to part with anything they had, and took from us whatever we offered in exchange, but were more desirous of iron than of any other of our articles of commerce, appearing to be perfectly acquainted with the use of that metal. . . . For the various articles which they brought, they took in exchange knives, chisels, pieces of iron and tin, nails, looking-glasses, buttons, or any kind of metal. Glass beads they were not fond of; and cloth of every sort they rejected.

From being so suspicious of a ship, the Indians, after a while of this sort of barter, became too familiar. They hung around the vessel in their canoes, and made a practice of staying all night. Presently the news struck inland, and parties from a distance arrived every day; meanwhile, those who had sold all they had would disappear for four or five days, and then return with fresh cargoes of skins and curiosities. At this stage of affairs Cook tells us: —

Nothing would go down with our visitors but metal; and brass had by this time supplanted iron, being so eagerly sought after that, before we left this place, hardly a bit of it was left on the ships, except what belonged to our necessary instruments. Whole suits of clothes were stripped of every button; bureaux of their furniture; and copper kettles, tin canisters, candle-sticks, and the like, all went to wreck.

These Canadian Indians were already in possession of metal, although

Cook says he 'never observed the least sign of their having seen ships like ours before.' And here he makes a shrewd conjecture.

The most probable way, by which we can suppose they get their iron, is by trading for it with the other Indian tribes, who either have immediate connection with European settlements upon the continent, or receive it, perhaps, through several intermediate nations. The same may be said of the brass and copper found amongst them.

Along the shore of Alaska the story was the same.

These people were also desirous of iron; but they wanted pieces eight or ten inches long at least, and of the breadth of three or four fingers. The points of some of their spears or lances were of that metal; others were of copper and a few of bone, of which the points of their darts, arrows, &c. were composed.

Again Cook is puzzled to account for the presence of the metal.

We were pretty certain [he says], from circumstances already mentioned, that we were the first Europeans with whom they had ever communicated directly; and it remains only to be decided from what quarter they got our manufactures by intermediate conveyance. And there cannot be the least doubt of their having received these articles, through the intervention of the more inland tribes, from Hudson's Bay, or the settlements on the Canadian Lakes.

Thus we see that, in a voyage which took him from the South Pacific Ocean to a point beyond the Arctic Circle, he found that the fame of iron had preceded him all the way. It had been the same on his second voyage, three years before, when he was going into a world so little known that England was expecting him to discover a new continent in the South Pacific.

It was, in a sense, the age of bone as much as the age of stone. In the South Pacific islands their chisels were bone;

and as there were no mammals of any size on these islands, a chisel was always made of the upper bone of a man's arm. In Alaska, likewise, we find the darts and arrows pointed with ivory and bone. It is interesting to note in Cook's narrative (though he does not draw our attention to the point) that among the northern Indians it was the arrows that were pointed with bone, while the spears were pointed with iron. An arrow is likely to be shot away and lost. A fish-spear is held in the hand; or, if it does have to be thrown, it can usually be recovered. A blown-up bladder, attached to the spear with a thong, ensures its safety.

Among our American Indians, it was, in a more fundamental sense, the age of bone. Captain John Smith tells us that he once met an Indian who had an old piece of bone, which he carried about with him in his pouch, and which he seemed to prize greatly. Upon being asked what it was for, he replied that he used it in shaping his flint arrowheads. The captain, probably thinking there was some secret to be discovered in this piece of bone, tried to get possession of it; but the Indian refused to part with it because it was 'big medicine' to him.

As we now know, there was no secret about the bone. It was simply old and dry, and the refusal to part with it was wholly due to a trait in human nature. A skilled workman, whether he be white or red, clings fondly to his old familiar tools, and is loath to part with one, even though he knows he can easily get another.

II

From such meagre and incidental hints as this, in the writings of soldiers and adventurers who were little concerned with the curious questionings of modern science, did we get our first

clue to the means by which the pre-Columbian Indian shaped his arrowheads. The Indian of to-day does not know. But the archaeologist knows, to a certain extent, even though he may not be able to do it. The Indian made all of his arrow- and spear-heads, and like implements, out of the hard, unstratified, glasslike rocks; and he did it by working on this refractory material with a piece of bone.

An amusing illustration of the ignorance of the modern Indian with regard to the art of his forefathers recently brought itself to pass in the course of a trip which some friends of mine made to northern Wisconsin. They were a committee of the State Archaeological Society, who had been sent up there to investigate Indian mounds and dig for specimens; and they had along with them Mr. H. L. Skavlem, a pleasing old naturalist of the type of John Burroughs, who is an expert on Indian implements. Mr. Skavlem, whose summer seat is on Lake Koshkonong, in a county which almost joins corners with my own, is the only man, so far as Wisconsin archaeologists know, who has acquired the art of making flint arrowheads after the manner of the pre-Columbian Indian. And I dare say he is the only one known in other parts of the world; for his work has recently come into demand in public museums. Examples of it have found their way into museums in France and Norway, and lately he had a request for specimens from the Canadian Provincial Museum at Toronto.

On this trip the archaeological committee went up through the towns of the Chippewa Indians, following the Chippewa River to the mouth of the Flambeau. In the course of their wanderings, Mr. Skavlem picked up a mass of flint rock, and, having shattered it into fragments of workable size, occupied his spare time in shaping arrow-

heads. This work soon attracted the attention of the Indians. Being wholly ignorant of the art, they were much amazed. They stood about, saying nothing, while he turned out heads for bird-arrows and war-arrows, chipping the flint with apparently as little trouble as if it had been a good, crumbly piece of Wisconsin cheese.

This exploit soon began to have results. Thereafter, whenever they arrived at an Indian town, the Indians would be on hand awaiting his arrival. The news of the white man's strange ability had gone on ahead of him; and there would be a curious throng following him about and watching for him to do it again. In this way Skavlem made many arrowheads of approved archaeological design; and this signal victory over the Chippewas was achieved by means of an implement very much used by the white man, namely, a toothbrush. In order to make arrowheads, one needs only a piece of bone from which all fatty matter has been removed. Hence, why not a toothbrush?

'At one place,' Skavlem told me, 'I thought I would test their knowledge of what I was doing. I held up an arrow before a group of Chippewas and asked them what it was. They all gazed at me in silence, not one of them offering a word of comment. Presently an old squaw found her tongue and said, "I know. Thunder stone!" That's how much they know about flint-working.'

In Wisconsin we have a little more than ten thousand Indians, most of them on the northern reservations. The oldest men among them, of pure Indian blood, have no remembrance of any tradition regarding the making of flint arrowheads. On a festival day, when the Chippewas array themselves in their finery of beadwork, and put on their bonnets of eagle feathers, they look very promising to the curious

traveler who would pry into the ancient secrets. But he might better address his inquiry to the Elks, or the United Order of Red Men. Tribal history is preserved in tales of the heroic and the supernatural, not of the commonplaces of life. When the age of iron came in, the age of stone went out of the door with as little sentiment as a modern housewife would bestow upon the old washboard when the new electric laundry was installed. It is not Indian nature to make tradition out of anything so prosaic as mere work.

In other ways they are equally progressive. A couple of years ago, one of the tribes was divided into parties over the subject of the annual dance. Modern tendencies, such as the 'bunny-hug,' the 'bear-walk,' and other wild vagaries of the white man, had begun to creep in. The old men, who might be called the conservatives, raised their voices in opposition to such innovations. But the younger party stood stoutly in favor of the up-to-date.

In the Far West, the Stone Age held on much longer than it did in this country of the seventeenth-century fur-trader; but even there it passed out with a suddenness that was complete. Some years ago the Smithsonian Institution thought it had found an authentic pre-Columbian Indian in California. He was very secretive about his methods, and would not let them see him at work. Finally they outwitted him by placing a mirror so that it would transmit the necessary knowledge; and when they found him pecking away at the flint with an old nail, rather inexpertly, they knew they had not found a true flint-worker.

In order to do that, they would have to come to Wisconsin and visit the lakeside cottage of my friend Skavlem. As Charles E. Brown, curator of the State Historical Museum, recently wrote me, 'He is a real naturalist, with

a wide knowledge of birds, animals, plants, and rocks; and he chips flint with the same facility as the old-time Indian. We call him the John Burroughs of Wisconsin.' Besides being a true naturalist, he is a shrewd judge of archaeological specimens, and has been of great help in mapping the many effigy-mounds to be found in this state. But it is his skill in flint-working, deliberately and purposely cultivated, which makes him of unique interest to the archaeologist.

As for the practical objects which would actuate a man to cultivate this familiarity with stone and bone, there is a spirit of pure science behind it, and a finality of investigation which the true archaeologist will readily appreciate. And the general reader, who has no doubt puzzled his head in vain every time he looked at an exhibit of Indian arrowheads, may now find his questions easily answered.

One day, not long ago, I went over to Mr. Skavlem's home, with the idea of giving the operation close scrutiny, and getting him to make an arrowhead for the editor of the *Atlantic*. My errand turned into a social visit, so that, although I had arrived shortly after dinner, it was growing dark before the object of my call again occurred to us. We were examining one of the books in his library, which entirely covers one wall of his small living-room, when the waning light warned us that it was high time to be getting at the arrowhead; whereupon we hurried down to the cellar. Here, before the dimly lighted window, were no tools but a piece of bone in a wood handle, and a block of oak. While I held my watch, he made a well-shaped arrowhead, with tang, barbs, and notch complete, in the space of eleven minutes.

In the bad light he had the misfortune to break it when it was nearly

done, so that he had to start over and alter it into an arrowhead of smaller size. He had really made two arrowheads in that time. It was not intended as a museum specimen, but an example of the average arrowhead picked up in the fields. 'The Indian was not much of a mechanic,' he explained, continuing our visit as he worked; 'and when I am illustrating the average quality of work, I have to be careful not to make it too good.'

Mounted on cards, he has examples of the various styles of Indian arrowheads made out of all the materials that the Indians used — flint, chert, quartzite, jasper, chalcedony, and black obsidian. These are of his own manufacture. Prominent among them, catching the eye with their jewel-like glint, are bird-arrows, beautifully shaped and barbed, which look as if they might have been made out of emerald and topaz. These were fashioned with the same piece of bone, and in no great length of time, out of the bottoms of beer bottles, brown and green. While they are not intended as mere curiosities, they excite the greatest wonder of the layman, who naturally thinks them the hardest to make. This is a mistaken conclusion. Quartzite will scratch glass, and some flint will scratch quartz. The rocks are harder than glass, and no less brittle.

As an Indian always selected for his arrowheads the hard, structureless, and rather vitreous rock, there is no doubt that he would have made use of glass if he had had the glass to work with. He did make use of black obsidian when he could get it; and obsidian is nothing more or less than natural, or volcanic, glass.

Eleven minutes in Skavlem's darkening cellar begin to shed light; and it is a light which would never transmit itself through the polished glass of museum cases. Suddenly you exclaim, 'Why, it

was *not* such a great loss for an Indian to shoot away one of those beautiful arrows and never find it again! I had always thought—'

And who is there among us who has not thought it, as we stood gazing imaginatively into museum cases at delicate bird-arrows, and detachable poison-arrows, and big war-arrows intended to kill buffaloes and men? What a tragedy to an Indian to shoot at a bird and miss it! What a gambling with his long labor to draw upon a duck! What careful searches he must have made for arrows that went sailing away into primeval fastnesses, and there hid themselves with all the sagacity of a modern collar-button! We sympathize with him, knowing that, in his day as well as ours, there must have been this same 'perversity of inanimate things.' And finally we have said: 'What a waste of human effort it was to have to depend for a living upon the shooting of such ammunition!'

Museums are dedicated to wonder; but Skavlem's cellar is not. It is there done away with by means of a block and a bone. I dare say that prehistoric man was more concerned over the straight stick with which he had made his feathered shaft than he was over the loss of the arrowhead. He would hardly spend a great part of his day hunting for that, when he could so easily make another.

Thus the usefulness of a twentieth-century arrow-maker begins to make itself manifest. As everyone knows, who has posted himself theoretically upon some practical operation and then gone away with the intention of doing it or writing about it, there was always something he forgot to ask. You did not get quite thoroughly into it; and then you wished you were back at your original source of information. Archaeology, so far as the Stone Age is concerned, deals mostly with tools.

Many archæologists have made experiments with these tools, using the various drills, and boring out catlinite pipes by way of practical knowledge. In this way a man gets down to details, makes new observations, and becomes more of an authority on the catlinite pipe or the bead of wampum.

But how about making these tools themselves, setting out with nothing but a piece of bone, and making yourself familiar with the kind of tool that long ago decayed? Why not start from the ground up? This was the question which Skavlem asked himself, and which made him dissatisfied with the mere use of flint implements, or the making of stone axes by the pecking and grinding of stone upon stone. Behind the flint tool was another tool that made it; so he got a piece of bone and started in to rediscover its possibilities. It was the age of stone only in the sense that the stone implement bears everlasting testimony of itself, while the tool of bone decays. Some of these arrow-making bones have resisted decay enough to preserve their form; and Skavlem has found a few in such a state of preservation that he has been able to do a little chipping with them. If the New England farmer of to-day were able to plough up all the shoulder-blades of moose that were formerly used for hoes, and all the needles and bodkins and awls and flint-working tools that the Indian had ever used, he would probably be in a quandary whether to call it the age of stone or the age of bone.

III

The making of an arrowhead is the last word in simplicity, so far as the outward procedure is concerned. It may readily be understood by anyone who has been housekeeping long enough to have had a few accidents with glass.

Possibly — or I should say probably — you have been coming through a door with a piece of plate glass, a mirror or other cherished object in your hands; and you have had the misfortune to strike it against a hard corner, in such a way that a piece was bit right out of the surface of it. The piece was a thin semicircle of glass, with knifelike edges, and somewhat the shape of a shell. This, to all intents and purposes, is the 'conchoidal fracture.' An Indian made his arrowheads simply by breaking such pieces out of a piece of flint, always working inward from the edge. It was never done by hammering. Such a method does not allow of that deliberate control which is necessary; and the force required would break off the more delicate details, so that the barbs could never be shaped. It is done wholly by placing the bone against the edge and using pressure. Thus the material is broken off, chip after chip.

It is evident that, if you are to have any control over the shape of the work, these chips cannot be all of the same weight and size. In forming the body, or heavier part, of the arrow, the chips may be long and large, striking inward halfway across the breadth of the arrow, or even farther; but in shaping the notches, with the shank and the sharp little barbs, the chips must be smaller and the work more delicate. You must have control over the size of the chips; and this is determined by the amount of pressure you bring against the edge, while, at the same time, you push downward to separate it from the surface.

I have said that you press downward, that being the natural way to exert a strong pressure. To do this, the flint must be held firmly in some way, as over the edge of a board or block; and the greater part of the flint must project, so that the larger chips shall be free to break off. But to hold it firmly

in this position with the fingers is hardly practicable. And any viselike sort of arrangement will hardly do, because the fragment of flint has to be constantly moved about in shaping it.

After a little experience, the practical way suggests itself. You cut a slot in your oak block, a quarter of an inch deep and about as wide. Now, when you place the edge of your flint in this, it does not stand straight up, neither does it fall over on its side; it is at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the greater part of its surface is free to let loose the flakes as they are pressed off. By placing a finger of the left hand at the base of the fragment of flint, it is held easily in place, and you may now exert your strongest downward pressure as you work around the edge. The flint may be turned over readily into any position, as you work on it; and it will keep tumbling about in its slot as the deft workman virtually hurries it into shape. This is all there is, practically, to the making of an arrowhead. Any secret beyond this will be in your fingers, not in your head.

The work, it will be noted, is all done by pressing the end of bone firmly against the edge, to make it take hold, and at the same time pushing downward. In no case would it be possible to take a piece off your arrow by applying the tool to its face. A piece of bone would not remove an objectionable hump in this way; neither would a piece of steel, unless you were to hit it such a blow as to break the flint. It is this peculiar fracture which is accommodating you; and the white man gets the same results as the Indian by taking the same advantage of it.

'But,' says the attentive reader, 'I have seen arrows where these chips were taken right out of the face of the arrow. The marks did not lead from the edge.' True enough. But these marks are the remainder of larger

chips, which *did* strike inward from the edge, when the fragment was larger and was being roughed into shape; or they are the marks that were on the fragment before it was trimmed up at all. An Indian, in order to save himself unnecessary work, would select a fragment that was somewhere near the size of the arrow he intended to make.

The bone employed is, as I have said, about the size of the handle of a toothbrush, and it is flattened down to an edge like that of a dull chisel, though not, of course, with a view to using it like a chisel. The edge of the bone stands at right angles to the edge of the flint, and is firmly pressed against it in that position. The bone is made about three-eighths of an inch wide, in order that it may be strong enough to bear the downward pressure; and it is sharpened to a point for three reasons — to enable you to do fine work and get into details, to make it take a firm hold of the edge of the flint, and to bring all the pressure to bear on one small point so as to start the fracture.

When we examine one of those chips that are knocked off the edge of a piece of glass, we see that it is not only shell-like in form, but also has a slight indication of ridges — little waves or ripples surrounding the point where the force was applied. In like manner, your edge of bone seems to radiate its force out into the surrounding material. The workman thus regulates the size and nature of his chips, taking off big ones to bring the work into shape, or little ones to put a set of saw-teeth on the arrow. It is the amount of pressure against the flint, together with the push downward, the one proportioned to the other, which determines the size of the chip: it is not dependent upon the amount of surface which the tool takes hold of. It is all very simple in procedure, though not at all easy to do. Being both simple and difficult, it is a

trade; and one in which the skilled workman can produce wonderful results in a surprisingly short space of time.

Thomas Wilson, whose work on prehistoric art is a standard in its line, says that the work is done by pushing at an angle of forty-five degrees. His description is misleading, because it conveys the idea that the bone is held at a certain angle to the work. The work is not done by an angle which may be determined by the eye, but by the combination of two pressures which are determined by the fingers. Mr. Skavlem called my attention to this attempt of the archaeologist to explain the use of the tool; and it conveys so little of the true idea, such as a man would get from a practical contact with flint, that I have thought it worth while to describe the process at length.

IV

I cannot drop this hard and brittle subject here without the feeling that I ought to leave the reader better acquainted with my friend Mr. Skavlem. All the world loves a lover; and I have never met a man who represented the lover of Nature so purely and so simply, and with no ulterior motive. He is not a writer, nor a speaker, nor anything that reaches out for fame. With him, Nature is her own reward; and she still continues to reward him, in the eighth decade of his life. He knows the birds, the animals, the rocks, and the flowers. Every wren that selects its place for a home becomes his companion for the summer; and he has humorous appreciation of its strong character and little household ways. Along with this love of Nature, he has the strict truth-telling instinct of the pure scientist — all the more so, perhaps, because of this profound simplicity of mind.

But he has interested me particularly

because of his early beginnings as contrasted with what he finally became. 'We know what we are,' says Ophelia, 'but know not what we may be.' This problem is best solved when a man has passed three score and ten, and finds himself with a beard turned white and a whole life to look back upon. One may prophesy after the fact—and this, let me say, is one of the most interesting forms of prophecy. The self-educated man spends a large part of his life groping toward his destiny. And right here he may have a great advantage over the man who has become committed to a vocation too early in life, and feels that he must keep on, even if he has chosen wrong.

H. L. Skavlem, when he was a young man in a Wisconsin farming community, discovered that he liked to play billiards. The skill of eye and hand appealed to him. Amid the ruder employments of pioneer life, this fine touch and feeling for the weight of the ball, and the shrewd calculation of angles of incidence, gave him an outlet for something that was strong within him; and he became a confirmed billiard-player. It cost him little, because he was usually the victor; and so he could play as much as he liked. As he grew more skillful at the game, it dawned upon him that he was becoming too good. He was spending too much time at it; and it was getting hold of him. Suddenly, one day, he placed his cue in the rack and said, 'This is the end of it for me.' And it was.

As he tells this at the age of seventy-three, there is a glint in his eye which shows that the billiard cue is not really a thing of the past with him, but rather a passion long renounced. Billiards was his game.

In these retired-farmer towns of the Middle West, where farmers retire too soon and often without a shadow of excuse, it is the well-worn pack of cards

that must bear the brunt of eking out the empty latter years. Some of them play all day, and come back to play in the evening; and when no opponent can be found, they play solitaire. To Skavlem, cards never made any appeal. The nature of the game bores him. In billiards, depending wholly upon skill, and appealing to a certain pride of workmanship, he found something that peculiarly fitted him.

Being a farm-boy by training, and having now a large city acquaintance, he was elected to the office of sheriff. With his taste for active employment among men, and a rugged physique derived from Norwegian ancestors, he was well selected for the position. Here one might expect him to go into politics, the office of sheriff being generally considered a long step in that direction. But he had no taste for the mere political side of his situation, its compromises and connivings appealing to him as little as did the game of cards. And so, having attended to the duties of the office, he stepped out without having paved the way to further preferment. Politics was not his line.

He had always been a hunter, and, as he grew older, he found himself with a settled taste for the out-of-doors. In the adjoining county is a lake, nine miles by four, which, as its feeding-grounds are especially attractive to the canvasback duck, has long been known as the Chesapeake of the West. Every autumn Skavlem was at the lake, gun in hand, consorting with hunters and making the outdoors his hobby. In the meantime, having an inquiring mind, he had been growing familiar with the scientific side of nature.

And along with this scientific bent he had a love of animals, which, as he had been raised on a farm, first manifested itself in his knowledge and understanding of horses. I was recently talking with him upon the subject of

histology, in which a mutual friend is much interested, and I asked him what he thought of the theory of curing human ailments by manipulation. 'Well,' he said, 'I have rubbed and kneaded too many horses into shape, and put them on their feet again, to be a complete skeptic regarding that method of cure.'

But it was the lake, and the out-of-doors, that really charmed and held him. Finally, twenty-three years ago, he built a cottage on its shore and made it his summer seat. And now, instead of merely hunting in the fall, he stayed there the greater part of the year. Thus, at the age of fifty, he reversed the programme of the average farmer. He retired from the city to the country.

Twenty-three years is a long time as human life goes — long enough for a man of parts to learn a profession and achieve eminence. What, then, became of Skavlem when he retired to the country and sat down on the shore of his Wisconsin lake?

For one thing, he became a botanist. The subject had always interested him as he came in practical contact with it, more especially the botany of water-plants. Finally, he produced his monograph on the *Potomageton pectinatus*, in which he held, contrary to the belief of all hunters and scientific writers, that the canvasback does not get its distinctive flavor from feeding on wild-celery buds. The government later issued a bulletin on the subject, setting forth evidence that reached the same conclusion; and, by an oversight, Skavlem, the pioneer, was not mentioned. A long time later, however, the editor, Emmaline Moore of the Department of Zoölogy and Botany of Vassar College, very graciously made amends. Having learned of his monograph and the date of it, she wrote him a letter acknowledging the oversight, and complimenting him, in 1915, upon

work that he had done in 1904. Many elusive circumstances, partly botanical and partly due to the anatomy of the duck, had misled observers and perpetuated in science what was mere tradition and hearsay. 'Skepticism, at least in science,' says Skavlem, 'is the basis of human progress.'

But it was in ornithology, more than in botany, that Skavlem found himself truly at home. The largest collection of native birds in Wisconsin is the work of his hand. Having completed it and put it in order, he presented it to the city of Janesville. He humorously describes himself as 'an old-fashioned naturalist — one that knows a little of everything and not much of anything.' But the Curator of the State Historical Society at Madison, and bird-lovers generally, take him more seriously than that. He is the 'John Burroughs of Wisconsin.' This is a good description of him, both as to personality and as to his attitude toward nature in general; though he has a craggy brow, which is more like that of Bryant.

Unlike Burroughs, however, he has little inclination to write. The State Historical Society has recently been urging him to write some articles upon the making of stone implements, but so far with no success. The nature-lover in him tells him to write; the pure scientist — whose respect is all for the thoroughgoing and accurate — tells him not to do so. He confided to me that a scientist is on the downward path when he starts writing 'just to please people.' Such is the literary philosophy of Skavlem.

But there is, I think, a deeper reason why he does not write. He takes it out in first-hand contact — the pleasures of talk. His summer seat on the lake has become a Mecca for his friends — bird-lovers, geologists, hunters, and archaeologists. It is the social instinct

that drives on your true writer. He is reaching out for people to share the world with. But when a man is so truly in love with Nature that she is her own reward, and when this brings a man just the human contact he needs, he is likely to put off the labors of the pen. Like Socrates and Diogenes and Coleridge, he gathers his disciples about him. One might wonder, sometimes, why Christ did not write.

There is a temptation to philosophize here; but we began with billiards, and the discerning reader always expects a writer to draw his observations to a point. We have no doubt raised the query, What has billiards to do with the career of a naturalist? And by this time we have anticipated ourselves so much, that there is scarcely an opportunity to point out the trend of Skavlem's predilection for manual skill.

It was this that made him known as an archæologist. The piece of land he bought on the lake was on the site of Carcajou, an Indian village rich in aboriginal remains. He found here much to interest him. And this, together with his growing acquaintance among the archæologists of the state, turned his mind strongly toward the problems of the Stone Age. He went behind the flint implements, and the experiments in using them, to the art of making them. And in the interest of pure science, he resolved to start life all over again, beginning with a bone. To members of the State Archæological Society, and to certain professors at the University, he is known for his remarkable control of the 'conchoidal fracture.' In the more practical view of the Chippewa Indians, he is the arrow-maker.

THREE WORDS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

THE HOST

MBITA GAMBALA's name of friendship is Mimfenda, and I am to call him that. Always, when I visit his women, I drop in to see Mbita; then I try to remember that I am to call him Mimfenda. This little ceremonial of friendship pleases the old man, who is friendly. And because he is friendly, he remembers and I remember one of those embarrassing moments when the things of religion conflicted with the things of friendship.

There was Mbita sitting at a door of his palaver house; and there beside him, on a grass mat, is a recumbent wife; and there, between the two of them, a great pot of boiled plantains still steaming, golden in the pot. I come in out of the middle of the day, so excessive in the clearing that is Mbita's village. I sit down in the shade of the thatch, and am politely silent for an interval, after which I politely address Mimfenda. I tell him the news of my village. I am impeccable and he is impeccable. And I say I am hungry.

Many a Bene friend of mine has been pleased to hear this admission — looking at me quizzically and taking account of human frailties that reduce the white woman to be eating out of the clay pot, like another. 'The wind that shakes one little leaf of the tree troubles all the leaves of the forest.' I beg Mbita for a plantain out of his pot, being truly hungry, and thinking to please him. And suddenly all the elements in that palaver house are violently displaced. Like the pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope, they suddenly and violently fall into a new combination. I feel the agitations of that process of displacement all about me, and am confused. In that confusion I hear the voice of Mbita's wife, and she is begging me to desist — she has risen and is making gestures. Poor old Mbita, whose name of friendship is Mimfenda, is begging the white woman not to eat out of his kettle. He looks quite stricken. And I do assure you that we all shudder — the wind that blows on one blows on all.

Mbita, it seems, was tied by his mother never to eat with a woman. Needless to say, he has never broken this taboo. And needless to say, there has never been a woman to menace him after the fashion that I have so recklessly devised. With alacrity I withdraw. This is a faux pas of a most serious sort — the white woman leaping off into the dark and dragging the poor old headman of the village with her. These are the perils, the truly dreadful perils, of indiscriminate contacts. Mbita's wife, long after she is satisfied that we are safe, continues to breathe quickly, looking at me with a wary and scornful eye. But Mbita himself, whose manners are instinctive, patches up, with his presence of a stricken dignity, the shattered peace of his palaver house. The tide of darkness ebbs away. Only there remains the embarrassment

of the negation of hospitality. And while I am explaining to Mbita that there will be a pot on every fire in the hut of every woman of his village, and that I may have a boiled plantain out of every one of these and so grow fat on the hospitality of his village, without breaking any of his personal taboos, there comes an inspiration to Mbita.

There is a carrier walking with his shadow down the clearing of the village. We see the load on his back and the legs of him beneath the load. He walks in the centre of the clearing, having no friends in any of the little huts, and not calling out any salutations by the way.

Mbita suddenly shouts to him. 'Ah mo!' he cries out, and we see the carrier pause. He waits there in the sunlight, not turning himself about; asking himself, I suppose, Now what are they going to put upon me, and what accusation of stealing or other misdemeanor have they devised against me in this village of Bene strangers! And he stands still at the voice from the palaver house. 'Ah mo! Ah, friend!' cries Mbita. 'Are n't you hungry?'

The carrier is still there. What a silly question — is n't he hungry! And why would n't he be hungry? What would he be eating in this country of strangers? And Mbita says to him, —

'Come eat my food that is here in my palaver house, you who are a guest in my village!'

I see the carrier turn about; there is front view of him plastered up against the load on his back. He is making good time up the hill now, the two legs of him speeding to the feast. He is a most surprised carrier. And I go away from a placated Mimfenda, who has demonstrated to the dullest of white people that he is a truly hospitable person, once you have made place for his religious convictions.

II

THE AUTHOR

Ela, I tell myself, is no longer a lad. I suppose, I tell myself, he is a considerable person in his own town. I reiterate these things because I cannot quite believe them, having known Ela since he was 'no bigger than an eyelash,' when he was an unimportant member of my household. Often since then he has visited me, but this is my first visit to his village, which is on a bypath.

He meets me at the crossroads. He is as high-strung as ever; the same tooth is missing, the same dimple flickers, the same agitations of friendly solicitude beat upon me. He is as ever a gossip, ironic, and overbearing in his manner. And he has at last a little inadequate beard.

Nothing in his town is too good for me, be sure of that. As a matter of fact, it is a shabby town, corrupted by Ela's lack of order; but such as it is, it is mine. He clamors for small boys, who rush to serve us. The fire-logs are carried smoking from Ela's hut; there is a great worrying of dust in that dim interior. My cot is disposed according to his order, with loud agitations — he remembers exactly how it must be done, and tells me so. He recognizes happily whatever is old of my belongings. If I try to tell him any wish of mine, he is impatient, and will not be instructed because he remembers — he remembers forever and never will forget — exactly my custom and my every wish. He hangs his little perverted mirror low on the wall near where I am to sit — and I am to sit where he has imagined me to be sitting. He wants to cut a hole in the bark of his wall, so that, when I sit there, I may look out at his grass-grown street. I am to eat at his crooked table. And I

am halfway through with my supper when he discovers his cap on the table. 'This is a horror!' cries Ela, and flings it into a limbo in a corner.

His townspeople, harried by his anxious hospitality, have cooked my food, and he serves it in fine dishes — some of them borrowed, I know. Ela is terribly impecunious, that is evident. He wants to cook me a chicken, but has none of his own, and his neighbors will not trust him. I know this when little panting runners come from here and there to say, —

'He won't!'

'He does not want to!'

'He says no!'

A man calls him from the street, on I don't know what business. And Ela says, 'Put your head in the door!'

The man looks in, is stunned by the vision of me — struck dumb.

'Is this a time?' asks Ela, 'What will you be saying now?'

'Ah, no!' says the man, all cowed.

The supper served in grand dishes, the meeting by lantern-light in the shabby palaver house — neither of these is the core of my visit to Ela's town. Ela's book is that.

He has written a book for me: it is a history of the Bulu people. And he will read it to me, now that every one else — encouraged by himself to do so — has gone to bed. At last we are to get down to business. He tips the lantern and shakes it about to ensure its lasting for hours. I observe these precautions with the greatest interest, and exactly the feeling you have had yourself when your own author settled down for a night.

He begins to read, and I understand at once that I am not to be passive, nothing like that. His subject is subdivided and he drills me in the subdivisions. He says, —

'We will remember the things of men and the things of women, and we

will remember them separately. First as to men: the child is born; he has arrived; you see him, but what has he done? Up to this time he has done nothing! Watch his first doing!’

After which introduction he proceeds with the history of the Bulu people. His manner is momentous and severe. Laughter is in my heart like wine. And I am sleepy. The doings of the Bulu people are a kind of rumor, a humming of bees about a river-crossing, — the crossing of rivers is the core of their history, — until Ela is born. The whole tenor of history is altered at this point, you feel it. The famines are more severe, and the huntings more exciting, and the conduct of headmen more significant. Even the white man appears upon the scene shortly after Ela is born. Everything takes a turn, either for the better or the worse.

And yet, in spite of adventures and misadventures, and Ela fixing you with an eye when an eye can be spared — you wander. Is this history muddled, or are you?

‘I must read it myself,’ you beg Ela; and to leave it with you.

‘You will be unable to read it,’ says the Author; ‘I make it better when I read it. Please let me finish it!’

But no, you must read it yourself — not now, some other time. And Ela must write it more clearly, after you have left the village. Then you will have a writing of it all your own. That will be better.

Ela does not think it will be better, but you tell him good-night. He hates to leave his dusty little cabin and the lantern and the company of the friend for whom he has written the history of the Bulu people. But he picks up his cap from the little heap of his belongings, and goes out. Soon it will be morning, and well he knows how white people rush away in the morning.

The visit is as good as over.

III

THE PREACHER

It was so early when we broke camp on this morning that we did not have prayers. And as it is not conceivable that we should journey all day without prayers, we stop where we are on the trail to have them. Only yesterday Se Menge, who carries the forward end of my hammock pole, was seen to wince, as if he had stepped on a thorn; and he said, when I asked him why, that he had just remembered he had forgotten, the night before, to say his prayers. To obviate sudden pangs of the sort, we pray. We are on the steep ascent of Mpikiliki hill, thrust up into the morning; the stars are paling when we close our eyes, they are gone when we open them; and many carriers have joined our little caravan to pray with us. Like ourselves, they have chosen to mount Mpikiliki in the silver hour; they are returning from a trading expedition to the beach, and they lean a little forward from the weight of the trade goods they carry in their shoulder-yokes. The bulk of their loads, extending above their heads, makes a permanent background for their mutable faces. Some of them are our friends, and one of them is Bwamba.

Bwamba, being an Ngumba, is not so good-looking as the Bulu in whose company he is walking; but he wears trousers, and so is distinguished. He has been, it seems, in jail. And when I regret this, — as it is a friend’s part to do, — Bwamba says that it was quite all right; not a thing to be regretted, rather the contrary. And the way of it was this:—

Bwamba carried a load of rubber to the beach. He wore his trousers, and the receipt for his head-tax was in the pocket of them, where he could put his hand on it if he were subject to inspec-

tion. When he came to the beach and had delivered his rubber, he went into the sea, leaving his trousers hidden among the rocks. Along comes a black policeman in his khaki uniform, his club in hand, and he sees Bwamba in the water.

'Hi! you!' he cries; 'and where is your tax-receipt?'

Bwamba tells him that he has a pair of trousers and the tax-receipt is in the pocket of them. But the policeman scorns the idea — there is nothing about Bwamba to carry out the pretension of trousers; the policeman, uniform and all, goes out into the sea and arrests the pretender. He will hear nothing of trousers, and together they go to the prison at Kribi.

I make out that solitary confinement is not the policy of the Kribi prison. Whatever your crime may have been, you will find a brother to it there; and if you are a tax-evader, you are legion. It is a matter of luck — but bad luck, indeed. Thrust into the prison of Kribi, you languish and long to go home. You implore every prisoner whose term has ended to pass by your village, and to summon your friends to redeem you. You hear the alien sound of the sea, and you pine for the forest.

Well, the sun was in the middle when the policeman cast Bwamba into that place of many longings. I suppose he saw some friends of his there, but the most of them were strangers. And he asked them did they want to hear 'five words of the Word of God.' They said, certainly yes. So he preached to them

for some time, until there was a hand at the door — and there was the policeman with the trousers, and the tax-receipt in the pocket of them. So that was all right. Bwamba put them on, and was immediately most distinguished. And the prisoners grieved to see him go.

The sun was going down when he came out into the air — and by this you may judge how long a sermon they endure in the prison of Kribi. Bwamba did not loiter in that beach settlement; rather he struck off into the forest. And he thought to himself, he tells me, 'Now, that going into the prison was a good going — like the imprisonments of Paul. Ah, Matyenda, for the purpose of telling the Good News I was cast into prison! And when I had done preaching — there was the policeman at the door — like the Angel!'

Having said our prayers, according to custom, and having heard of a miracle, as we cannot hope to do every day, we go our ways. And when we meet a policeman, — as we most certainly do in these days of the collection of taxes, — we produce, with the utmost agitation, from the wallet at our belts, or the fold of our loin-cloths, the little envelopes of banana leaf in which the most of us carry our tax-receipts. Our fingers tremble as we open these, and our eyes beseech the policeman to be patient. 'Just wait,' — we tell him, — 'it is here — it is certainly here!'

As for Bwamba, and his angel policeman — let it be as he himself has said.

LABOR AS BANKER

BY GEORGE SOULE

WILL the entrance of labor organizations into banking convert unions into capitalists, or will it convert capitalism into something different, something more in accord with the aspirations of labor?

Numerous conservative bankers exhibit a somewhat surprising hospitality to their new competitors. Sincere friends of labor have interpreted this hospitality to mean that bankers are not loath to welcome labor into a field where it is likely to fail, with disastrous consequences to the unions. But the motive of the bankers is probably more ingenuous than that. Some of them may anticipate the collapse of the new enterprise, but their uppermost thought seems to be that, once the unions engage in practical banking, they will understand the financial structure of the country better, and that as a result they will become less 'radical' and will not direct against the banker so much hostile criticism based on lack of experience. It is the same motive which prompts the laborer to say that he wishes the lawyers who direct the policy of his steel company would spend a few weeks in front of the furnaces before refusing to deal with the union about working-hours. If any considerable part of the wage-earner's money becomes involved in successful banking, he may act more like a banker than he sometimes does now. He may be less likely to interrupt industry with strikes, or to attempt to gain concessions which injure the interests of capital — so hopes the bank president.

The other alternative of the introductory question is suggested by the theories of certain radical economists who believe that the control of credit is a crucial control in the modern economic process. Very few business houses, and almost no industries, can operate without going to the banker for loans. Even capital issues for expansion or for new enterprises are, at least in the flotation stage, largely dependent upon his favor. The man who decides where the money shall go, who shall have it, and what he shall use it for, virtually decides what sort of industrial order we shall have — according to these radical theorists. A large part of the income and savings of the country is the property of the wage-earners, yet these people allow their money and the credit power arising from it to be manipulated by representatives of another class, rather than by their own representatives.

Of course, it is recognized that most bankers do not appreciate the full possibilities of the control which, it is thought, lies in their hands. It is understood that the usual banker is wondering how he can get the largest interest-return consistent with safety and the banking laws. But supposing the banking function were exercised by representatives of millions of depositors rather than in the interest of the limited number who make a profit in the business of loaning other people's money, would it not be possible to direct the productive forces of the nation in such a way as to bring greater welfare to a

greater number? Would not essential industries be encouraged if necessary at the expense of the luxury industries which serve only the well-to-do? Should we be manufacturing high-power pleasure-cars, for instance, while the farmers were unable to finance the marketing of their grain and the unemployed were starving in the cities? Persons who are conscious of such anomalies, which frequently appear in our civilization, and who believe that the control of credit is the lever by which the economic world might be moved, look with keen interest upon the entrance of labor into banking.

Aside from such theories, there are the opinions naturally arising from the experience of certain groups in practical situations. When a railroad property is wrecked by bad financial management, and the 'insiders' fleece the 'outsiders' in a manner familiar to students of American financial history, the banker is often blamed. A common complaint is that the railroads are managed in the interests of the bankers rather than of the investors or the public. It is frequently said that in the growing concentration of the financial system, in the web of interlocking directorates of great banks, railroads, and industrial corporations, the banker is the spider in the centre who weaves his trap for the unwary common man. Many farmers, who were caught in the recent price-deflation with insufficient liquid capital, and who either were unable to negotiate loans to save their properties, or were obliged to pay high rates of interest, believe that the deflation was deliberately brought about and intensified by capitalist interests influential with the Federal Reserve Board. Organized labor, suffering from unemployment and wage-reductions, was inclined to share this belief. In addition, labor leaders felt that the campaign against unionism

which accompanied the depression was a plot deliberately encouraged by great financial powers, and was in many cases forced upon reluctant employers by the banks. Just enough evidence cropped up here and there to give color to these views. Most 'plots' are delusions, and if analyzed on the basis of fact, would dissolve into unconscious tendencies or natural concurrences of like results from like causes. But the fact remains that the bankers and the great corporations suffered less from the depression than labor and the farmers, and the fact remains that labor and the farmers had less influence over banking policy than the centres of wealth. It is only reasonable to expect that, if the control of the banking function were broadened, whatever power it has over such situations might be differently utilized.

The labor banking-movement is growing rapidly enough for us to have before long a chance to test at least some of these expectations. There are now no less than eleven banks in various sections of the United States, a controlling interest in which is owned by labor organizations or their members. Their combined resources amount to many millions. About ten more banks of the kind are definitely projected. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Coöperative National Bank in Cleveland is said to have received requests for advice on the possible establishment of labor banks in no less than sixty-two cities in thirty-two states. This institution, established in 1920 with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, now has resources of twenty millions. The first labor bank to be established was the Mt. Vernon Savings Bank in Washington, D. C., in which the International Association of Machinists and its members own a controlling interest. Its paid-in capital is \$160,000; but from this modest beginning its resources have grown to

over \$2,700,000. In 1922 the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America opened the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago, receiving deposits of almost a million and a half dollars in its first nine months.

Labor banks have been opened in the far West, in the South, and in other sections. No less than four labor banks are now in process of establishment in New York City, each of them to have branches in the various boroughs. The first of these to open was a second bank owned by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Another, with a million dollars' capital, to be known as the Federation Trust Company, is sponsored by the Central Trades and Labor Council of the city. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has bought an interest in the Empire Trust Company, and expects to open a bank of its own besides. The fourth project is that of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

Not all these banks are organized in the same way or are following precisely the same policies. But there is general agreement upon certain essentials. In virtually all cases either the central organization of the union, or a group of its members, or both, own a majority of the stock. In almost all cases the Board of Directors contains, in addition to union representatives, practical business men who combine knowledge of the business world and of banking with sympathy for the union point of view. In all cases the salaried officers and staff consist of trained bankers.

Most of the banks are organized with at least some concessions to the principles of Rochdale consumers' coöperation. Dividends to stockholders are limited, in most cases, to about ten per cent; profits above this are shared with the depositors. It has been the policy to attract as wide a circle of depositors as possible, and in few if any

of the banks are a majority of the depositors members of the controlling organization. The special inducements to small depositors mark the first break with tradition in the practice of the new banks. This is a shrewd policy for numerous reasons. In the first place, it is good advertising, and is calculated to attract a large volume of deposits within a short time. In the second place, it increases the factor of safety, by avoiding the possible danger of placing the bank at the mercy of a few large depositors, who might be caught in adverse commercial currents or might wish deliberately to injure it. In the third place, it relieves the bank of the peril which might otherwise appear in case it were necessary suddenly to withdraw the funds of the union or its members for use in a strike or lockout.

Aside from the theories about labor banking, it is enlightening to look into the immediate causes which prompted unions to enter upon these enterprises. Too often the person who has not known the union movement at short range thinks of it as a mass of untutored workmen under the control of unstable or even vicious 'agitators.' As a matter of fact, most of the higher union officials are extremely able, practical men, who are entrusted with the duties of daily administration in a large organization which frequently combines the activities of an insurance company, a publishing concern, an organizing staff, and other businesses aside from the peculiar trade-union functions of representation and negotiation in active disputes. These men are accustomed to handling, for their organizations, large sums of money, and are as familiar with banking processes as the average business executive. The advantage of owning one's own depositary is just as obvious to them as it has been to the heads of large industrial corporations who have acquired control

of banks in the past. Why should a national labor union, regularly depositing some hundreds of thousands of dollars, allow its balance to be in the hands of men who might, and sometimes do, aid employers who are hostile to the union? Why should not this money be put to work in ways which would be of help to the members of the organization? With this balance as a nucleus, could not the confidence of the man with a small income be so enlisted as to tap entirely new fields of savings which the purely commercial banks have not attracted?

Rapid as is the growth of the labor banks, they cannot for a long time, if ever, achieve a sufficient control of credit to accomplish any of the more ambitious aims which may theoretically be possible. For the time being they must nourish their growth within the industrial and financial system as it is; they are subject to the banking laws; they must, if they are to compete with other banks, practise banking based upon an order which permits the profitable and safe investment of capital. Only as they can, little by little, seize upon and put into effect principles which may modify the present structure in detail, principles which offer even a sounder development than is attained by the noncoöperative banks, can they prosper and grow.

One of these principles is the co-operative plan of sharing profits with depositors. Another is what a private banker would call extreme conservatism in loaning-policy. The labor banks are not likely to be parties to speculative ventures in private interest; they are not likely to look for profits at the expense of safety. The tendency, as so far developed, is to lean over backward in refusing loans for business enterprises where there may be a risk, and on the other hand, to purchase the safest of bonds, and issue notes only on

the highest security. Since the stockholders are not looking for large profits, but rather for safety and the opportunity for service, the temptations of the more commercial banker are reduced. The result of such a policy is naturally to encourage stability in industry and to turn the investors' money into channels where the larger profits are not realized.

Another possibility of a similar nature is the exercise of the labor banker's influence for the stabilization of prices. It is a commonplace of post-war economics that booms and depressions, with their accompanying fluctuations of prices and the cost of living, may be either accentuated or minimized by banking policy. 'Inflation' takes place when loans are extended too freely on a rising market, and the volume of credit and currency expands more rapidly than the actual production and exchange of goods. This leads to speculation, to duplication of orders, to prices out of line with purchasing power, and so to an eventual collapse of demand and production — to a depression. The depression may in turn be increased and prolonged by too restricted credit. No economic group suffers more than the wage-earning class from violent fluctuations of this sort. They lose on the up-swing by a cost of living which rises faster than wage-rates, and on the down-swing by unemployment, reduced bargaining-power, and wage reductions. The policy of labor bankers, who are coming to understand this principle, is likely therefore to be one of restricting loans, raising rates, and discouraging too rapid expansion when a boom is in prospect, and as easy a credit extension as is consistent with safety after a depression has set in. Whatever influence they may have with the Federal Reserve Board is likely to be directed to stabilization of credit and currency

by all available means, especially by a well-calculated rediscount policy.

Naturally the labor banks will be interested in the labor policy of the business enterprises to which they loan or in which they invest. They will be quick to detect the financial insecurity which is likely to accompany hostility to organized labor, and will favor those establishments which have by an enlightened policy insured themselves against aggravated labor-trouble. They certainly will not lend money to any employer who is wasting his resources on detective agencies and an anti-union war-chest. On the other hand, the employer whose policy is approved by organized labor will be made more secure by any financial interest which labor's banks may take in his business. In this respect the loaning policy of the labor banks is probably sounder than that of the ordinary commercial money-lender.

It is probable also that the labor banks will develop funds for many non-commercial enterprises which have a wide basis of safety, but do not offer a large enough prospect of profit to attract money in a competitive market. Coöperative housing, for instance, is sorely needed in industrial centres, but it is an enterprise which can be undertaken to best advantage only on a large scale. The coöperators cannot themselves, as a rule, finance a large-scale operation — there is needed the reservoir of credit and of managerial ability to start the development in a proper way. Here is a tremendous field for the labor bank. There are possible numerous types of insurance benefiting wage-earners, which the banks may encourage. Credit unions offering small personal loans on personal security are capable of more development. Other coöperative undertakings, established on a sound basis, will naturally make use of the labor banks.

Last of all, there may arise the opportunity to encourage new types of industrial enterprise. It will be remembered that the British Building Guild was financed by the Coöperative Wholesale Bank. Naturally the labor banks will be cautious in floating experiments in coöperative production, in view of the many failures of this form of organization; but the possibility remains, and may look larger as time goes on. It seems probable, at least, that there will arise sound projects of democratic industrial enterprise which will need credit, and that the labor banks will furnish a more ready response to this need than could be found if they did not exist.

The result, then, of the establishment of labor banking may well give an affirmative answer to both the questions of the first paragraph. To be sure, labor banks will not and cannot suddenly overturn the present order, and, on the other hand, they will certainly fail if they so far desert the natural aspirations of the labor movement as to adopt completely the capitalist point of view as it is now understood. Yet, by using their influence on capital within a capitalist world, they may, if wisely administered, tend to modify the policy of other banks, and may start new currents of activity which will broaden out eventually to embody many of the aspirations of labor. While this process is going on, labor itself will learn much about the economic process, and will be induced to build solidly with the long future in view. All this depends, of course, on the imagination and ability of the men in control. Mistaken policies would lead to disaster in this endeavor. The chief limitation of the movement at present is the difficulty of finding enough practical executives with the necessary sympathy and vision.

THE CANADIAN TYPE

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

CANADA is a nation. It is true that a few of her public men feel impelled to deny this from time to time; but these denials are intended only as spurs to urge Canada to more emphatic nationhood. Canada has long ago made up her mind that she is a nation.

Now the only workable definition of a nation is that it is any body of people who have made up their minds to be a nation. They do not need to be of the same race, as witness the United States or Great Britain; they do not need to speak the same language, as witness Switzerland; they do not even need to live in the same country, as witness the Jews. They only need to have made up their minds about it. Canada has made up her mind and, despite legal hair-splitting as to whether she is a 'sovereign nation,' or what not, Canada is a nation.

Canada is also very certain that she is a successful nation and, in general, on the right path. Rusty reactionaries or Red revolutionaries may trouble other less happy lands; the constitution of Canada, or rather the various acts of Parliament which serve for a constitution, is as near perfection as may be; on the whole it is even a little better than that of her nearest neighbor. So Canada is a nation, and this is, I suppose, the first step toward having a national type. Now let us go and look for a Canadian.

Every real nation has a type, if it is only for the comfort of the foreigner

and the benefit of the humorous press. The type is, indeed, often unrecognizable to the native, but it is there. It is a *précis* of the points in which the nation differs from its neighbors. It is often wild, it is usually unflattering, but it must have a foundation in fact.

John Bull, for instance, stands for something in the English character, and there are John Bulls in England. He does not stand for the whole character, but only for those little bits, easily recognizable, which make the Englishman different from the Frenchman or the Italian. He exhibits what his friends call 'determination' and his enemies 'pig-headed stupidity.' He is plainly a farmer, and, industrial though England now is, at the time the type was formed, the English gentleman was a farmer. To a large extent he still is.

There are 'Sandys' in Scotland, 'Heinrichs' in Germany, gentlemen with pointed moustaches and hair *à la brosse* in France; they are rare, no doubt, but they do exist and justify our caricaturists. But what is Johnny Canuck like?

For him the Canadian cartoonist has produced a singularly colorless type — a gentlemanly but resolute personage in riding-breeches, leggings, and scout hat. He appears to be an idealized farmer of the prairies, but has so little real character that he must be labeled 'Canada' on his hat-band. Compared with that virile personage, Uncle Sam,

he is simply 'not there,' for no one ever needed a label on Uncle Sam. It is hard to see ourselves as others see us, and I am afraid that it will be a long time before the Canadian artist or the Canadian people produce anything better; but, if the Canadians do not, someone else will and the results may be less flattering.

Uncle Sam is, I believe, of home manufacture, and he is a credit to his creators. He must be as rare in the flesh as John Bull. His main characteristics, his height and rugged bony build, are possibly derived from Abraham Lincoln. To the student of races he is a Celt, and his type is still to be found in plenty in the more Celtic parts of Great Britain — in the north of England and in the lowlands of Scotland. He is the old historic Celt, to be distinguished from the wrongly called Celt of the Scottish Highlands and the west of Ireland. Possibly his type was once commoner in the United States than it is to-day; and I think that I have heard that he is the idealized New England farmer. In this case it is highly significant that he corresponds to John Bull, the English farmer. The English-speaking races live close to the soil; their types are country-dwellers even in an era of city-dwelling industrials. In Canada, too, the real type is a countryman.

Canada, however, has not publicly formed a type, for she is not yet conscious of one. You will hear of 'a fine type of Canadian manhood,' but this only means a good-looking, well-built boy (for Canada must of course be young), the kind of boy whom one might meet in any English-speaking land. Yet, to the sympathetic foreigner, Canadians do show distinctive traits: they are not Americans, they are certainly not English, and they are not a blend. I am told that to the American they appear slightly English,

to the Briton they certainly appear slightly American; but they are distinct. The American or the Britisher in our midst is easily distinguished.

We lie culturally between the United States and England, and have, of course, a number of delocalized individuals who have, by accident or deliberately, adopted the traits of their neighbors. They may incline either to the American or to the English side, and are often impossible to place. But it is not from such that a national type can be formed; Canada merely happens to have more of them than most other countries. They are agreeable people, but nationally uninteresting.

The most serious difficulty in judging a national type is that we can see only what we are not accustomed to. We see differences, and so we judge a nation solely by the points in which it differs from our own. Its resemblances strike us as merely human, the common inheritance of all men. The Canadian must accordingly appear somewhat different to an American from what he appears to an Englishman. This national factor cannot possibly be avoided, and must be allowed for by the reader. So it is only fair to state here that these remarks are the views of a Scotsman resident in Canada, who is proud to regard Canada as his adopted country.

Now, one of the first points which strike the newcomer is the conservatism of Canada. This applies to all Canadians, French and English; they are all — in the mass — conservative. Canadian politicians are divided into the two traditional parties of English politics, the Conservatives and the Liberals. By tradition the Conservatives are, as the name shows, the party of *laissez-faire*, the opponents of change, the 'go-slows.' The Liberals are the party of change, the 'go-quick.' But, to anyone accustomed to the strong differences of principle which

characterize European politics, both parties in Canada are conservative of the conservative. There is no party of change at all.

The Province of Nova Scotia, for instance, has had a 'Liberal' government for, I believe, thirty-six consecutive years. During those thirty-six years no very violent changes or reforms have been carried out — only the 'Conservative' party has got weaker and weaker. No reforming party has ever arisen, simply because nobody wants any change. The citizens go on voting Liberal because they are conservative.

Quebec, one of the most conservative countries in the world, has had a Liberal government for twenty-five years. Is Quebec meditating reform or change? No! no! The Liberalism of her fathers is good enough for Quebec. Recently in one of the Quebec provincial elections a young politician, rising to address a meeting, was greeted by cries of 'Judas!' His father had been a Conservative, and he was speaking on the Liberal side. Or was it the other way about? At any rate the electors regarded politics as hereditary.

Canada is, in fact, conservative through and through. The British Liberal party would be regarded as rash revolutionaries here, for there is in Canada no considerable party which contemplates change. This has nothing to do with the question whether change is desirable or not; it is a national condition of mind. France, for instance, would have a radical party in parliament if she were under direct celestial government, simply because there will always be a certain number of Frenchmen whose minds desire change. The same is true of most European countries; but it is not true of Canada. This argues, first, stability and, secondly, comfort. I think that both are characteristic. Canada is

socially and economically very stable, and Canadians on the whole live very comfortably. Indeed, there can be very few lands where a competent man trained to any calling (except an artistic one) can more easily earn a competence. When we are comfortable, all is for the best; so we suppress any radical inclinations we may have, and turn conservative. Yet sometimes one wonders whether it would not be a good thing to expose the weak points in our civilization to more and freer criticism. Our most extreme 'progressives' are very mild people indeed, and Canadian life would be all the stronger for a few more active radicals.

II

We have seen that the typical 'Canuck' of the cartoons is the prairie farmer. But the prairies have been settled for only some forty years, and the prairie-born population is still small and young. It has been averred that no one is born in the prairies who can avoid it and that no one dies there who can get out in time. In this there is just a grain of truth. People come to the prairies in youth, and retire to Montreal or Victoria in old age. It is not to the prairies that we must look for a type of Canada; rather to the old Upper and Lower Canada, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

In Quebec live the oldest and most purely Canadian people of the Dominion. Henry Drummond interpreted the French Canadian from the English viewpoint; and recently a Frenchman, M. Hémon, in his masterpiece, *Maria Chapdelaine*, gave a most sympathetic picture of French-Canadian life.

French Quebec is a pastoral and self-supporting community, of a type which is getting rarer with each generation. The French Canadian lives a life set apart by religion, by language, and by

manner of living. Revolutions may overwhelm the outside world, industry may die, and capitalism may be shattered; the habitant would alter his life and his habits very little. His religion is a simple faith, rather out of fashion elsewhere, but he believes it.

The habitant is, indeed, the true Canadian, for he has no other country. One hundred and sixty years ago he was torn from his motherland; since then he has been under the protection of a flag whose traditions are not his; he can know no country but Canada.

There seems to be something in the wild life of the woods which appeals particularly to the French temperament. The English settler prefers more open ground; he is perhaps more successful economically. But, far out in the farthest settlements, far from the railroad, in the depths of the woods, you will find a French habitant breaking new ground and fighting again with Nature face to face. He can make his home in the woods. To him its vague tracks and trails mean far more than the pavements of the city. Indeed, he sometimes seems to look on the city as a kind of forest, to be conquered in the same way. A guide who had been called into Montreal by business was asked if he could find his way back alone to the railroad station. Surely he could. But was he quite sure? Of course he was: 'I blazed the trail on the way down.' And indeed each electric wire-post from station to house was marked by a neat chip.

One must not seek the Canadian types in the cities. Their population is mixed and unassimilated as in the United States, though Canada has not received the same mass of 'alien' city-dwellers as the United States. But Canadian and American cities are very much alike, and one is sometimes inclined to the idea that there is a difference in blood, which makes some of our

population take readily to industrial and city life while others remain unconverted country-dwellers. That curious heavy-jawed, fleshy, whitish person, who is too easily identified with the United States, is here, too. He is a city type, the result of over-feeding and under-thinking, one of the penalties paid for material success. But you will not meet him in the little country towns of Ontario or Nova Scotia, where man still struggles with the soil.

English-speaking Canada before the opening-up of the prairies included part of Quebec, Ontario, and the Maritime Provinces. It received a large part of its population in two waves. The first came at the close of the American War of Independence, when the Loyalists were driven into a scantily populated Canada. The second followed close after, an emigration of Scottish Highlanders in the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. These two settlements determined the national character of English Canada.

The injury done to the United States by the loss of some seventy thousand citizens whose only fault was loyalty is now generally acknowledged. Their arrival advanced Canada a long step toward responsible nationhood. Many of them were men of education, judgment, and experience in public affairs. Thousands of them found homes in Nova Scotia and Ontario, and the present Province of New Brunswick owes its existence to the Loyalists. In 1783 nearly twelve thousand arrived at St. John, 'the Loyalist city,' where, since then, May 18 has been celebrated as 'the landing of the Loyalists.'

Of those who settled in Ontario about one half were Scottish Highlanders who had been for so short a time in America that they had not yet learned to speak English. They had originally intended to settle near New

York; but they migrated to Glengarry, where they still to some extent preserve their Gaelic tongue.

The Highlander Scot was no new settler in Canada. After the English conquest, many Highland regiments had been disbanded in Quebec and had settled down among the French population. To-day some districts of Quebec are full of Frasers who speak only French; and during the recent war the Highland regiment of Montreal received as recruits French-speaking Macdonalds who traced their descent to a Scottish soldier.

The Highlander made an excellent settler. Largely drawn from the bare western coasts and islands of Scotland, he was well accustomed to struggle with a severe climate and a poor soil. Even the barren shores of Nova Scotia were not more barren than those he had left; in the valleys he found land better than any in the north of Scotland.

In Nova Scotia and Cape Breton the Highlander still maintains his nationality. The only Scottish Gaelic newspaper is published in Cape Breton; and there the children still learn the language of their ancestors and sing the songs which are in danger of being forgotten in the old land. Bring two Cape Breton men together and in half an hour they will be deep in the intricacies of kith and kin; for the Highlander is ever a genealogist. In the Annapolis Valley and in New Brunswick, English stock predominates; but the north and east of the Maritime Provinces are predominantly Scottish.

Indeed a Scot may justifiably be proud of the part which his countrymen took in the building of Canada, for they appear in rather unexpected places. At the surrender of Quebec to the English, the keys of the fortress were delivered by a Franco-Scot, Major de Ramezay, to a Scot, General Murray. The battle which decided

that surrender was fought on the Plains of Abraham, named after Abraham Martin, 'dit l' Écossais.'

But, to return to the Maritime Provinces — at the beginning of the nineteenth century hopes here ran high. It seemed natural that the traffic of Europe should come to the nearest ports, and many little towns still possess plans for great squares and spacious docks which never passed beyond paper. Traffic preferred the long water-route up the St. Lawrence, and Nova Scotia became a backwater. She still sees the traffic of Europe pass down to New York, but little of it stops at Halifax. She is too near Europe, too far from the United States. So to-day the population is not increasing, and the flood of the 'new immigration' has passed her by.

The typical 'bluenose' is the small farmer-fisherman, a handy man of many trades. He is independent in his ways and a little suspicious of strangers, among whom he includes 'Canadians.' Both from his New England and from his Scottish ancestors he has inherited a love of education, so that Nova Scotia is a land of schools and small universities. Except for the apple-lands of Annapolis, it is a comparatively poor country and, as its historians are proud to record, its greatest exports are men. The recent Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Robert Borden, came from Nova Scotia; the present Prime Minister of Great Britain came from New Brunswick; and the tale of distinguished men is long. The best type is energetic but reserved; for the 'bluenose' does not consider it necessary to be self-assertive.

The farmers are a pleasant folk to live among. Like the country-folk of New England, they are soft-spoken, courteous, and gentle in their manner, and kindly toward each other, as all people must be who have a long-settled

manner of life and a hard struggle with Nature. They are indeed isolated by position, as the habitant is isolated by intention; and in both cases it may be held that the isolation has had some good results. There is a great quality of humanity about their lives.

III

Most visitors to the English parts of Eastern Canada are, I think, struck by its overwhelming 'Scotchness.' In Montreal, for instance, McGill University is a Scottish university, transplanted. It was founded by one Scot and largely built and endowed by another. Its head is a 'principal,' not a 'president.' On the hill above it stands the hospital, architecturally a copy of Edinburgh Infirmary, and with one of its largest wings recently built by another Scotsman. The same is true of Ontario. Eastern Canada, where it is not French, is Scottish. And the Scot is a peculiar animal. At home he is one of the most unpatriotic persons possible. He takes a delight in pretending that he is a 'North Briton.' He has even been known to assume a form of English accent. But take him away from home, and he immediately becomes a fervent patriot, discovers the date of St. Andrew's Day, and even eats haggis, a viand which he would never touch at home.¹

The second or the third generation is even more Scottish than the first. I was recently introduced to a young man as a fellow countryman. I naturally asked when he had come out. He was born in Canada. When had his father come out? His father was born in Canada too, and his grandfather as

well. Three generations makes quite an old Canadian family; but he was Scottish still.

To Canada the Scot has brought his logical and intellectual trend, his dour religion, his clannishness, and his lack of appreciation for art. He has also, I think, brought industry and that cautious habit of mind which refuses to be hurried into a decision. The stranger in Canada will receive a hospitable welcome, but, if he proposes to settle down and become a Canadian, he must be prepared for a period of probation. During this time he will be wise to hold as few opinions as possible, never to express even those, and to show in general little individuality. He will be tested carefully, and taken into friendship when found worthy. However, he will find the friendship worthy, too, and in later years will even be allowed considerable latitude in his views.

There is a reason for this attitude toward the stranger. We in Canada are forced to be on the defensive. Habitable Canada is after all a narrow strip, and from it seven million people look out on one hundred and five million along four thousand miles. That unarmed four thousand miles may be one of the object-lessons of civilization, but there is a never-ceasing attack across it — that most insidious attack, the attack of influence, of a bigger civilization than our own.

Nationality — and character too — is created by opposition. Canada's nationality was created by the United States and is still kept alive by them. Her independence of Great Britain has been assured for years, and she has no doubts on that score; but her independence of the United States is less certain. She has, no doubt, political independence, but has she economic, or social, or cultural independence? The struggle is carried on without ill-will; it is, indeed, often unconscious,

¹ Haggis is a kind of pudding, made of oatmeal, milk, and all the bits of sheep which cannot be salted down. It is eaten by the small Scottish farmer from motives of economy. — THE AUTHOR.

particularly from the attacking side. Most Canadians admire much in their neighbor, and are willing to admit that in many essentials of culture she is in advance. But Canadians wish to be themselves; there are few things they dislike so much as being taken for 'Americans.' There is nothing so encouraging as a little struggle, and it is not the least of the gifts of the United States to Canada that she has helped and still helps to produce a national type. Canada, however, at present easily assumes a protective armor against both Englishmen and Americans. She will quite naturally dispense with it as she increases in social and economic independence. But our attitude toward international schemes, such as the St. Lawrence waterway, is deeply influenced by this feeling.

Possibly from his Scottish forbears, the Canadian has inherited a rather reserved character, which finds difficulty in outward expression; and though he is proud of his nationality, he rarely brags of it. So that desire for enthusiastic and organized good-fellowship which has produced the 'Kiwanians' and the 'Rotarians' is a little exotic in Canada. A stern sense of duty does sometimes impel the Canadian to wear a button, wave a flag, and call his friends 'Bub' or 'Bill' in public. But he does not do it with that wholehearted *abandon* which such things demand. A certain unnecessary modesty marks his efforts. I am told also that it is rather hard to 'organize a campaign.'

We here, in fact, dislike extremes. This general desire to take the middle way, to compromise on everything, and to regard moderation as the greatest of the virtues, is generally associated with the English people. It cannot be said that it makes a conspicuous or a picturesque people. Some would even

say that it makes an uninteresting people—an opinion with which I hasten to disagree. But it does make for an easy life. It makes for toleration, and that is a virtue which covers many sins in a democracy. Moderation pervades Canadian life. The business man does not even pretend to hustle all the time. Our strikes are never very big strikes. We are a tolerably rich country but not yet over-rich. In the universities football is not yet more important than education. An American whom I asked what he found distinctive in Canada replied without hesitation that to him we here seemed to carry nothing quite so far as in his own country. Prohibition, of course, is the most prominent example of this. We have not yet Dominion prohibition; no one really thinks we shall ever have it. It is significant that those provinces which have adopted it are free to reverse their decision tomorrow.

Of course too much moderation leads to lack of color and individuality; and just as I ventured to regret the lack of radicals in Canada, so I may here lament the lack of cranks. We have some, but we have not enough, and we do not know how to use those whom we have. For the crank is the salt of civilization. Too many cranks spoil the broth, but too few leave it tasteless. The proper use of the crank is one of the surest signs of a seasoned and well-established culture; a country which feels that its culture is still in formation is too much afraid of the enthusiast. But there are faint signs that we are improving. We have one or two—very mild—cubists.

Our strong point is independence. This I seem to have mentioned before; in fact, independence and the ubiquitous Scot pervade the article. But then—they pervade Canada, too.

BARRIERS TO FREEDOM

AN AUDIT OF INDIA'S HOPES AND FEARS

BY NICOL MACNICOL

I

THERE is a pause at present in the clamor of Indian politics, and it is well that it should be used to review and to appraise the situation. What does the pause imply?

There is a silence that saith, Ah, me;
There is a silence that nothing saith.

Which is this? Is it the silence of sullenness and anger, soon to break out again in violence, or the silence of listlessness and indifference? These are questions for those to answer upon whom has been laid the burden of the mystery of this Oriental people. To govern it is necessary to understand.

It is, I think, true to say that one effect of government by an elaborate machine is that those in control are apt to consider the highest good of the administration to consist in its smooth running. The manipulation of its wheels and screws becomes the chief end of their statesmanship. But a time arrives, and it has arrived now in India, when a higher type of wisdom is demanded of the rulers. Statesmen, not officials, — men who can see into the causes of the nation's ills, who can feel and gauge the gusts of passion and desire that are stirring in the hearts of the people round about them, and who have the courage to act accordingly, however precedent may fail them — leaders of that kind are demanded by

India's present condition, and the lack of such leaders makes the future uncertain and menacing.

It has always been a proverb that India is a land hard for the foreigner to understand, and a land about which it is dangerous for anyone to generalize. As a matter of fact, this mystery has been due to little else than the vastness and the silence of the Indian continent. But it is no longer to-day so vast or so silent. The shrinkage of a world that now, we are told, is to the wireless telegraphist only one tenth of a second in circumference, has affected India also. Lord Curzon, when he was Viceroy, described, in one of his sonorous phrases, some world-event of the time as 'reverberating through the whispering-galleries of the East.' There have been reverberations many and terrible since then, which have brought men together in fear, in hope, in jealousy of the stranger, in an awakening to national kinship.

These agitations have stirred the life of India no less than they have that of other lands. The dumb has found a voice. Someone recently in the House of Commons charged Mr. Montagu with having disturbed 'the pathetic contentment' of the Indian people. The pathos consists, one must suppose, in the fact that, once the sleeper wakes, no potions can charm him back to

slumber. From the point of view of many in the West the tragedy of the situation lies in the quickening of desire in these long-patient and submissive hearts. Where a temper of dispassion, of listlessness, had brooded for so long over a docile population, and 'love for the Ultimate and Universal' had happily absorbed their attention, the tides of worldly longing have now begun to surge and heave. It is a change that is disquieting to those who had profited by that 'pathetic contentment,' and it demands diagnosis.

The first fact that we have to face and understand is — Mahatma Gandhi. I do not propose to add another to the many attempts that have been made to pluck out the heart of this mystery; but no explanation of contemporary India can leave him out of account. When 'Lokamanya' Tilak died, someone described him as a 'portent.' He was that just because he was Lokamanya, that is, a demagogue, the voice of popular passion, crude, violent, dangerous. Gandhi is 'Mahatma,' and by that title he is linked, not with the gross, sensual, common man, but with India's ideal, India's dreams. In a Marathi poem, written seven centuries ago, the god Krishna is represented as describing the Mahatmas, 'the great-hearted,' 'who day and night are from all passion free.'

With pearls of peace their limbs they beautify;
Within their minds as in a scabbard I,
The All-Indweller, lie.

Therefore their love waxes unceasingly —
These great-souled ones; not the least rift can be
Between their hearts and me.

One of whom such thoughts as these can be thought is not a portent; he is a symbol. In him we see the spirit of India reawakening, calling up ideals, long forgotten, from their graves. Such is this frail man's power. He is India risen from the dead, and his voice stirs

in hearts all through the land emotions that are ancient and profound.

A shrewd observer has remarked that the influence that Mr. Gandhi exercises is not such as accompanies a political movement but such as accompanies a religious revival. The religion of that realist, that practitioner of *real politik*, B. G. Tilak, was a tool in the politician's hand. 'He used to challenge my interpretation of life,' Mr. Gandhi tells us, 'and frankly and bluntly would say truth and untruth were only relative terms, but at the bottom there was no such thing as truth and untruth, just as there was no such thing as life and death.'

That is the voice of the Indian casuist, and Indian philosophy lends itself to such subtle and poisonous doctrine. Gandhi's message pierces beneath the message of the Vedanta to a deeper and not less ancient fountain of Indian wisdom. He claims to follow in the footsteps of Buddha and Christ, and in doing so he places himself in the succession of the Hindu *bhaktas*, those who, in however varying measure, recognize and reverence a moral order. He believes in God and duty, even as Mazzini did, and his central message affirms 'the sovereign virtue of sacrifice without retaliation.' Sometimes, with the fanaticism of a mediæval Christian monk or a modern evangelist, he preaches the supreme efficacy of 'blood.' It is a word that seldom fails to touch deep and passionate chords in the human soul. One heart ablaze sets another on fire. 'I know that people have sometimes gone mad,' he said to the judge who tried him at Ahmedabad. And he went on: 'You will have a glimpse of what is raging within my breast to run the maddest risk which a man can run.'

He knew that he was playing with fire; he took the risk. His business was to set India ablaze. That is why he is

in jail to-day. The British judge who sentenced him to six years' imprisonment said to him in doing so: —

Having regard to the nature of your political teachings and the nature of many of those to whom they were addressed, how you can have continued to believe that violence would not be an inevitable consequence, it passes my capacity to understand. There are few people in India who do not sincerely regret that you should have made it impossible for any Government to leave you at liberty. But it is so.

The prisoner in the dock urged no plea in extenuation of his crime. He was wholly submissive and wholly unrepentant. 'I am here,' he said, 'to invite and submit cheerfully to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a deliberate crime, and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen.'

These exchanges are at least unusual between the magistrate's bench and the prisoner's dock. A parallel has been freely drawn between that scene and the scene before the judgment-seat of Pilate, between 'the weaver of Sabar-mati' and the Carpenter of Nazareth. There is, perhaps, this at least of similarity, that both prisoners were looking beyond the immediate present to remoter consequences. Their eyes 'dream against a distant goal.' Mr. Gandhi was deliberately and gladly laying himself upon the altar, in order that his people might be born again to what he believed would be a higher level of living. He would light a fire in India that should never be put out.

The actions of Mr. Gandhi were not, then, those of an aimless fanatic. They were all directed consistently to a single end — the creation of a new spirit of strength and self-respect in India. In one of his most outspoken articles in his paper, *Young India*, an article with the curious title 'Shaking the Manes,' he challenges, in behalf of

India, the utmost that the 'hard fibre' of Britain can do to crush the awakening Indian spirit. The fight, he says, is to be a fight to a finish, but 'I hope and pray,' he goes on, 'that God will give India sufficient humility and sufficient strength to remain nonviolent to the end.' Every item in his programme has its place there as a means of making the people inwardly strong and self-respecting, and is meant to create 'a spirit that will neither bend nor break.' He holds that the domination in India of 'the most determined people in the world' has had the effect of crushing the spirit of those under their control; and by being continually told that they are not fit to govern themselves they are being made unfit. He would awaken in them the conviction that they can achieve their own destiny, and that they can do so 'without any further tutelage and without arms.'

Some who distrust the bona fides of this leader allege that he advocates nonviolence only because in the circumstances a programme of violence is doomed to failure; that he teaches this method as a policy, not as a *dharma* or matter of principle. That view is in direct contradiction to Mr. Gandhi's whole message and to his repeated declarations. No one can doubt that he is sincere in his belief that the strength he labors to create in India, that by means of which he believes that she shall achieve her destiny, is an inward strength based upon purity and love.

These are lofty aspirations, and, unless we are prepared to call their promulgator in plain terms a hypocrite, we must grant him a place of his own among the revolutionaries. It is not strange that he has been compared with Christ, when we find him echoing, in an environment so inhospitable to such a message, some of the central

thoughts of Christ. That he has caught the attention of so great a multitude, that, still more, he has won the hearts of so many among them, is an amazing fact, and, one is inclined to affirm, is something possible only in India. It is a poor business, and an unworthy, to belittle his achievement. Whatever deductions may have to be made as a result of more careful scrutiny, that achievement remains astounding. But now that an interval has been given for reflection, we are bound to ask how far Mahatma Gandhi has actually achieved an aim so high. Has he created a new spirit in India deep enough and sufficiently widespread among the people to make it possible to claim for him that he has opened the way to freedom?

He himself believed that the period that has now come would be the time when his work would be tested. It is not possible indeed to claim for Mr. Gandhi that he has been consistent in his utterances; and his broken promises of *swaraj*, as they appeared to many of his followers, undoubtedly helped to create, as time passed, a temper of disillusionment. This disillusionment was due, no doubt, to a failure to realize that every promise was conditional. The majority gave heed to the fair hopes he held up before them, but lent a deaf ear to the harsh warnings that accompanied them. The time of purgation had to come, and it has come.

In his worthiest hours Mr. Gandhi distrusted his own popularity. He desired to conquer, not by force of the numbers of his nominal following, but by the power of conviction of those who understood. 'I have become literally sick,' he said a few weeks before his arrest, 'of the adoration of the unthinking multitude. I would feel certain of my ground if I was spat upon by them. . . . I see that our nonviolence is skin-deep.' He even suggested that his imprisonment might be a benefit to

the people. It would show, he said, that he had not the supernatural powers that the superstitious credited him with; it would try the reality of the people's faith in his programme and, at the same time, their ability to carry on their activities without his leadership; and, finally, it would give him 'a quiet and physical rest, which,' he added, and no one can dispute it, 'perhaps I deserve.'

II

It is extraordinarily difficult, in a land so vast and varied as is India, to pronounce any confident judgment as to the prevailing mood of the people. In the Marathi region, for example, Mr. Gandhi's influence has never been widespread or deep. They distinguish there, as those who are perhaps the most 'realist' race in India, between the saint in him and the politician. The former they reverence; the latter they have followed reluctantly, and with no faith in his programme. Now that his personal influence is withdrawn, they are making use of the opportunity to reinstate the policy of their own admired leader, Mr. Tilak.

Almost all the leaders who have arisen in the Marathi country have come from among the Chitpawan Brahmans, whose 'hardheadedness' and practical statesmanship have perhaps helped to encourage the fantastic theory that, gray-eyed as some of them are, they may trace their pedigree to Scandinavian ancestors and have their Oriental mysticism crossed with the colder calculation of the North. Certainly their idealism is in little danger of 'leaving the earth to lose itself in the sky,' as Mr. Gandhi's may be said to do. Was not the programme for many a decade, even of their social reformers, the unheroic one of 'progress along the line of least resistance'? They are accordingly taking the opportunity that

is now granted them to disengage the political Gandhi from the saintly Gandhi, and to bring the Congress policy down to earth again.

There is certainly, not only in the Marathi country, but throughout the whole of India, a power working all the time against the 'Noncoöperation' policy, with its demand for sacrifice — the power of self-interest. The Mahatma makes great demands. Tilak, the worldly-wise, harnessed religion and politics side by side to the chariot of swaraj. But one who denounces untouchability and speaks so frequently of Christ — how can he, however much he protests himself a Hindu, escape the suspicion of the orthodox? He claims indeed to have 'experimented' by 'introducing religion into politics'; and in making that claim, he pronounces judgment on the religion, with the elephant-headed Ganpati as its symbol, which Tilak at an earlier period summoned to his aid. Tilak's experiment had introduced the outward emblems of Hinduism and the forces of orthodoxy and reaction into politics, but not the reality of religion. Mr. Gandhi sought to do so.

But here we touch, I think, the fatal defect of Mr. Gandhi's entire political structure — 'the one weak place that's stanchioned with a lie.' The lie is not, indeed, the gross one that Mr. Tilak used. Mr. Gandhi is incapable of deliberate deceit; but he has been, one cannot but feel, self-deceived. He has adjusted his lofty teaching to mean political uses. He who should have been free to follow his own ideal, unimpeded, had, as Swami Vivekananda said of himself long ago, 'become entangled.' He goes far to acknowledge this himself. 'If I seem to take part in politics,' he says, 'it is only because politics encircle us to-day like the coil of a snake from which one cannot get out. no matter how much one tries.'

It seems as if, as time goes on, the snake is wrapping its coils ever closer around him. Perhaps at the last the prison-cell presented itself to him in the aspect of a way of escape from an intolerable contradiction.

But if he was glad to escape from the temptations of expediency to the shelter of a jail, there are many who were still more glad to yield to these temptations. And now that he is no longer there, the saint, to rebuke them, they can yield the more easily and comfortably. Undoubtedly it is true of a large section of the population that the Mahatma's level was too lofty for them. They had grown somewhat weary, and were glad to relax. The pull of the worldly spirit was against his success. He wound them up too high; and they are now well content to get back to earth and to get on once more with their money-making.

The financial debacle is another element in the situation which has told powerfully against him. Many financial magnates are among the Mahatma's most devoted followers. It was easy to follow him and to be generous in support of his schemes in the years of the war and after, when their wealth seemed to have no limits. But now the lean years have come and enthusiasm has chilled. Counsels of prudence are more likely to be heeded, and there is a certain soreness in the remembrance of great sums, now irrecoverable, given away at the gust of impulse and by the persuasions of this impractical saint.

It is surely a tragedy when a government has to place its hopes upon the triumph of the grosser elements in the souls of the people whom it governs, when it has to desire eagerly that worldliness shall return and engulf them as in the past. If only Brahma will sink back again into his heavy slumber, the *pralaya*, the period of catastrophe, which threatens us will

pass, and those in authority will be able to set the machinery of administration going again and 'pathetic content' will reign as heretofore. 'I fear,' Mr. Gandhi says in one of his many writings, 'we will have to admit that moneyed men support British rule; their interest is bound up with its stability.'

It is true, of course, that law and order are necessary for the pursuit of a man's honest avocations and for the maintenance of what is called civilization. It is true, too, that idealism may be a dangerous dynamite in the hands of folly or of ignorance, or even of *sancta simplicitas*. At the same time, there is, surely, something wrong with a state when the only place for the idealist whom all, even the judge who condemns him, respect, is the prison-cell, and when the strength of the state lies, not in its people's fear of God, but in their desire for gain. There is some justification in these circumstances for Mr. Gandhi's view that civilization is a disease with which England is 'afflicted.' It is irreligion, and 'makes bodily welfare the object of life.' It is, alas, a disease that afflicts India too, whether it is to be pronounced indigenous or an importation from the West. Undoubtedly the downward pull of this 'civilization,' the desire to cease troubling for a while about swaraj and self-purification, and to resume the making of money, has been a more effective ally of the bureaucracy than all their skill and statesmanship.

These things have caused what is at least a temporary weakening of Mr. Gandhi's amazing power. What is generally considered common sense will keep breaking in, and now its voice begins to be heeded. This is a quality that the Moderates possess in abundance. They are believers, like the rest of us, in civilization. They are not carried off their feet and they do not

carry others off their feet. They are able to do little, for they do not awaken passion; they do not touch the heart. Moderation makes a poor 'slogan' with the multitude. Its advocates bring no torch such as Mr. Gandhi carries, with which to kindle a prairie fire. He calls his method that of *ahimsa*, nonviolence, even love; but it can hardly be questioned that, when it passes from his lips to his hearers' hearts, it is a flame still, but a flame now of hate. Hence the massacres of Malabar and Bombay and Chauri-Chaura. Is it simplicity or is it vanity that persuades him that, by waving his wand, he can tame this tiger? From 'mobocracy' he will evolve democracy by 'a process of national purification, training, and sacrifice.' Surely no leader such as this has ever before perplexed the minds of those who would understand him and estimate his influence; no leader who combined so much nobility and so much folly, such qualities fitted at once to exalt a people and to endanger the safety of the state.

It is a difficult, if not an impossible, task that Mr. Gandhi has set himself. He would be at once a stimulus and a restraint. He would awaken in his fellow countrymen simultaneously passion and self-control. In the former task he has had a success that is amazing; in the latter he has failed, and he is, I think, conscious that he has failed. It is a question now whether his half success will not prove presently an entire failure, and whether those so suddenly awakened are not even now sinking back again to slumber. He has created what is little better than a frenzy, as he calls it himself, which may burn itself out in a brief and destructive conflagration, and then be succeeded by a deeper desolation than before. He was dismayed himself once, when he stood in the streets of Bombay, by the battered victims of a

ferocity he had done much to unleash. That again was followed by other warnings, even more hideous, that made him pause. 'What if,' he cries, 'when the fury bursts, not a man, woman, or child is safe and every man's hand is raised against his fellow being? Of what avail is it then if I fast myself to death in the event of such a catastrophe coming to pass?'

He had good reason for such misgivings. India has no lack of inflammable material in its wide, sun-scorched plains. Perhaps, after all, the cold prudence of the Government is a wiser guide on the road to swaraj. But who will believe it? There is no more sinister aspect of the situation than the deep, invincible distrust of the good faith of Great Britain and her representatives in India that possesses the leaders of the people. Moderate and extremist alike believe — and much in recent financial transactions gives them valid excuse for their belief — that shopkeeper England is out for loot in her relation to India. This widespread conviction has wrought disastrously upon the attitude of the thoughtful and articulate classes toward the foreign ruler. So long as this is so, what place can there be for that gratitude which some demand?

The 'white man's burden' is the occasion only of a sneer. Whether with good cause or without, it yet is true today that India, who once in a measure revered England as her *guru*, her spiritual preceptor, now no longer does so. No one can ever deny that Great Britain has brought to India very great gifts. It is she that has shown to her the face of Liberty, and 'terrible are the loves she has inspired.' And yet we now see India, as represented by some of her noblest sons, averting her face from this foster-mother, at whose knee she has learned such lessons. We see her turning away, critical and sus-

picious, 'ashes to the very soul.' Distrust, deepening into 'nonviolent' hate on the one hand, and on the other a new ambition to live her own life, a new faith in herself, and an intoxicating dream of power — these make together a mood that is full of peril to the public peace.

III

These are some of the elements that blend to form the complex and baffling situation in which we find the Indian peoples at the present time. The ingredients are mingled in varying proportions in one section of the community and in another, in one province in the North and in another in the South. Dominant over the whole has been the personality of Mahatma Gandhi, broadcasting, like a central wireless telephone station, a message of extraordinary stimulus and quickening. Hope and agitation and disappointment have swept across the land in wave after wave. Wherever any spark of anger or discontent has been kindled, this wind that is abroad fans it to a dangerous flame. The brutal passion of a planter; the long-established custom of impressing labor for Government purposes on the Frontier; the privilege of the 'poor white' to have a third-class compartment reserved for him in the train — such matters as these are no longer ordinary matters of injustice or of crime; they become occasions for the clash of interracial warfare; they feed the fires of interracial hate.

It may be that the hopes that Mr. Gandhi kindled are fading, that the flames are dying down, and that the Imperial Fire Brigade has now got the situation 'well in hand.' But beneath the ashes of the dying conflagration there smoulder Tartarean fires, and no one can tell when they may break forth again. Certainly we may well

fear that there will be further outbreaks of violence, bloodstained and full of peril to the state.

There have been warnings enough already that such events hover near and threatening. We have had some grim samples. There were, first, the horrors of Malabar in the South; then the horrors of Chauri-Chaura in the North. In both cases it is obvious that what might have been an insignificant outbreak of disorder was transformed by the atmosphere of the time into a hideous orgy of blood and violence. It is true that in both cases there was serious cause for discontent. India's agrarian troubles are not new, and they will not soon or easily come to an end. But the oppression of the landlord becomes to his oppressed and ignorant tenant only one item more in the crime-sheet of the ruler — one item more, which suddenly arouses him from sullenness to fierce and brutal acts.

Another centre that is being watched with considerable anxiety is the Punjab. Names from that province have come to be the rallying cries of hate. Amritsar and Jallianwalla Bagh are being used with the same skill and for the same purpose with which Antony held up Cæsar's blood-stained mantle. 'O piteous spectacle! O most bloody sight! Revenge! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!' The reaction to such a stimulus is inevitable. And when it is in the land of the Sikhs that the stimulus is applied, the reaction is likely to be as violent as ever it was in the streets of Rome.

No wonder then that the movements of the Akalis are causing anxiety to the authorities. This is a fanatical sect of Sikhs, who are to their religion very much the same as the Ghazi is to that of the Mohammedans. They claim as a right of their sect to carry arms; and when zeal for their religion reinforces zeal for their country's honor and the

reawakening of old ambitions for dominance, there is danger enough that they will not only carry arms, but use them. How near sheer barbarism lies to the surface among these people was shown when a conflict of extraordinary ferocity took place within the courts of one of their temples between a company of Akalis and the armed retainers of the high priest of the temple. The story reveals at the same time how cunningly the horrors of even this crime can be used to feed the fires of patriotic hate. For the lie was soon passing from bazaar to bazaar, that the massacre was wrought with the approval, or at least the tacit connivance, of the British administrators.

There are other lesser symptoms of unrest that one can note in every province. To-day it affects the coolie workers in Assam; to-morrow the employees of the East Indian Railway. It breaks out among the hillmen of the frontier; among the Bhils of a Rajputana state; among mill-workers in Madras. Industrial discontent, agrarian discontent, discontent with long-tolerated caste-exclusiveness and pride — every wrong however ancient, now looms through the mist of ill-will with an aspect to exasperate and embitter that it never bore before. The non-Brahman refuses to coöperate with the Braham, and leaves the Brahman's fields untilled, his clothes unwashed, and his beard unshaved. The Brahman, himself a non-coöperator with the Government, is hoist with his own petard, and quite unable to see the humor of the situation. Hate is a dangerous devil to unchain. No one can be sure that he will not turn round, like Porus's infuriated elephants, upon the ranks of those who let him loose against their enemies. Perhaps this reflection also is occupying some minds during these days of truce.

But the root cause of India's unhappiness, but for which the great

multitude of her people would pay little heed to the incitements of the agitator, is her poverty. There is a ribald saying of the Anglo-Indians of an older generation that an Indian can live on the smell of an oil rag. He cannot, but sometimes he is almost compelled to try. It seems as if the land were becoming poorer and poorer, and the desert were encroaching slowly but steadily upon the sown. It is said that once upon a time Sind was a fruitful land. Wide tracts of the Deccan seem to be on the way to becoming what Sind to-day is. It is true that wide tracts of the desert have been won back to fertility by great systems of irrigation. But the area within which harvests are becoming more and more precarious is, it seems, extending steadily and continuously. That at least appears to be the experience within the last few years. The increase of prices may sometimes mean that the rich are becoming richer; it always means that the poor are becoming poorer.

By irrigation, by improved agricultural methods, this evil may be, and is being, palliated. But it remains a very formidable evil still. When the rains fail and the fields lie brown and empty, there is only one thing to do. Men and women and children — their cattle sold or dead — must strike the weary trail for work. And so the city sucks them into its black depths. The last census of Bombay reveals the fact that only nineteen per cent of its million inhabitants are natives of the city. The great bulk of them have been blown there like dust or withered leaves by the hot winds that sweep across the plains.

One notable feature of our industrial organization [to quote Mr. A. C. Chatterjee, Secretary to the Government of India, Department of Industries] is that the workers are practically all recruited from the ranks of agriculture. They travel long distances, in many cases hundreds of

miles, to tracts where a different language, a different climate, and an entirely different environment confront them, in addition to the strangeness of unfamiliar, continuous, and sometimes dangerous work in closed buildings and areas.

These are circumstances which are not satisfactory from the point of view either of the master or of the worker. They create inefficiency and they create discontent; but, most of all, they create misery and disease and vice. The tale of industrialism, written in the West in smoke and squalor, is being repeated to-day in India, and the same pall that blackens our own land is being cast across the brilliance of her sunshine.

Already we can see, even in the jungles of the land, 'the spreading of the hideous town.' A black, steel-smelting city called Jamshedpur has arisen in the midst of the wide solitudes of Behar. In these iron factories and in the mills of Bombay and Calcutta and Madras work simple, ignorant peasant men and women, to whom the furnaces and the machines are strange demons to be appeased. They are as little adapted to live in their new surroundings as are their cows and their buffalos. Their children die; they become entangled in the net of the city's iniquities; they are fortunate, indeed, if they can presently escape back to the lesser tragedy of a life — even if it be on only one meal a day — lived in the clean air of their native village. The love of their own 'country,' the region in which they were born and their fathers were born before them, is often inarticulate, but it is always deep in the peasantry of India.

No one needs to remind us that the devil does not have his lair only in the city's streets. Mr. Gandhi seems to believe that there is something diabolic in machinery. 'It is machinery,' he says, 'that has impoverished India.'

That is, of course, pure fantasy and prejudice. He declares again, 'Impoverished India can become free, but it will be hard for any India made rich through immorality to regain its freedom.' There is at the same time an element of sorrowful truth in his denunciations. Mill-woven cotton is in danger, as he declares, of getting into the lungs of India, as of other lands as well. It is not the machine, but the materialism of which the machine is apt to be the symbol, that is the danger. The *charka* — the spinning-wheel — that Mr. Gandhi has emblazoned on his flag may signify, just as much as any power-loom, a spirit that is materialized and worldly. What Mr. Gandhi really desires to teach is, as the Greek poet sings, that 'the soul's wealth is the only wealth.' The *Gujerati* for civilization, he tells us, is 'good conduct,' and all men of goodwill must wish him well if he desires to translate into that language the materialism and the greed of so much that calls itself civilization.

It is really the enslavement of the soul that this man, when he understands himself aright and is truest to his central aim, desires to overthrow. That is the *swaraj* that he has set before himself, though he has often lost sight of the goal, and missed the

straight path to it. Neither machinery, nor an English education, nor the 'Satanic' British Government, is the real enemy that hinders him and that hinders India from attaining this desire. It surely is disastrous folly to speak, as he has spoken, of 'the hallucination of Schools and Colleges'; to declare, as he has declared, that 'Tilak and Ram Mohan Roy would have been far greater men if they had not the contagion of English learning.' The hindrances in the way of the attainment of that high *swaraj* are indeed many and formidable. Poverty is one, as we have seen; ignorance is another; ancient and deep-ingrained prejudice, dividing class from class as by impassable gulfs of contempt, is a third. The coöperation of every man of goodwill, of whatever race or creed, is needed if these tremendous barriers to freedom are to be overthrown. No one could have more fitly or effectively exercised to this end a ministry of reconciliation than Mahatma Gandhi. He lies in prison, as do many others who might have been his fellow workers in a task so noble. Noncoöperation has failed, and repression has failed and will fail. Force is no remedy. It is time, for India's sake, that we all return to sanity and coöperate with one accord for the nation's highest good.

FRANCE AND THE RUHR

THE PEASANT-PROPRIETOR SPEAKS

BY ABEL CHEVALLEY

I

IN the course of my career I was for four years in charge at the Quai d'Orsay of the questions affecting the relations of France with the two Americas. But I do not feel myself either obliged or inclined to repeat for my American readers the official arguments of France against Germany on the Reparations question and on the affair of the Ruhr. These have been admirably and finally set out by M. Poincaré. Nor shall I try to refute German propaganda in the United States. All propaganda is a kind of boomerang. The only useful propaganda is that based on facts. A lie uncovered cuts off the retreat of him who first set it going.

Let me then set aside the paraphernalia of modern propaganda, and give you not my opinion, but my experience, of the French attitude. It is a long experience, for I belong to a generation which came of age shortly after the war of 1870. It is an experience wide enough and varied enough to free me from any suspicion of preconceived ideas. I am a countryman by birth, a small artisan by education, and the vicissitudes of life have brought me, heaven knows why, into contact with every class of society in my own country, and in many others where I have represented France as Consul and as Minister. During all this time I necessarily remained a middle-class

Parisian whilst I lived in France. My tastes and my habits have now led me to become a small rural proprietor. To be quite frank, I am the Mayor, by election, of a tiny village of vine-growers in the district of Vouvray, in Touraine, the heart of France.

Though for twenty years it has often been my duty to set forth the official point of view in public, my best claim to represent the attitude of France towards Germany is, perhaps, that I live, in Paris and in the country, in close contact with those small artisans, those small proprietors, those small tradespeople, all extremely individualistic, who are the dominant force in my country.

In Paris I have lived for twenty-two years (except during my absences abroad) in one of the large southern quarters where there is no big business. The economic activity of this quarter is seen in the small workshops, and the small shops, carried on entirely by the family, or a very small number of employees. It is the life of the provinces transplanted to Paris. It is the missing link, that foreigners are all looking for and that so few know how to find, between the capital and the rest of the country. The only point of complete resemblance between Paris and France is in this very great number of practically independent workers. In the

world of thought and in the world of work they were the soldiers of all our revolutions in the nineteenth century. They resisted every effort to centralize political authority or economic power. In France, the large stores have not yet killed the small shopkeepers. The large manufacturers have not yet crushed the small employer. Joint-stock companies have multiplied and have successively taken charge of all branches of production and commerce. But for all that they have not yet got the upper hand of private enterprise in France. Private enterprise, aware that it is threatened, nevertheless rubs along. One might have thought that soon, in France as in other countries, there would not be a single individual left who was not the agent or the employee of a big company. Not at all. Shopkeepers and artisans have survived. Their trade associations resist the domination of the wholesalers, and the competition of their gigantic rivals. Politically they withstand the workers and even the intellectuals. Since the war they have held their heads higher than ever. Even at Paris they have increased rather than diminished in numbers compared with 1913. The war seems to have left many ex-soldiers sick of authority in any shape or form. They prefer the risks of a small business of their own to the higher wages which they could earn in the service of a trust. There are three million men of this type in France, making eight or nine million persons when you count their families. At Paris and in several of the large cities such as Bordeaux, Nantes, or Rouen, they outnumber the workmen employed in the large factories, and they effectively dominate the municipal councils and business.

My village is in Touraine, not the well-fed and scented Touraine of the châteaux, valleys, and villas, the only one known to the tourist. It is a little

commune in Upper Touraine between Châteaurenault and Vouvray, on the river la Brenne, which descends from Vendôme to the Loire. Of two hundred and thirty voters there are only three or four who are not proprietors. Except for the châtelain none of these proprietors possesses more than twenty acres, — I am one of them, — and the majority of them have only from two to four acres. This condition obtains in nearly all France. In the middle of this solid mass of peasant owners, the nobles and bourgeois are more or less isolated, without influence on local affairs. These peasants govern themselves. They are not organized into political parties, and, although agricultural interests dominate France, there is as yet no agrarian party in Parliament. But Parliament does not dominate local life. Nine tenths of the municipal assemblies and of the departmental councils are in the hands of the small rural owner.

But let us return to my village. All the inhabitants of my village are both farmers and vine-growers. Even the smith and the grocer, the butcher and the baker, possess a small strip of vineyard or of arable land. None of them is really rich, none of them employs other hands than the members of his family, and occasionally one or two day-laborers. But none of them is poor. There are only five or six families with more than four children. The majority, alas, have only two — three at the utmost. About a fifth had bought Russian bonds before 1914. Three quarters have bought French bonds before, during, and since the war.

There has been an enormous intellectual change among them during the last twenty or thirty years, thanks to the great development of elementary education which is the principal achievement of the Third Republic. Their ways of living are still mean, but

they are no longer the ignorant masses described by J. C. Bodley twenty years ago, or the 'swarming millions embroiled by toil, avarice, and superstition,' whom J. B. Crozier considered thirty years ago as the great obstacle to the political evolution of France. They read much and they think much more. I have lived among the peasants of Norway and I know those of England. I can assure my readers that the peasants of France are to-day, taken as a whole, in process of becoming just as cultivated intellectually, though they live less comfortable lives.

There are about thirty-three thousand little communes of this sort in France. They are inhabited by four million small peasant-proprietors. These, added to the three million artisans and shopkeepers of whom I have already spoken, make about seven million Frenchmen living a life as independent as can be imagined in a world where all men depend on one another. These individualists do not constitute the whole of France, but they are the dominant majority. Nothing can be done without their consent, and nothing can be done against their wishes. They are irresistible because they are indefatigable. They don't write and they don't speak in public. They are not organized as a class. The day is coming when they will be welded more firmly together, but they have an instinctive distrust of collective tyrannies, even the tyranny which might result from their own unions. Passive resistance and slow pressure are their weapons. They do not know themselves.

No one has yet really translated the aspirations of this mass of men, for they have not yet emerged into self-consciousness. A hundred years ago they thought only of keeping their land, of acquiring a little more, and of freeing themselves from clerical and

military domination. Since then the political and religious tyranny that the average Frenchman feared has receded before his patient resistance. It is he who has made impossible the domination of the three great moral forces which contend for the control of contemporary France — Catholic Clericalism, Internal Militarism, and International Socialism. Each of these forces has contributed more or less usefully, more or less legitimately, to the shaping and to the misshaping of public opinion in France. Each has left its impress on the average Frenchman, but he has gradually eaten into them and slowly transformed them, because they all threatened his independence. If to-morrow he became a socialist in name, it would not mean that socialism had conquered him, but that he had conquered socialism by diluting and dissolving the residue of collectivism in socialism. His destiny is to maintain not so much his political liberty (which after all is only a means), but his economic independence, and his personal liberty, which he silently considers as the best things that life can give. He is not 'merry and bright.' Nothing could be duller for the average American than his existence; but he is happy in so far as man can be happy — that is, in proportion to his capacity for realizing his own potentialities.

II

This is the man who is at once the real master and the best servant of France. Twenty times in two thousand years, thrice in a century, German invasions have brought out the most characteristic of his natural instincts. He and his like know German civilization by tradition, and by their own experience. They respect it for its power and for its organizing capacity, but they feel that it is entirely opposed to their own

conception of life. I dare not say their ideal, for they make it a point to see things as they are. The average German is quite satisfied to be a part in a whole, to be a serviceable cog in a piece of first-class machinery. The average Frenchman loathes the 'mécanisation de la vie.' Between the two there is an abyss.

Ten years ago, the Germans had made such marvelous progress that the wisest prophets predicted the total disappearance of the type of existence and civilization that France represents. A miracle of energy and the help of her allies enabled France not only to resist but to conquer. But the French were decimated and their country was devastated. They thought that the Peace Treaty would give them reparation at once and security for the future. They realize that they were either mistaken or misled. During these four years they have agreed to successive reductions in the payments promised by Germany, and the guaranties of security given by their allies have been whittled away. Out of their own pockets they had undertaken the reconstruction of the regions that Germany had devastated, and not only did they not know whether they would be repaid, but they had a new war in prospect. They faced their ruins and their danger alone.

So they decided last January that they would also act alone. A means of pressure, possibly a means of payment, possibly a guaranty of security, was within their reach—the Ruhr. They seized it. It was a leap in the dark, it is true. No one could say last January whether the occupation of the Ruhr would give France either the security or the reparation which she *must* have, or die. The very existence of France and of French civilization was as much threatened in January 1923 as in July 1914. We had to act then or never.

We had to make a choice — even a blind choice. The choice has been made in face of the opposition of the world.

The question now is what we *want* to get out of our choice, and what we *can* get out of it. At the moment when I write it looks as if negotiations might very shortly begin. I am not going to give here a list of the demands of France, but I want to try to explain them.

If the word philosophy were not too grandiloquent when applied to a class which is inscrutable, prosaic, unimaginative and inarticulate, I should say that the key to the French attitude can be found only in the philosophy of those middle classes which I have just described.

Is it necessary for me to say here and now that they are neither militarists nor imperialists? The very notion of all that these two words imply is contrary to their way of looking at life. The greatest misery for a man who is passionately devoted to liberty is not to be a convict but to be a jailer. If France became the jailer of Germany she would be Germany's prisoner as certainly as if she had been conquered.

When my country folk in Touraine and my neighbors in Montrouge talk about this question with one another, they often make use of such phrases as, '*Il faut nous protéger sans nous enfoncer.*' '*Il faut dévider sans emmêler.*' ('We must be protected without being paralyzed.' 'We must roll the skein of wool into a ball without getting it tangled.') In other words, they were not altogether comfortable about the occupation of the Ruhr with all its possibilities of entanglement. Their native shrewdness warned them that the operation was not only dangerous but of doubtful profit. But they did not hesitate. A sure instinct told them that it was better to make a blunder than to do nothing at all. Now they are re-

assured. The Ruhr perhaps won't give them what they are expecting, but it will give them something which is better than anything else and which they had not ventured to hope for. Germany will make up her mind to pay because France has made up her mind to be paid. The Germans will at last learn that desire for security which we ourselves have felt for so long.

It is true that in itself the Ruhr is an insufficient guaranty either of reparation or security. It is to our advantage to allow the big German industrialists to go on working, for otherwise we shall have the population to feed. Yet if we do allow them to go on working we shall not be exercising an irresistible pressure on the magnates who are the real masters of Germany. Hence it would seem that we must exploit the Ruhr on our own account. But the Ruhr can give us only coal and its by-products. Now coal alone even with its by-products is not a paying commodity. The direct financial profits of the occupation are in any case small in comparison with its expenses. It would have been no consolation for the small owners, the small tradespeople, the small artisans of France, even if the occupation of the Ruhr had renewed the prosperity of our large metal industry. They have no more liking for the industrial trusts and the financiers than they have for the priest or for G.H.Q. If they had been asked to risk the lives of their sons in the Ruhr to enrich the Schneiders, the Wendels, and other steel kings, they would have been furious.

But in this respect they were only too soon enlightened. During the first three months of the occupation the French metal industry had to close down 40 of the 116 blast furnaces which were in full swing on the first of January. There are 219 blast furnaces in France, and only 76 were in action

at the beginning of April. And so the bonds of 'La Grosse Métallurgie,' secured on Reparations, fell thirty points. Most of these bonds were held by the class of people of whom I am now speaking. If the French and German metallurgical interests reach an agreement for the exchange of Ruhr coke against Lorraine ore, nobody in France will be slow to approve. Nor can anyone in England or America object: a two-party agreement of this sort cannot involve as dangerous a competition to Anglo-Saxon industry as Germany's undivided control of both the coke and the ore up to 1918.

Whatever happens, the occupation of the Ruhr is not considered by the average Frenchman as a financial panacea. Nor is it a military and territorial panacea. It was not necessary for us to go to Essen to threaten Essen. Our real line of defense would be this side of the Rhine, if worse came to worst.

III

I say nothing here of the dismemberment of Germany. The average Frenchman does not even think of it. A certain school of specialists and a certain school of publicists may perhaps dream of it and make speeches about it, but dismemberment is a thing which never comes from without. The disruption of the German Empire would certainly be a move toward universal peace, and the historian would see nothing surprising in it. But no Frenchman, town-bred or country-bred, dares to hope that the military spirit of Germany, and with it her moral unity, will disappear. If ever German unity were threatened, for example by a quarrel between the Communists of Saxony and the Royalists of Bavaria, we should take no part for or against. It would be quite enough for us if the administrative and military hegemony

of Prussia were weakened. We know that unfortunately it is East Prussia, Slav in origin, which has stamped its military character on the whole of Germany, and we should be delighted if the Rhenish Provinces rid themselves of this domination; but that is their own affair.

We have gone into the Ruhr, not to secure any immediate and definite result, but in order to obtain reparation and security. What the middle classes in France repudiate most warmly is the charge that we are in process of realizing an historical dream—the military domination of Europe. We desire no annexation, and it would be madness if we did. We do not even desire the disguised annexation of a Rhineland state, subject to the exclusive influence of France and Belgium. A Rhineland Republic, thus created, would inevitably gravitate back to Germany.

It is not a question of France's choosing between reparation and security—she wants both. She wants to be paid; because if Germany does not repay the enormous sums which we have had to spend, we are doomed to internal bankruptcy and the destruction of the class which, at the present moment, is the most numerous and the most happy within our borders. Germany has already turned itself into an immense factory; France would be condemned to do the like. Our social organization would have to be transformed into an intolerable sweating-system. The average Frenchman is perhaps mistaken; he believes that his social system is the nearest approach to the ideal of every Government—the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Does the economic and intellectual civilization for which France stands deserve to disappear? Is it not on the contrary for the good of the world that it should continue?

Make no mistake. If we do not recover at any rate our war damages, it is the social economy of us French which will collapse. We have no means of recovery. It would be the collapse of all that is most characteristic and most precious in our civilization.

If we are paid without being effectively and finally protected against a future war, in ten or twenty years America and the world will have to recommence the same struggle as in 1914–18. Their efforts will then be in vain. Germany is in no need of recovery; her industry is intact; the collapse of the mark does not mean the collapse of German production. There is suffering among the poor in Germany; but there are no ruins. The collapse of the mark has increased the industrial power of Germany, that is to say the power of the German nation for war. Signs are not lacking to show that in 1919 industrial Germany tried to take her revenge in the sphere of industry for the military and political defeat of 1918. Thanks to the fall of the mark, and at the expense of her own working-classes, Germany reckoned on being able to sell her products throughout the world at prices defying any possible competition, and thus on letting loose everywhere unemployment and revolution. The reason that she did not succeed is that the greed of her business-men surpassed the calculations of her manufacturers. They wanted to profiteer, and as a result—Germany was beaten in the second war she let loose.

But let us look further ahead. Between the years 1935 and 1940, France, already behindhand in population, will be short of all the children who ought to have been born between 1915 and 1920. She will have only half the young soldiers which she had in 1914. This half will not be equal to one fifth of the generation which Germany can

then put in the field. The people of forty to fifty years of age in France will be a weakened generation, for lack of all the men who disappeared at twenty years of age on the battlefields, between 1914 and 1918. There again, we have no power of recovery and resistance. But look at the case of Germany; even after the loss of the territory which the Treaty of Versailles has taken from her, she will not only have made up her population but will have very substantially increased it. Against our weakened resistance, her power of offense will be more than doubled. We shall be at her mercy if we have not taken precautions beforehand. If America does not wish to aid us, can she blame us?

IV

I know the objection which you make to this. You say, 'If you *will* not have more children, you cannot escape your fate.' You are right. But what is true is not always just. I regret our low birthrate. It is the result of looking too far ahead, of a rather mean economy, of a false idea of family well-being, and, finally, of the right to make testamentary dispositions. On the other hand, the comparative sterility of France results from a social system which is based upon independent small ownerships. It has saved us from one form of social misery. It has preserved us from the scourge and the haunting fear of unemployment which besets all industrialized nations. Ask us to abandon our system if you like; if you don't, you cannot, on that ground, refuse to share our mortal uneasiness before the future.

One word more. Is it rash to claim that the high birthrate of a people depends largely on freedom from anxiety, confidence in the future, and territorial security? In this respect, France is in a tragic dilemma. Prolific families

would be necessary to defend her and to exploit her resources; but three invasions in a hundred years have made every generation of Frenchmen afraid of massacre, ruin, and tyranny; and this is not favorable to the begetting of children. For the first time for a hundred years, France has had a reasonable chance of escaping from this nightmare, and that without transferring the nightmare to another nation. But her chance will be irrevocably lost if she does not obtain the territorial and financial security which is the sole object of our occupation of the Rhine and of the Ruhr. You cannot haggle with us about our security against Germany and, at the same time, blame us for our sterility. These are a few of the many unspoken reflections which come to millions of French fathers and mothers as they toil in the fields or the workshops.

When they compare the attitude of France in 1870 with the mixture of arrogance and whining which the Germans have offered to us for the last five years, they wonder with a smile which of the two nations is virile and which is hysterical.

When they examine the degree of intelligent foresight and reckless gambling shown by the two countries, they say that, after all, political courage and wisdom are not the monopoly of any one people. And then they return to the immediate problem of reparation and the Ruhr.

My compatriots—the small proprietors, the small artisans, and the small tradespeople—have neither the time nor the means to read everything that has been published on this question. Besides I do not know any class of people that is more mistrustful of printed 'Revelation.' It is true that nearly the whole Press tells them every morning pretty much the same thing; but their decisive impression, I

mean the impression which governs their vote, their choice, and their action, does not come from any book or paper. It comes from reality, from life, from the family, from conversation, and from men. It must be remembered that for three generations they have been living with their eyes fixed on Germany, and three of every four of them have seen the Germans at work in France during war. The average Frenchman knows what he is talking about when he talks about reparation.

He knows that, in spite of her lamentations, Germany can pay and pay a great deal. The London Reparations Programme fixed at 150 million sterling the annual sum to be paid by Germany. Everybody, even the English professors, recognizes now that 'for a country that spends on armaments only a fraction of the sums spent by countries with a smaller population and which is paying practically nothing on its home debt, the provision of 150 million sterling in the form of export surplus to be obtained by means of taxation, seems by no means impossible. . . . It would not even be difficult were only the present automatic dwindling of Germany's liquid resources stopped by means of currency stabilization.'¹ This stabilization is partly accomplished as I write. Nothing will get it out of the heads of the French electorate that Germany, if she wishes, can meet the infinitely reduced financial obligations with which the London Agreement left her. It is the will-to-pay which the occupation of the Ruhr must sooner or later bring out in unoccupied Germany. Whatever be the majority in the next French Parliament, whether it be moderate, radical, or even socialist, that Parliament will take exactly the same view on this point as the present Parliament.

¹ ROBERT CROZIER LONG, *Fortnightly Review*, March 1923.

If England should ask us to repay her only what she herself repays to the United States, the German annuity of 150 million sterling (3,000,000,000 gold marks) for 30 to 35 years could secure a world loan, pay the German debt to France, and finally enable France to wipe out her own debt to America. Whatever happens it is impossible to conceive that we should give up our claim to get the whole of what we have spent and have still to spend on reparation. The occupation of the Ruhr is not popular, but now that it is a fait accompli, evacuation without payment would be so unpopular that no Government will risk it. So far as the financial aspect of the question is concerned, this is the line which the public opinion of France will insist on her spokesmen taking.

As regards our future security I have heard vine-growers in the valley of the Loire say, 'They can do what they like in the rest of the world (by 'they,' they mean the French Government and the allies of France), but if *they* do not let down a steel fire-proof curtain on the Rhineland between Germany and us we are done for in ten years; only, the whole world will blow up after us.' They have a vague idea that the Rhineland railways might be internationalized, that an international commission of control might ensure the delimitation of the Rhineland, that an international police force might be put at the disposal of this commission and that perhaps the whole of the organization might be entrusted to the League of Nations. But they have no very great faith in this fragile and complicated mechanism. They have the same respect and admiration for the League of Nations as for an expensive orchestra. They do not yet appreciate or understand its practical possibilities.

In any case they will leave the Ruhr

only if they are paid. They will leave the Rhine only if they are paid and made secure — or driven out. At this thought they bow their heads and set their teeth as they did before Verdun. But if the Germans themselves offered the money and security that France desires, France would be only too happy to come to a lasting and final agreement with them.

V

I have tried to explain from the point of view of the average citizen the essence of the French attitude on reparation and I have outlined certain of its applications. Historians and politicians have a way of creating phantoms, and perhaps I have fallen into this error myself. We hear of democracy, imperialism, and socialism, as if they were real living beings. We talk of France, Germany, America, as if their millions of citizens had all a single thought and a single will. You can no more reduce 'middle-class France' to a unit than you can 'the French nation.' You may then answer all my arguments by saying that class and country are mere generalizations and a fiction of thought.

I agree. But there is an error still more common than this confusion between reality and the verbal expression of reality — it is the confusion between the *two sorts of reality* which exist side by side in every country and in every class. The word reality is often used to describe the indescribable quality, the inimitable and incommunicable something which makes the existence of one community totally different from the existence of another. It is just this which cannot be analyzed. I have made no attempt to conceal the fact that I cannot translate exactly the

'aspect' of Europe and the 'form' of the reparation question as they appear to the most numerous class in France. For this class there is no *aspect* and there is no *form* in this matter. It is a matter which they are *living*. They see it from within, with the invisible and piercing eyes of their innermost being. For them there is a 'consciousness' of reparation, a 'consciousness' of security; there is no *problem*. The French middle class have had enough of suffering and of fears for their own existence. Not so long ago their despair was deep enough, and in recent days their hopes were high enough, to justify them in thinking that on a question of this sort they have the right even to make mistakes. From the point of view of reason they may be wrong; from the point of view of life they *know* that they are *absolutely* right. Anglo-Saxons sometimes make it a reproach against French mentality that it works only by deduction. Here is a case where we are trusting simply to instinct.

These people are at the present moment the protestants of the economic world, the rebels of individual life against universal mechanization — the true and perhaps the only guardians of the principles of the English Revolution, of the American Revolution, of the French Revolution, against the modern tyranny of super-organization from above, or from below, which Germany represents. If they do not succeed in getting paid and in getting protected within ten years from now, their civilization is doomed. The world will sink one step lower toward slavery under the industrial, political, and military, machine which Germany adores. In a large measure America can help us to dispel this nightmare. If she will not help us, at any rate let her not stab us in the back.

THE CHILDREN'S SOVIET AND OTHERS

BY DOROTHY NORTH

DEAREST M—

The long blank months that have brought no letter from you have, I am afraid, been lonely ones for you, and maybe have not brought you mountain wanderings.

I had too much of the hot summer, too far from the river and the fields and the hills, to do much letter-writing, either, and I was secretly awfully let down by Russia. We were all so fearfully, so impregnably, American, and the Russian life we had contact with, and that formed the whole staple of conversation, was so petty-politician-y and corrupt, and so American, too.

Well, thank goodness, that is over, all but the after-effects, which hang on like the effect of reading vulgar stories. Anyhow, I'm quit of the crowd, have heaps of time to dream and be alone, and a tiny group where I alone hold sway. Is n't it all fearfully egotistical? Certainly this group-life brings out that quality. But the net result of being marooned here, out of the sound of an automobile or a train-whistle or a dynamo, is wonderfully sweetening and heartening. I have come to love my fellow man again, to delight in the bulky shapes of the peasants and in their mild, half-protesting voices, to amuse myself pitting my brains against the rather rudimentary wiles of the local politicians, and fighting with the lust of battle against a wicked director of one of my Children's Homes.

The days have grown prodigiously short and mostly are gray and threatening, with occasional wild wind-storms

and rain or snow, and my imagination is busy with pictures of what the winter will be.

I have a jolly little house, with a big living-room, dining-room, and three fair-sized bedrooms. There are two great stoves, one on each side of the living-room, that turn a side each to a bedroom, and so, after a fashion, heat us all. The cook sleeps in the kitchen, as is proper. At present I and the giant interpreter, Dmetri, hold the fort with the cook.

I am having the most diverting difficulties with this letter. Opposite me at our little dining-table sits the sociable and beguiling Dmetri. It is the end of a long damp Sunday, and he has had little to do. Just some instructions to the would-be purchasers of our horses from the Aral Sea, a talk with the Communist leader, who came so prettily begging for costumes for the village theatre, and a few trade bargains, nails for flour, eggs for grits. So he is feeling very conversational and lures me from the path with stories of his capture by bandits and recapture by the Red Army, who almost shot him; for he had started out with a paper containing the army's passwords for half a month, and how could he prove he had swallowed the paper when he was captured, and not sold it to the bandits?

'My golly, I was scared. The frost came out all over me. But when the two weeks were over and they saw none of the bandits got in to our posts, then they trusted me and let me go.'

Now he is playing gay little ditties on his *balalaika*, that it's hard to shut one's ears to. And he has crinkly hair that goes gold in the lamp-light, and gay blue eyes, a pointed, fresh face, and the joyous confidence of two-and-twenty.

In Canada he always had a crowd of girls, but here, since he was in jail he has lost interest. 'That's all foolishness,' he says, with a masterful American air and a high chin. 'My uncle wanted to marry me to some girl, but I won't think about such things till I'm an old man, till I'm thirty.'

I suffer torments of anxiety lest he find life dull here, for he loves to dance and have a good time, and of course he never reads if he can do anything else, and my books are all over his years, if not over his head. And, you must know, he is terribly clever — figures and engines and horses and mechanical toys are nothing to him. He was the head of the office when he was in the K — A — and had eleven men under him; and if he were at T — he would be the head of all the instructors, five of them. But he is very amiable with me, likes it better here than in T —. 'If I stayed there, I'd get a swelled head. There's too much work,' he confided engagingly to me to-night. And he loves my calico pony and treats him like his son. When we drive out on the steppe together, he whirls the long lash of the whip and whistles through his teeth, and the pony scuttles till I almost fly out of the telega over the bumps.

DEAREST M —

To-day is Sunday. It is also the second day of the Yarmarka, the three days' annual market of the village. Ever since Saturday morning the heavy wooden telegas have been rolling in behind the patient little cows, and are now lined up along the main street.

I was furiously beating the type-

writer when the cook announced a Chuvash woman. A buxom form sidled in, almost as wide as she was long — a maiden of the primitive tribe, who still retain their own tongue and curious dress, and live apart in villages of their own.

The maiden explained with a wide grin that she had walked in from Ignashkin to exchange her costume for a waist and skirt. She pulled off the thick gray shawl that covered her head and shoulders, and displayed the dangling beads and coins that ornamented her curiously beaded and embroidered headband. She rattled the dozen or more strings of little coral and glass beads that hung around her neck, and showed the flat ornament on her chest, silver half-rubles and 20-kopek pieces sewed on a leather foundation, with an occasional suspender button to give the modern touch.

The dress beneath this splendor was worn and dirty, but still its barbaric cheerfulness shone through the grime. It was a rough cotton bag with sleeves, and trimmed with bands and patches of Turkey-red calico, bits of the cheapest Western colored braids, and fine cross-stitch embroidery, all jumbled together in a mad confusion. A dirty apron covered the front, while from a handsome black broadcloth belt the inimitable Chuvash 'tail' hung down behind — an embroidered, tape-and-bead-decorated piece, about eight inches long by four wide, flaring at the bottom and finished off with a long black woolen fringe. The tail is in reality the continuation of the decorative effect of the embroidered headscarf over which the beaded headdress is worn, and which ends in long streamers falling down the back to the waist.

To end the matter, we went to the warehouse to find the dress our friend had tramped eight versts in the mud and wind to get.

She was a long time making up her mind. She fingered the cotton-flannel of many sewing circles, and the serge. She said she would like to take all the things of which I was offering her the choice, and in the end drove an excellent bargain. Somewhat to my surprise, I found myself at the end of the conversation laying in her capacious arms a fair sample of all the women's clothing we had — a large, solid cotton-flannel dress and an even larger gray waist (because I thought she needed something warm and practical), a blue-and-white shirtwaist (because she wanted something to dress up in), a red ribbon (because I was afraid she would realize how homely the practical gray waist was), and a small black serge skirt that we had earlier agreed was too small for her, but that she begged me in the end to throw in for the coral necklace.

'A good thing, too,' I said to the room at large; 'now she will have some warm, sensible clothing for the winter.'

Out in the street I saw her hug her bundle, and the grin expanded in direct proportion to the distance between us. The bargain was concluded — no more need to school her face to an expression of sadness. If her loot was not of the dazzling brilliance she had expected of the Amerikanka, it would still overawe the inhabitants of darkened Ignashkin.

DEAREST M—

I have only newly come into my kingdom of three volosts, and am still full of the marvels thereof. When my gay little Chuvash pony came to me, I decided with his help to explore my new domain as fast as possible.

Sharp at nine o'clock on the 31st of October I started off, full of anticipation, with my stalwart interpreter at my side on the board seat of the telega,

a bag of oats for the pony, buns, chocolate, sugar, tea, and a can of beans for ourselves, and wraps innumerable.

We had twelve versts to go in the teeth of a lashing wind, that was soon blowing pellets of stinging snow into our faces. The wide road was deeply rutted and frozen hard, so that we jolted and bumped in the springless telega, and the pony's back expressed the bitterest protest against the violences of nature and the wrongheadedness of man, as he doggedly pulled us along. Snow clouds hung low, veiling the broad steppe and the low, plum-colored hills on our right.

It seemed an interminable distance, those cold eight miles.

At last, over the tree-tops we saw the church of E— looming white against the gray sky; and with a final scramble up a slippery slope, we rattled into the village.

The little frame house of the Village Soviet was dreary outside and in. In an inner room a number of men were gathered, sitting like stuffed birds, I thought, motionless and speechless on the bench under the window and at the bare table. This was the Village Soviet. They soberly made room for us on the bench, and we waited silently for the arrival of the president.

In a few minutes the president of the two village committees came in. He was a mild-eyed, kindly peasant of about thirty-five, in a high black Astrakhan cap, dark overcoat, canvas trousers, low canvas shoes without shoe-strings, and low rubbers.

My interpreter unfolded our business. The Quakers had been buying horses for the peasants and had assigned seven to E— if the village could give a list of seven men with families of five or more, who had once had a horse and now had none, and were among those who would starve this winter if they were not helped.

The horse could be paid for during the next two years in work for the Quakers.

As we talked, the men in the room grouped themselves round us, and their eyes brightened. They were a sober lot, with thin faces under fur caps of many patterns, and they entered into the discussion with interest.

Finally one said, 'You will not get many buyers. We cannot pay for a horse with work when we have no bread.'

Again we told the story of the bread that a man with a horse could earn hauling wood or food or repair materials for the community — so much they would work for food, so much to pay for the horse. It would not be hard to make a living and yet buy a horse.

'We will send in the list to-morrow,' said the president, after the little murmur of assent and noddings of the head subsided.

A school for E — was the next question. The Government has large plans for education, but they are not always practicable in the famine area.

'In September,' the president explained, 'the department of education in B — sent a representative to start our school. But we were to be taxed 70 poods of grain [2520 pounds] for one teacher, besides having to furnish vegetables, fuel, and a room, and every child who attended school was to bring 2 poods [72 pounds] for books. The men who had no children said they would not pay, and the men with children could not possibly pay so much grain for every child. So we have no school.'

'But don't you want a school?' I asked.

A man sitting beside me spoke up eagerly. He was broad-shouldered and wore a little yellow fur cap.

'We are eight souls and four should go to school. There is not a pound of flour in the house and we are eating

grass, but I would give all I have to send the children to school.'

'If the Quakers fed your teacher all winter, could you feed her for the first month?' I asked the president.

Yes, the village could do that.

'And if you will raise a fund for books among yourselves, we will double it,' I went on.

Yes, they would do that, too.

'I will call a meeting of the Soviet this evening and everyone will say what he will give,' the president promised.

When the question of the school building came up, the president said, 'In the summer Anna Antonina [the affectionate name by which my predecessor was known in her district] told us to start repairing the schoolhouse. But the Quakers could only pay for the work, by giving *pyoks* to the workers, and we had no materials and no money, so the work was not done. But if the school cannot be used, we will find a house. And we will heat it somehow, if you will pay the teacher. That is the great thing.'

'Would you like to see the community work we are doing for our *pyoks*?' the president asked when everything had been arranged.

Now I had had great doubts about our projects for 'work for *pyoks*,' and I was very curious to see how the peasants were meeting the plan. All last winter, when starvation was acute, they had been given their month's ration free, and also in the summer during the harvest work. Then had come two months of no *pyoks*, when they were living on the scanty harvest, or by working for the more fortunate. What did they think now of being suddenly required to dig or plough or make roads in return for their food? To work, not even directly for the Quakers, but for the village, and under their own village authorities? Would they not refuse?

We went first to one of the 'large' houses of the village, a one-story frame house of four fair-sized rooms, which was to be occupied by a Children's Home. Everything was ready for the children: three stoves made over, twenty new panes put in the windows, floors repaired, and the painted walls washed — all as community work.

From the Dietsky Dom we tramped against the driving wind to the open steppe beyond the town. Looking down into a hollow made by a spring stream, we saw a great crowd of workers, gray against the dull hillside, but for the red shawls of the women. They were making the community dam. Some were carrying loads of earth on little stretchers and dumping them on a mound of earth that reached across the bed of the stream; some were digging a little upstream with long-handled spades; some were arranging heaps of brush on the dam itself.

'We began work two weeks ago,' said the president. 'The dam will catch the water in the spring and make a little lake for the cattle in the summer, and will run up the hollow there a long way.'

For some time we watched the unhurried but constant work. The men and women glanced at us from time to time, but did not stop. They were dressed in tawny brown shubas, — sheepskin coats with the wool inside, — and full swinging skirts to below the knee — men, women, and children. A dozen or more boys were at work, husky little urchins, from ten to fourteen years old, sent by widows and women who had no men to work for them and could not come themselves. 'They will all go to school,' the father of four said proudly, waving his hand at them; and they grinned at us, no doubt preferring to do 'men's' work.

The dapper little assistant to the president had all the workers down in

his book, with their attendance, two hundred souls, with fifty more cutting brush in the woods and hauling it in with cows. 'We did not know if these men would be paid or not, for they have working cattle,' the president explained; 'but we mobilized them anyhow. A dam built only of earth would not last. But this one will last for fifty years and will make us remember the Quakers always.' We explained that this work would be paid, too.

At that minute a whistle blew and the crowd came streaming toward us. The president reminded them that they used to get their pyoks for nothing, and that some of them had not believed this was Quaker work and would entitle them to pyoks. Now the Quakers had come and promised pyoks to all who worked.

As we turned to go, two cows appeared over the top of the slope with a heavy wood-telega and load of brush. Down they slid, and at the bottom the driver cleverly overturned the wagon. The last we saw was the branches being laid for the next layer of the dam, and the digging and carrying going on as before.

'We must work hard,' the president said; 'for the snow will come in December, and then I do not know what work there will be. If we do not have help, we shall starve as we did last winter. Some of the men are eating grass now. This dam will take two months to build, and we are working every day.'

'That will be food for four months,' I said; 'for we only ask half a month's work for a month's pyok. You can be sure of food until the end of February. We shall have to find new work for the three months until the harvest.'

'Is there anything the women can do?' he asked wistfully. 'Many of them must stay at home with their children and cannot do this work.'

'We are getting wool for them to spin,' I replied, but faintly, for I did not know where wool enough for even one village would come from.

At this minute the man who so wanted the school caught up with us. He was waving a willow switch. 'We shall plant trees all along the dam,' he cried. 'Just put them in the earth and they will grow.'

A vision of a quiet lake, edged with willows swam before my eyes, gratifying an ambition born of the shadeless summer just past — an ambition that we should leave trees on the Russian steppe as a reminder of the days we had passed in it.

Only, as we dragged through the homeward road, now heavy with mud, some little phrases of the president would stick in my memory to mar my satisfaction in the Quaker dam: 'I am twice a president and have no shoes. . . . It is hard to work without shoes and warm clothing.' And I had to remember his canvas shoes and the bast shoes of the workers at the dam.

DEAREST M——

I do not know if Children's Home No. 77 was always as it has been during the last fourteen days of constantly expecting to move away to E——. The Director says there is no other home as clean as his. I can only chronicle what I have seen.

My first visit to the home was on a cold October Friday.

The court was full of the noise of children's voices. It was incredibly dirty, and was full of a sharp smell of steam and cooking. Around the square mud stove in the shed, half a dozen children were busily engaged. One stood on a stool, and was pushing a thick stick into a steaming bowl. From his movements and from the smell in the court, I took it that he was boiling clothes; but a closer look showed that

it was potatoes he was prodding. A big, elderly woman was washing clothes in the corner.

The children dropped their work and crowded round me. They were ragged and dirty and startlingly dressed in underwear, with an occasional pair of trousers or a sweater, and they shivered with cold as we talked. There were more clothes in the storeroom, they told me, but the woman who had charge of their clothing had gone to S—— for the Quaker food, and had taken the key to the storeroom with her. The Director was in E——, looking at their new house.

We went indoors to the warm kitchen. It was swarming with children. As I drew out some ancient nuts and candy, a half-dozen heads popped over the top of the mud stove and pairs of intense eyes peered through the crack between the stove and the wall of the next room.

It came near to being a riot over the beggarly plateful of good things I was passing. In a minute all pretense had been abandoned of sitting on the benches or at the table; the big ones were hustling the little, and half a dozen hands would have been in the plate at once but that I intervened, shocked at the exhibition. A little girl then came masterfully forward to second my efforts, kept tab on the wriggling mass of thirty or forty youngsters, and pointed out the candidates for the last bits. She had snapping black eyes, round pink cheeks, and the stature of eleven years, but her execution pointed to maturer years.

It was not possible to stay long in the stifling atmosphere of the kitchen, and I was revolted to see the nutshells finding their way instantly to the newly washed floor. If a little treat destroyed the one virtue, and that a transitory one enough, of the one livable room, it was time the fairy godmother withdrew.

With a smothered '*Gosvidania*,' I made for the door. In the unsavory court I met the Director.

I complained of the filth in the court. The Director replied he could do nothing, the *Ispolkom* would not clean it for him. It was not a matter for the Government, I insisted, but one of the daily life of the home. He replied with unruffled calm that they were leaving soon; that he could do nothing with the children — they were forty, he was only one. He had the highest standards, but even depriving them of their dinners did no good. As for the lack of clothing, it was wash-day and all their clothes were in the wash; it had been warm until recently; and the clothes were being saved. He seemed not to notice the little girl standing beside us, shivering and chattering with cold so as to interfere with the conversation. As for her, so deeply was her curiosity gratified by what she heard, that I doubt if she was conscious, either, of her sufferings.

In my indignation I turned my back on the Director and walked off, he trailing behind blaming the *Ispolkom*.

Two days later my luncheon was interrupted by a message that one of the staff of No. 77 was leaving, and the Director would not let her take her Quaker clothes with her. Pleased to baulk the rascality of the Director, I sent him a note asking that the woman be given her clothing.

It was not a quarter of an hour before the Director stood before me, and in an excited stream of Russian laid before me and my interpreter the case — thieving, discovery, dismissal.

'Who discovered the theft of the blankets?' I asked suspiciously.

'The children,' he replied. 'They found one blanket under the porch, and when they accused her and demanded the second back, it appeared the next day.'

There was nothing for it but to abandon my rashly taken position, although the Director's radiant satisfaction at my recantation caused me uneasiness.

The following day was market day, and while I was engaged in the congenial occupation of exchanging clothing for some quaint finery from one of the Chuvash villages, a little whirlwind blew in my warehouse door — the discharged laundress crying that she knew nothing of the blankets, and on either side of her, like jailers, two animated little girls from the home, my black-eyed friend and another a few inches taller.

'I am the President of the Children's Committee,' she announced. 'She is an officer, too,' indicating the other youngster. Then of the prisoner, 'She stole our clothes.'

The woman grunted angrily, and for a while words whistled among the piles of clothing. But the Committee held its ground and was convincing as the Director could not be. In the end, my interpreter took a hand. Looking down from his six-foot eminence at the midgets, he said gravely, for me, —

'The Quakers leave the matter in the hands of the Children's Committee and the Director.'

The President nodded briskly; and seizing the luckless laundress by the sleeves, the children marched her off.

To-day I had my third meeting with the home. The lady who had gone to S — with the key that cold October day appeared, asking for clothing for the children, and blankets now that the nights were so cold.

Grimly I accompanied her to the home.

The children grinned amiably at me and crowded about in their dirty underwear and ragged trousers. I noted mentally that it was not wash-day.

'We will go first to the warehouse and look at the clothes you have,' I announced, 'and without the children, please.'

Sadly they fell back, and we went in alone.

In the storeroom, among the potatoes and turnips, were three painted wooden chests, such as are dear to the Russian heart. Out of these came an array of warm, new underwear and a smaller amount of outer clothing—enough, I indignantly reflected, to have dressed every child in the home decently. In the corner, in the dirt, were some unpleasant-looking bundles. Quelling my squeamishness and that of the unfortunate *gospitalnitsa*, I inspected the soiled clothes, while the Director shifted from one foot to the other in the doorway, and listened with what command of countenance he could to my frank comments on the housekeeping of the home, and to my repeated questions why the garments were unworn and the children cold.

It appeared that some garments were too large and some were too thin. These I gathered up in a large bundle to take back. The Quakers had no clothing to be laid away in chests, I explained. I would give the proper size.

'Now may I see the children?' I asked, as we returned to the house; a superfluous request, as they swarmed out to meet us.

Then began one of the strangest dress parades the world has seen. The children stood before me in groups, the biggest first, and showed me without hesitation the rags they were wearing, their misshapen bodies showing plainly through the almost total lack of clothing.

'Why has not this boy one of those warm shirts you tell me are too large?' I demanded on behalf of one of the big boys.

'He has a vest,' the 'matron' replied; and so, to be sure, he had—thin back, no sleeves, and all.

'Would you like a shirt?' I asked him, and watched him pull it over his head, grinning.

'Why has this little girl no skirt?' And I pointed out a little thing wrapped in a jacket.

'She has a petticoat,' and there it was, at least half-way down to her bare knees. One nine-year-old boy's thin arm showed through a long tear in his flimsy top shirt. They were economizing on him, so that he would have something to wear when they moved. A short lecture followed on the Quaker idea that it was better economy to keep the children decently dressed and to save them from catching cold, than to make a fine appearance on entering E—.

The moral atmosphere was fast getting as thick as the air in the kitchen, when I bethought me of the request for blankets and the four new blankets I had seen lying in the storeroom, also the rows of little wooden beds, each with its blanket, in the dormitory.

'Where do the children sleep?' I inquired.

'Here.'

'Here, on the floor?' I asked faintly, looking round the small kitchen filled with the long table, the benches, and the stove.

'Yes; at night they bring in their blankets. It is too cold in the bedrooms.'

A brief inspection revealed the deadly chill in the rest of the house and a broken pane in one of the bedroom windows. No use to ask Russians to sleep in that temperature, with no matter how many blankets. Whatever I did, the children would go on sleeping as they were, until they moved.

Heartsick, I was ready to go. Then a thought struck me.

'Where is the Children's Committee?' I asked; and, radiant with importance, the three little girls stepped out.

I looked at them with intense seriousness. 'The Quakers are trying to do their best for you,' I said. 'They want you to have good food and clothes enough. But are n't you ashamed to be so dirty? You have a soviet of your own and still you live like this. Why have n't you a boy on the committee to keep the yard clean? [Whispering in the serious ranks.] It is a disgrace, and the Director says he can't do anything about it. [Floods of confirmation from the Director in the doorway.]

'We hold the Director responsible for everything,' I went on, with a severe look into the dishonest blue eyes, 'but he cannot do much unless the children work with him. [The audience was sober now, almost to tears, and the round, clipped heads, the bulging famine-stomachs, the flapping drawers of the boys and the transparent dresses and spindly legs of the girls, were going to make me cry or laugh in about a minute.] 'If I go home and see what I can find for you, will you try to keep things nicer?'

The chorus of assent almost swept me out of the room.

As the Director accompanied me to the street, he asked solicitously where I objected to the dirt.

'Everywhere,' I replied succinctly.

'And will the staff receive blankets?' he went on, as if, now that the good conduct prizes were being given, it was time the most distinguished got theirs.

'I shall visit you in your new home,' I replied pleasantly. 'If I am better satisfied there than I am here, we can talk of such things then.'

In the afternoon I had another visit at my warehouse. The Committee, very pink-cheeked, would like to have the clothing I had promised. And

might they please have back the underwear trimmed with lace? It was the prettiest they had ever seen, and someone had cried when it was taken away. No, indeed, it was not too thin, as the matron had said. The children had never seen the clothes that the Quakers had given. They had been locked up at once. Now that the Committee knew just what was being given, everything would be better.

Gravely they advised about sizes and gave numbers. No boy would get a sweater, they explained, who had other warm clothes, or unless, as I suggested, he had cold work, like gardening. Indeed, they would take care of the things.

And was the Director to have one of the blankets, when the children received theirs? the President asked, with careful justice.

'Yes, give him one,' I said in a burst of forgiveness and, perhaps, of malice at the thought of my old enemy getting his blanket at the hands of his youthful soviet. Surely they were a forgiving lot, and it was not for me to be behind in generosity.

Suddenly the strain was over, and we began to laugh and be natural.

At the door three radiant grins rewarded me for my labors.

'Thank you! thank you! *Ochen blagariu — bolshe, bolshe sposiba!*' And they plunged into the street, their arms full of woolen stockings, dresses, and four little pairs of trousers — my whole store.

I did not like to think of the disappointed faces of the boys who must go on fetching the wood and working in the gardens in a simple pair of underdrawers and French-heeled lady's shoes. But —

'*Bog daiout,*' as the peasants say, 'it is as God gives'; and if He does not give trousers in large sizes, then let us be thankful He does give underwear.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE ULTIMATE NIGHTINGALE

THE broad beans were in flower. We did not know it then. We only thought that there must be magic in the very breath of Warwickshire.

'There will certainly be nightingales,' said Anthea.

'How could there not be?' said I.

A fortnight of such reassurances lay behind us. Everywhere we had heard tales of nightingales in incredible abundance, coupled with laments at this year's shortage. In refreshing contrast to traditional self-centredness, each village was convinced that the one just beyond had somehow escaped this unhappy dearth. The Next Village was always bordered by a wood where you could hear them singing all night long. The most positive and alluring statements of all came from a cobbler whose tiny shop overhung the river that divided the town. His account of the legendary wood was so rich in enchantment, that it was like being talked to by one of Pamela Bianco's drawings.

An audience marooned in stocking-feet, while the story-teller affixes revolving rubber heels to its shoes, is a highly specialized temptation. Reluctantly he allowed us to pay him and depart. With a wealth of detail he described every turn of the road we were to follow.

As we strapped our packs on our backs again outside the door, Anthea turned suddenly and said, 'But everywhere we go, people call the Next Village by a different name. How is a body ever to reach it? By the time you arrive, it has always moved on somewhere else.'

I said, 'Come, Anthea,' with severity. It seemed a pity to befog an honest tradesman, especially when he looked so like Erasmus according to Holbein.

The cobbler stared thoughtfully through Anthea. Then he said, 'Yes, miss, quite so — jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day!'

We both went back and shook hands with him. Incidentally we had a glimpse of his bookshelf. There was only one, and it was rather small. But how delightfully different from the prescribed Five Feet of Indispensable Instruction! Everything that was not detective stories was forest lore and nonsense rhymes and wonder-books.

'A nightingale would be an anticlimax now,' said Anthea; 'let's not hunt any more.'

But we did. By the time we reached Stratford, we had collected fifty-one different versions of the only possible place. Daytimes we did whatever errands we could not avoid, with much sitting on stiles by way of antidote. In the evenings we followed one set of directions after another. Fortunately, they were all within two miles of Stratford. Day and night we spent a good deal of ingenuity in avoiding parties of tourists. Ours, we told ourselves and each other, was not a tourist point of view. The very sight of a sight-seeing party made one's feet ache and one's knees wobble. How they *could*! We shook our heads and sighed tolerantly. The Birthplace? We lifted our eyebrows and murmured, 'Poor Shakespeare — that hideous daily invasion!' And then the *souvenirs* — we shuddered silently. Tourists always looked so hot and so purposeful. Let the poor souls perspire

an they would. But for *us*, the nightingale.

Our appointed time to leave Stratford came and went. We remained. By the end of three weeks we could have charted the deeps and shallows of every lane and meadow within walking distance. The longer we stayed, the farther people sent us. The unheard song took on a remoteness, which led us on and on, however unavailingy.

Meanwhile we were beginning to have glimpses of a hitherto unsuspected Stratford. Lasting friendships were made. Rose gardens invited us. Music beckoned. Drama commanded. Now for the first time, we dared to think of Shakespeare. It was with an odd, shamed sense of relief that we found that our new friends refused to take our quest for nightingales seriously. Yes, nightingales did undoubtedly often sing in the rose arbor, they said. But they probably would n't if we lay in wait for them. And anyway, why bother? There could never be much joy in anything so hideously prearranged. Why not find all that we expected of the nightingale and more by quietly and comfortably reading Josephine Preston Peabody's 'The Nightingale Unheard'? In any case, they simply would not be chivied into singing when they did n't feel like it.

There was only one thing that troubled us about these really enchanting persons. They not only did not sadly endure the Birthplace, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, and the rest, but frankly gloried in them. Nor did they stop there. They spent time, money, research, enthusiasm, in keeping these places safe and well preserved. They even spoke of tourists with disconcerting tolerance, because they contributed so generously to this end. More than that, they insisted that there was something touching and fine in the average tourist's feeling for Shakespeare and

for any least thing that even *might* have been his. And as for the crowds — Shakespeare was never a man to stand aloof, they said.

There was no hushed reverence in the way they spoke of Shakespeare. What they expressed was a living, hearty love. We began to wonder. Perhaps there really was something in Stratford as worth while as nightingales. Might the tourists — horrid thought! — have had the finer impulse, after all? So there came a day when we stopped exploring the countryside for the unheard nightingale.

That night, we came over the bridge at sunset. We had never dreamed that Stratford could be like this. Gradually and steadily, it put aside all the disfiguring mannerisms of the day, and withdrew into a quietude that seemed as wholly at one with the sky as the deepening afterglow. Even the grimacing crowds of souvenirs in the shopfronts became no more than the forgotten, uncouth playthings of some exiled Caliban. Glimmering casements began to answer the blue night, star for star. A century slipped away at each turn of the road, as we followed the narrowing streets to the Inn. Faint lights and blurring shadows imposed their own design upon the beautiful cross-timbering. It was as if we saw it for the first time. To-night we came in like wondering children.

Our rooms were in a small and ancient cottage back of the Inn. Its age was the subject of learned dispute. Quite obviously it looked upon the Tudor Inn as a newcomer. The treads of our black oak stairway were worn into deep hollows, which candlelight often disguised to our undoing. But now we did not stumble. The lovely austerity of the little white-walled, dark-beamed chambers was like a spring fragrance always. To-night the casements opened on the rising moon.

We were in Chaucer's England. There was expectancy in the way the moonlight fell. We stood and waited, without knowing why. The invisible Chaucer waited with us.

The moon rode higher now. We slipped, by imperceptible degrees, from the fourteenth century into the fifteenth. Now the moonlight, pale primrose before, deepened into daffodil gold. We had reached the sixteenth century. But we knew that Chaucer was still waiting for Shakespeare.

'They should have been boys together,' said Anthea, 'instead of letting two hundred years keep them apart.'

Elizabethan moonbeams damascened the ancient floor. The transcendent sanity that was Shakespeare entered the chamber. It came like a cleansing wind. Our prized antipathies, our mean, clever little deridings blew out of our minds forever — a pinch of dust whirling away into nothingness. Then he and Chaucer were gone. But we could almost hear them call good-bye to each other at the turn of the lane.

There was a long, dynamic silence.

'I shall go to the Birthplace tomorrow,' said Anthea meekly.

'And the Grammar School,' I murmured.

Anthea considered. 'Of course, tourists are — *tourists*; but then, so are we. I do hope Shakespeare won't insist on our liking *us* as well as we do the cobbler and the tea-grocer's boy. I suppose that's snobbish, though.' Suddenly the curves of her mouth expressed a nimble self-derision. 'With all our keeping so smugly aloof, we've been every bit as souvenir-mad as the rest of them, only we've hunted nightingales instead of post-cards — What could be more unspeakable?'

We stood abased. Then, 'Do you suppose we shall never hear one, after all our trying?' she said wistfully.

We must have slept very soundly

that night. Through the vague twilight of a dream wound a glimmering thread of light. You could feel rather than see it weaving in and out of the tree branches, in and out of the shadows on the grass. And all the time it kept spinning itself into brighter and brighter strands. They wound and unwound, streamed and curled and floated, always just out of reach. But you must watch very intently and breathlessly, following and following the design. . . .

I was sitting up in bed, intent, breathless, following — what? The glimmering strands of light were still floating and falling around me, — the vanishing filaments of a half-forgotten dream. Light? No, song! I must not go to the window. It would stop. Was it music, or was it light, after all? Streaming, curling, floating — flower-gold, moon-gold, sun-gold — gone!

The little cockney maid was bringing Anthea's tea when I woke in the morning. She continually suspected Stratford of trying to undermine her fierce loyalty to London. The tilt of her alert nose, the obstinate angle of her chin said defiantly, 'Try it on if you dare!' As she came across the narrow strip of hallway to my door, I was wondering whether I really had sat up in bed and heard — what I thought I heard, or whether that, too, was part of the dream.

'Kerridge, did anything wake you last night?' Anthea's tone was cautious, very. Dreams could be so plausible.

Kerridge put down my cup. Then she slowly, unwillingly nodded. 'Yes, miss, they'd of woken you many a night, if you 'ad n't come 'ome late-like, too tired to 'ear 'em. 'T is nightingales, miss. They sing 'ere somethink *chronic*!'

Her tone condemned the shameless intruders. But there was a light in her eye — London had surrendered.

RHUS TOXICODENDRON

THE ability of man, at a later time, to laugh over the pains of yesterday preserves him from becoming, as the case may be, a prig, a bore, or a hypochondriac. To-day I can smile, actually smile, at the mention of poison ivy; yet but two little months ago, I tossed upon a sleepless couch, one vast, substantial itch, and, with fingers clenched upon the counterpane, strove not to obey that impulse.

At the time I was living with pastoral friends in New Hampshire. Under what hapless circumstances I took my flier in ivy was never clear to any of us. I know only that, one morning at milking-time, I woke from the first sweet sleep of night, to find my epidermis for all the world like one of Roger Babson's statistical reports of the thickly settled districts, cities of over 50,000 population done in red. So I betook myself to Emma.

'Land!' exclaimed she, peering through her specs at my mottled hide. 'You *air* pizoned!'

Beyond a doubt. But *que faire*?

'In my fambly,' quoth Emma, 'we allus stick by the old remedies: a cup of vinegar with a cent in it.'

'Must you have a fresh cent in every cup?' I innocently asked, considerably amazed at this astounding property in our much neglected unit of currency.

'Take it as a joke and welcome!' With asperity Emma banged shut the oven door.

From the woodshed came Wal's voice. 'My folks use nitre,' he drawled. 'That's for a fever, is n't it?' I remonstrated cautiously.

'Inside or out,' he replied. 'What do you think pizon ivory is, anyhow?'

I was about to reply, Fire and Brimstone and All Get-Out, when Wal's continued: 'It's a fever, and no mistake. Why, man, I've had my legs swelled

big as pillers, from ivory that I tread in while hayin'. I slapped nitre on them legs, and took nitre internal three times a day, and it eased down that swellin' jest as sweet as a kiss at a huskin'-bee.'

Convinced by such evidence, I trudged off to the general store for pints, quarts, gallons, if need be, of sweet spirits of nitre.

'Poison ivy?' inquired the lady of the counter, who had once lived in Saugus, Mass., and gave the *pas* to no one. 'You don't want nitre! Just run out to the gasoline tank, and let Billy spray you with a couple of quarts.'

'My stars, Verena!' remonstrated her aunt; 'who ever heerd of such a new-fangled notion? Jes' don't listen to the girl. What you want is potash. Here's some soap I've made to wash the kitchen sink with. It's got plenty of lye in it. Now you jes' bile—'

'Lye!' I expostulated. 'Kitchen sink! Gracious Powers, Mrs. Smith, have you no heart?'

'Iodine is a tol'ble help, they say, for some folks,' spoke up Oramel Jewell from beside the stove.

His brother, Romanzo, spit reflectively through the door.

'Dirty stuff, thet iodene. Why don't you try salt and vinegar?'

'That's two for vinegar,' I reflected.

Forthwith I purchased a gill of nitre, a pint of vinegar, a quarter's worth of iodine, a little lye, a twist of salt, and left the store, for the present dispensing with the gasoline shower.

On the stoop the pastor met me.

'You look like a drug store,' he laughed.

I told my story to the man of God.

'Now throw away all that truck at once!' he interrupted, indicating my sovereign remedies with a fine scorn. 'The trouble is with your blood.'

That rather irritated me. Though I may not resemble the photographs of

Mr. J-ss W-ll-rd after having taken two bottles of Nuxated Iron, I rather fancy my blood. It arrived in Hingham, coursing in a deacon's veins, in 1636.

'Thanks,' I said rather stiffly, and walked off.

'Sulphur and molasses,' he called cheerfully. 'Make you fit as a tick.'

At the iron bridge, Sid Hunkins (Phœbus, what a name!), who had learned of my complaint, offered his wisdom.

'It's tew late fur this season,' said Sid, 'but next spring, the fust ivory as ever you see, you just swaller three little leaves. After that you can go gallivantin' in the stuff, regardless.'

But I did n't care twopence for next spring. It was here and now that troubled me.

Before turning down the road to Wal'r's house, I stopped at the telephone pay-station and sent a telegram to a doctor in Boston, who was a friend of mine: 'Badly poisoned by ivy. What shall I do about it?'

Then I walked home and set the harvest of the rural pharmacopœia on the shelf. In the afternoon a reply came back: 'Doctor Cutts is on his vacation in the Canadian Rockies.'

Despair filled my soul. There ought to be a law preventing medical men from going to such places. With a moan, I rushed to my store of drugs and tossed off a noggin of nitre. Then I painted my chest with iodine, embossed my arms with potash, and submerged my legs in vinegar and pennies.

For six days I was busy — as Wal'r put it — as a hog on a tin roof. Yet there was fascination in the thing. Now I would think the lye was winning; then the vinegar would forge ahead; again, it was the iodine that was downing the fell adversary. And at meal-time — O Volstead, where is thy sting! — my toddy of nitre — 92.4 per cent alcohol — cast a pleasant glow

upon this struggle between disease and remedy.

On the seventh day there came a letter from my friend the doctor, who had returned from the Rockies. 'What have you tried?' he wrote. 'The best thing is patience. Poison ivy is like first love; it has to run out its course.'

It had. The scaly tetter vanished; lo! my skin was white again as snow.

THE WAY OF A HORSE WITH A MAN

WHEN I came into my farm, among the hereditaments was a pair of horses — huge beasts, of melancholy mien and temperamental behavior. Roy, who worked the farm on shares last year and aspires to work me on a salary next year, broke the news bluntly as soon as the papers were signed.

'Them horses better be traded off now. They've got a way of lying down in snowbanks and mud-puddles. You'll notice, too, that they can't get along together or apart. Put 'em in separate fields and they break down the fences getting together, just to tease and pester one another. Like some married folks. Course, I don't aim to be telling you your business; but if they was mine, I'd trade 'em sight unseen for anything that walked on eight legs, neighed, and weighed above a ton.'

The more I saw of those horses, the more I valued Roy's advice. One morning, after we had chased them around the pasture for an hour, I told him to proceed with the deal — any deal. So, a few days later, Roy introduced me to Mr. Northrup. Yes, Mr. Northrup had a team, a young team, a good team, a team which he valued highly — at \$500, to be exact. As for my horses, Mr. Northrup thought one of them might be worth our valuation of \$100 (that would be Bill). The Tom horse, said Mr. Northrup, did not impress him more

than \$75 worth. In fact, he had heard stories about the Tom horse not in the least to the Tom horse's credit.

'Now this team o' mine,' continued Mr. Northrup, 'is a team I can do anything with. A Ford don't mean nothing to them. They'll follow me anywheres. No, sir, if I could afford to keep them over the winter, they'd never be up for sale. Pets, downright pets!'

This last was not quite convincing, because here was Mr. Northrup contemplating equably the taking in and boarding of Bill and Tom. No young horses, such as his pets, could possibly eat as much as Bill and Tom, after all their years of experience. This flaw in Mr. Northrup's logic led me to suspect his motive to be gain, and that, perhaps, his last figure would be less than \$500. So we drove over to his place.

It was a cold, raw day, so we left the Ford in the barn and traveled in a weatherproof sedan. This was a tactical blunder. It confirmed Mr. Northrup in the belief that I was a plutocrat, and fair game for any honest farmer. On the way, I tried talking him down from his \$500, but he clung fast. Such amiable horses were not to be found every day — at least in this part of the country. Yet in a Ford I am sure he would have tumbled within the first mile.

Arrived at his steading, Mr. Northrup let down the bars of his hillside pasture and approached his pets, halters in hand. They made a beautiful picture, dapple-gray against the brown earth, with white manes and tails whipping in the wind. We envied Mr. Northrup his calm bearing as he crossed the field; not so confidently were we wont to march up to Bill and Tom.

But, what's this? The pets separate and move — away from their master. One up the hill, one down. In vain he clucks and whistles; in vain he soothes and cajoles. He cannot get within six rods of the one or two rods of the other.

Mr. Northrup returned briskly with an explanation — a good one. The animals do not know him because, for the first time this season, he is wearing his overcoat. He removed his garment, hung it on the fence, and went back into the field. Same result. The pets do not recognize him even now — or do they? At any rate, they hold aloof.

Mrs. Northrup, shawl over head, appeared with a suggestion. Oats. Mr. Northrup bowed to the inevitable, took a two-quart measure, filled it with grain, and a third time entered the arena. Discipline, love, and moral suasion having failed, he would try bribery. One of the grays snorted mildly and went on up the hill. The other, more curious, edged along, twenty paces distant from Mr. Northrup, until he saw us standing by the gate. Then he departed with a flourish. Theoretically he was a splendid animal; but, of course, no one buys a horse without inspecting his mouth and feeling his legs. That ritual is always followed. So I did not even condescend to make an offer. The best I could say to Mr. Northrup was that, while he might be able to take his horses anywhere, he would need to put them in a truck first. I fancied that might sink into his mind to my eventual profit.

Two days later, Mr. Northrup reappeared. Whereas our Bill and Tom before had looked to him worth only \$175 in trade, he now conceded that they were worth \$50 more than we had imagined. It appeared that we had never given Bill and Tom sufficient credit. He would allow us \$250 for them, providing his pets held firm at \$500. We will let him simmer a bit on that basis, and then suggest that he mark his grays down to \$400. That is about where they would have been if I had been smart enough to ride to Mr. Northrup's Waterloo in the standardized conveyance of the countryside, instead of in a glass-and-steel box with cushions.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'DIVORCE is a clinic, a piece of social surgery attempting to salvage the wreck of marriages which are manifestly mistakes,' writes **Joseph Fort Newton** who discusses divorce in this number of the *Atlantic*. He is minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity, in New York, and the author of a number of Atlantic papers on Preaching in London and Preaching in New York. ¶Pricking the bubble of American complacency is a function for which **Agnes Repplier** is well equipped. In her present paper, which is as piquant as any she has done, discontent is canonized. **James Norman Hall** is the author of *Kitchener's Mob* and *High Adventure*. Since the war he has found contrast and contentment in the South Seas at Tahiti; but last winter, by way of violent interlude, he sojourned in Iceland, whence comes to us the following: 'During the past month I have traveled more than seven hundred kilometres on horseback. . . . I have crossed some of the wildest, loveliest country in Iceland: along wide green valleys to the headwaters of magnificent rivers, over mountains, across moorlands alive with wild geese and ducks, plover, ptarmigan, over vast tracts of country as dead to life surely as the surface of the moon; and all the way I have been on my knees in spirit, before such beauty.' **Amy S. Jennings** is a new American poet, who appears in the *Atlantic* this month for the first time.

James H. Maurer has been a trades-unionist since he joined the Knights of Labor at the age of sixteen. For the past eleven years he has been President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. **Charles Rumford Walker** is the author of *Steel: The Diary of a Furnace-Worker*, published last fall by the Atlantic Monthly Press. After working in the steel industry as a common laborer on open-hearth and blast furnaces, he followed the trail of 'ingots and men' to copper and brass. In one of the largest

copper and brass mills of this country he worked on refining furnaces and in the rolling-mills as an unskilled and semiskilled workman. Later he became a personnel assistant for the same company. ¶Soldier, sailor, and artist, **Henry B. Beston** served with both Army and Navy during the war. He is the author of *A Volunteer Poilu*, 1916; *Full Speed Ahead*, 1919; *The Fire-light Fairybook*, 1919. 'The Wonderful Tune' is a chapter from a new book of Wonder-Tales, to be published in the fall by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Laura A. Hibbard**, assistant-professor of English literature at Wellesley College, is one of the younger mediæval scholars who has already achieved distinction in her chosen field of Arthurian Romance. ¶Formerly president of Reed College, Oregon, **William Trufant Foster** is now engaged upon a number of economic studies for the Pollak Foundation. He is the author of the paper, 'Shall We Abandon the Gold Standard?' which appeared in the July *Atlantic*.

'A Meteoric Career,' by **Horace V. Winchell**, a mining geologist of Los Angeles, has reference to a few tumultuous weeks of the author's recollections rather than to the more even tenor of his professional career. **Cornelia James Cannon** will be remembered for 'American Misgivings' (February 1922), and other provocative *Atlantic* papers. **H. Phelps Putnam** is a young American poet who has the faculty of pouring a new and rather heady poetry into the old bottles of the sonnet form. ¶A naturalist, a devoted student of Shakespeare, and a novelist, **Charles D. Stewart** has yet found time to build with his own hands the stone house in which he lives. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie**, missionary, poet, and essayist, is an old and dear friend of *Atlantic* readers.

George Soule has become known as one of the most scholarly and thoughtful among

radical writers on economic and social questions. He was at one time a member of the staff of the *New Republic*, and later of the editorial staff of the *New York Evening Post*. He is director of The Labor Bureau, Inc. of New York. ¶We apologize for writing Ramsay Traquair an 'agriculturist' in the March Contributors' Column. He is in reality a Canadian architect, in charge of the department of architecture at McGill University, Montreal. The Reverend Nicol Macnicol, a Scottish missionary at Poona, India, combines a wide knowledge of Indian politics, life, and character with a broad sympathy for the Indian point of view. M. Abel Chevalley is a French diplomat, who was at one time head of the American section of the Foreign Office, and later Minister to Norway for France. Of his paper on the Ruhr, he writes: 'I have avoided a mere restating of the "official" case. . . . I shall try to translate for your readers the views of a very typical village of rural France, entirely inhabited by very small landowners and vine-growers, of which village, though a diplomatic servant by trade, I am—if you please—the elected Mayor.' Dorothy North, whose home is in Chicago, has served with the Quakers in France and in Vienna. Last winter she was in charge of relief work in a tiny village in the south of Russia.

* * *

The publication of Mr. Belloc's article on 'The Anglo-Saxon and the Catholic Church,' in the same number of the *Atlantic* with 'Testing the Human Mind,' has raised the question of the relative intelligence of persons from Catholic and from Protestant countries. We quote from a recent letter:—

Perhaps the very instructive table given on page 364 of the same number of the *Atlantic* in which Mr. Belloc's article appears is not without significance in relation to the present discussion. Manifestly the table is not complete, but it is at least interesting to note that among the foreign-born citizens drafted for our army those from dominantly Protestant countries make up the entire upper half in the scale of intelligence, not a single Catholic country being represented in the first eight out of sixteen nationalities listed. On the other hand, the lower half is made up almost entirely of natives of Roman or Greek

Catholic countries, while the two countries whose natives showed the very lowest average intelligence, Poland, and Italy, are almost exclusively Catholic. France is the only country not represented in the list which might have appreciably raised the Catholic average, and it is by no means certain that its inclusion would have this effect, while the inclusion of Spain would offset any gain that France might bring.

The following letter on the Roman Catholic position is from the Reverend Joseph A. Murphy, D.D., St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass.

The ancient argument on the alleged inferiority of Catholics to Protestants has received new impetus from the comparative statistics furnished by Mr. Yerkes in the March *Atlantic*. As a recent writer observes, ' . . . it is at least a reasonable question whether there is any relation between the facts shown by this table and the teaching of a church which discourages the free use of the reasoning powers and insists upon a complete submission to an authority which may not be questioned.' Alas and alack! After enduring the laughter of centuries at the involved reasonings of our theologians, our scholastics and casuists, ecstatic metaphysicians who carried reason almost to the reductio ad absurdum, we are now calmly told that the Church 'discourages the free use of the reasoning powers.' Is the writer aware that what he attributes to Catholics is plain heresy? Does he know that the Church teaches that reason precedes faith?

The insinuation is that Catholics surrender intellectual freedom. Manning, Newman, Benson, the Chestertons and a host of others found new freedom in the faith of their ancestors. The Catholic, in matters of faith, simply acts as the average man of common sense acts in matters of less importance. He consults authority. Imagine a sick man applying the principle of private judgment and refusing to consult a physician lest his reasoning powers be hampered! Imagine the confusion if everyone were allowed to interpret the Constitution and act upon private illumination of the text! Catholics believe that what will not work in everyday life will not work in the spiritual life. They listen to the Church because they believe it is divinely guided. Its voice is the voice of Christ. Surely if the Protestant believes that Christ speaks to the individual and guides him, it is not unreasonable that the Catholic should believe that Christ speaks to and guides His Church.

As for the supposed inferiority of Catholic mentality everyone who knows the history of civilization will admit that Catholics have contributed mightily to the progress of the world.

There is not a single department of art, literature, or science without Catholic names on the roll of honor.

Because the poor peasants of persecuted and divided Poland and Ireland, or the refugees from the agricultural districts of Southern Europe, have not measured up to the intellectual standards of immigrants from the industrial sections of countries of wealth, power, and opportunity, the Catholic religion must be to blame. Farmers versus mechanics in a test dictated by an industrial country! The wonder is that they did so well!

Is Judaism superior to Christianity because of the ability displayed by young Hebrews?

Is Catholicism superior to Protestantism because the citizens of Rhode Island could score higher on an intellectual test than the citizens of South Carolina?

Is Protestantism a failure because of the Kultur it produced in the country in which it was born?

Is Catholicism a success because Belgium, France, and Italy saved the world?

Comparisons are odious and dangerous. Surely with the world on fire all about us it is no time for Catholics and Protestants to be hurling brands of religious hatred at each other.

Let us look backward as well as forward, inward as well as outward . . . and lend a hand.

Here is a sharp though friendly appraisal of *both* articles on the Anglo-Saxon and the Roman Catholic, by Dean Inge and Mr. Belloc.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Hilaire Belloc and Dean Inge afford much interest by contrast, being Englishmen and writing for the reading American public. Both write as Englishmen, from the English point of view, and Englishlike assume they know the American mind.

I should enjoy reading two articles by the same gentlemen two years from date were they to leave their studies in England and toil as do laymen and clergymen in America, say in the Middle West, fortified by the usual stipends paid here and with the normal day-by-day problems confronting them on Main Street.

The Dean is a polished, exasperating cynic, very careless at times in the use of clever phrases and important words, occasionally satisfying, more often wearying save to those who wish to remain vague, unsettled, satisfied with indefiniteness.

Mr. Belloc is wrong, honest, clear cut, definite, satisfying, practical.

Here is one case where the middle man cannot

be eliminated without injustice. Mediocrity may have its vices, and oftentimes be guilty of damnation, but between these two extremes it is most desirable.

To the *Atlantic* I am most grateful for the two splendid articles. I should like to read Mr. Belloc's thoughts after reading the Dean's article. I am sure he could write a very interesting reply.

HARRY S. RUTH.

Here is more light on 'talk' as an educative force — especially for professors:

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am a college professor, and my wife tells me that I talk too much! Imagine then, my secret pleasure in reading, 'American scholarship will never achieve its high destiny until American professors talk more!'

Your contributor is right in saying, 'We need more talk'; but he tells only half the story when he concludes that 'American scholarship will never achieve its high destiny until American professors talk more.' The Oxford dons learned to talk as students in the Junior Common Room. Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth and Arnold and Tennyson all talked as students. Not only do American professors not talk enough, but American students do not talk enough. They memorize inaccurate notes on endless lectures, but their *talking* is confined to planning fraternity rushing parties, electing dance committees, and foretelling the result of next Saturday's baseball game.

There you have the American problem! Nothing wiser has been said since Cardinal Newman thus spoke: 'If I had to choose between a university which dispensed with residence and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination, and a university which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years and then sent them away, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that university which did nothing. The universities, which did little more than bring together youths in large numbers, can boast of a succession of heroes and statesmen, of literary men and philosophers, of men conspicuous for great natural virtues, for habits of business, for knowledge of life, for practical judgment, for cultivated tastes, for accomplishments, who have made England what it is.'

Our colleges can make America what it will be. At present they do not train our students to talk. No wonder, then, that these students develop into pedantic professors!

CARL WEBER.

Colonel Robert M. Yerkes, in 'Testing the Human Mind' (March *Atlantic*), quotes what he terms a 'misleading' statement of A. E. Wiggam, the biologist, to the effect that the mental powers of forty-five million people in this country 'will never be greater than those of twelve-year-old children.' Mr. Wiggam believes that an injustice has been done him by Colonel Yerkes: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The statement may be somewhat in error or merely unfortunately phrased, but, if so, up to fifteen months ago when the statement was written the psychologists had not published sufficient interpretation of their own work to prove it was not true, or if they had, the searching of myself and an assistant through hundreds of psychological and educational journals failed to unearth the fact, and a number of most reputable psychologists at that time were repeating the statement publicly and in letters to me personally endorsed the statement. Can conscientious and responsible journalism go further?

Again, quite obviously, the article was written as coming from a biologist who naturally could do nothing but ask a number of reputable psychologists what were the facts in the case. Consequently the personal injustice to me both by Colonel Yerkes and the *Atlantic* is to hold me up as responsible for statements made by the psychologists themselves. I speak with the utmost personal courtesy toward both the *Atlantic* and Colonel Yerkes in saying that, if the psychologists could not tell the biologists the facts of their own work, it would be the utmost impertinence for the biologists to assume to tell them. If the statement is in error, and perhaps it is, slightly, it is plainly the fault of Colonel Yerkes's own profession and not mine. Colonel Yerkes writes as though I invented the 'thirteen-year statement,' but clearly it was the belief at that time of a very respectable percentage of his own profession and, if not true, I, as a biologist, had no means whatsoever of knowing it.

I think I am entirely kind to Colonel Yerkes in saying that, had he quoted a paragraph almost immediately following the one he bases his article upon, he would have had no basis for his article, so far as concerns me, and would have found that I am arguing in entire accord with his own opinions, expressed elsewhere (Professor Brigham's *American Intelligence*), that the danger to this country is not from its present intelligence, whether low or high, but from its prospective decline. I state that 'the danger is not from the ninety-odd millions who have little or no intelligence but from the four millions who have. The four millions are decreasing while the

ninety millions are increasing.' I then go on to show how and why biologists believe this to be true, and that present educational and social methods are hastening the process; but, far from being an alarmist, I go much farther than Colonel Yerkes or Professor Brigham do in pointing out large constructive measures by which this process may not only be checked but turned into a great programme of race elevation and race improvement.

Please be assured that I have no idea that either Colonel Yerkes or the *Atlantic* had any notion of being unfair toward me. It does happen, however, I think, that taking a passage out of an essay designed to prove other things, and one which was entirely constructive, and holding it up as a specimen of irresponsible and alarmist journalism when it was sanctioned by the leading members of his own profession — a profession with which I do not profess and did not then profess to be in the least familiar — is, to say the least, decidedly misleading, and, without intent upon your part or that of Col. Yerkes, does me quite an injustice.

My cordial attitude, however, can hardly be doubted since I am plunging at once into defending this very article of Colonel Yerkes and mental-testing generally. I am also distributing quite a number of Colonel Yerkes's articles among friends without any adverse comment.

A. E. WIGGAM.

423 West 23rd Street, New York City.

The *Atlantic* is unable to give a complete statement of Professor Wiggam's views. Interested readers are referred to his article in the *Pictorial Review* for April 1923.

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In Joseph F. Fishman's article on 'The American Jail' in the December *Atlantic* appeared this paragraph: —

At least, reading matter could be supplied. The American Library Association would find a worthwhile field if they would turn their attention toward the jails of the country.

Miriam E. Carey, chairman of the American Library Association, has written now to Mr. Fishman and received from him a suggested programme. She writes: —

Mr. Fishman's practical outline of ways and means filled me with hope and admiration. For do not the experts usually give counsel of perfection? The field seems hopelessly big, but it is quite out of the question to refuse to take up Mr. Fishman's challenge.

